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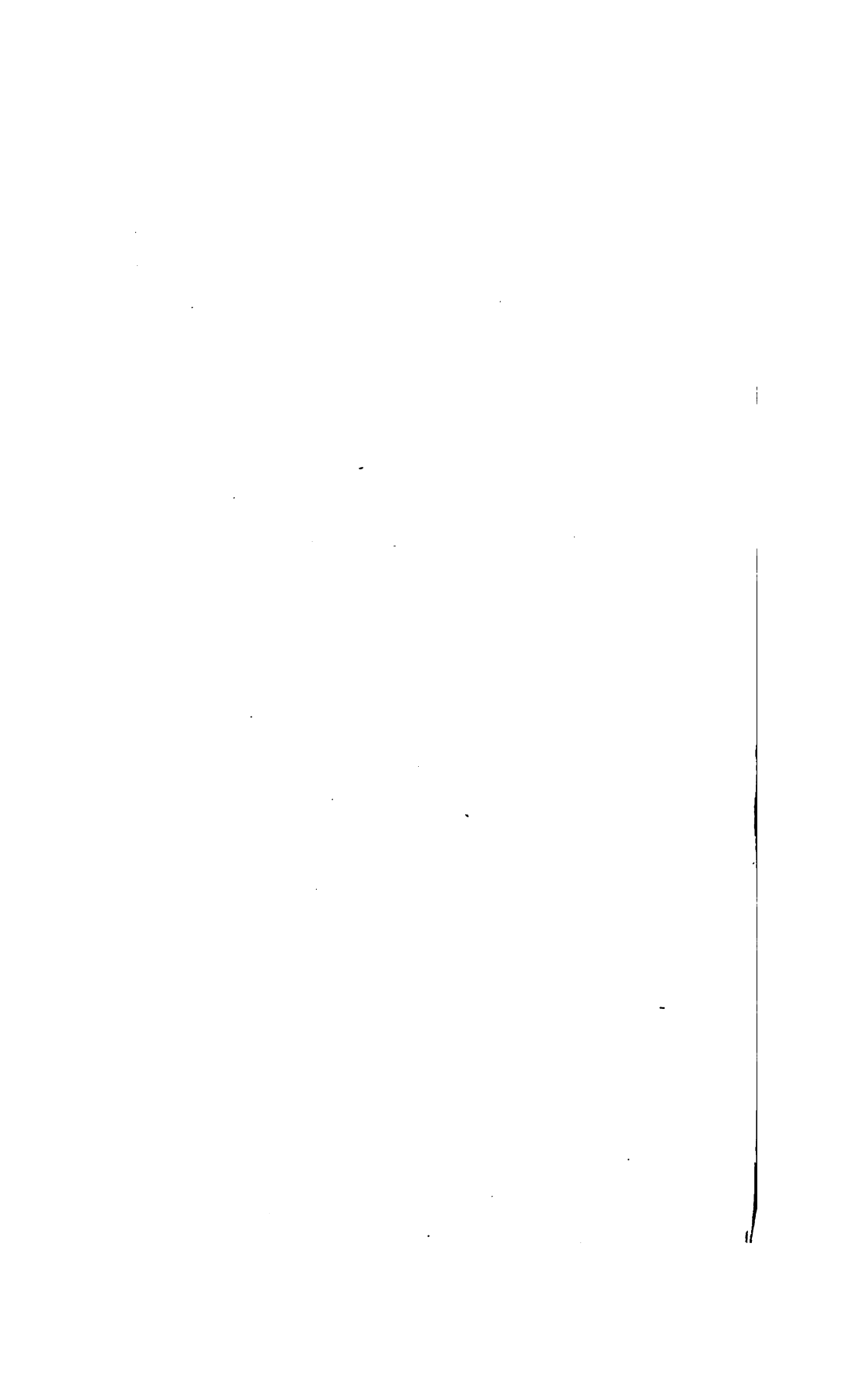


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HIGH-SCHOOL

L I T E R A T U R E :

A

SELECTION OF READINGS

FOR THE

HIGHER CLASSES OF SCHOOLS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

JOHN F. MONMONIER, M.D.,

AND

JOHN N. MCJILTON, A.M.

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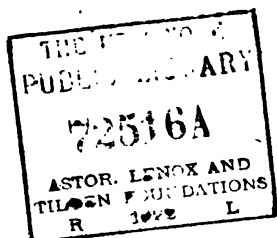
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## PREFACE.

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THE compilers of "High School Literature" have been induced to the task, not because the *number* of School Readers in use is not sufficient, but because in all the *legion* extant there is not one that, in their judgment, contains a sufficient variety in the matter and style of its selections; nor one that presents specimens of the Literature of the different Popular Languages. The design apparent in them all is to give selections for practice in the Art of Reading, from certain American and English authors, which are of similar character, both in sentiment and in the style of composition. This is especially the case in the Prose selections. In the Poetic it is not so easily accomplished. The sameness of sentiment and style of composition thus apparent in the lessons, induces an inactivity of mind—a dullness which is detrimental to the study, hence one of the causes for the complaint that there are so few proficient in that most desirable accomplishment, the art of reading.

Every Language has its peculiarities, and each author his style. These show themselves in some degree, in the translations, though all may be presented in the same language. Peculiarities of Language are discovered in different modes of expression. Varieties of style appear generally in Grammatical, Rhetorical and Elocutionary composition. It is the purpose of the present reader to give as great a variety as possible, both of sentiment and style of composition, that the teacher may have the opportunity afforded him of directing the attention of his pupil to these matters, which if properly used will give a far more literary caste to his instructions than can be effected in the pursuit of the ordinary method of mere elocutionary reading. To make good readers, the mind must be trained to thought, as well as the organs of speech to express thought in words.

Questions upon these subjects, directed to the class, will, if explained and elucidated, after being answered by the students, have a tendency to produce original ideas and trains of thought. By this means they induce and encourage the habit of thinking, in which all are more or less deficient, and which is so necessary to the reception of instruction. This plan faithfully pursued, will be greatly beneficial

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to the Instructor in the development of his own resources, and it will necessarily elevate the minds of his students to a higher and more important method of study than is generally practiced.

Besides a great variety of Miscellaneous Selections, the volume contains Dialogues, Speeches, and Letters, sufficient in number and kind, for all school purposes. These may all be used to advantage in Rhetorical and Elocutionary studies.

The Letters are selected with a view to instruction in the **ART OF COMPOSITION**. Any practical teacher knows that easy and familiar letters afford the best means of training young minds in the arrangement of their thoughts, as well as indicate the most natural and familiar forms of expression. They are, therefore, the best models for practice in the rudiments of composition. It is the intention in this department of the volume to place in the hands of Instructors the means of developing the capacities of their pupils in the practice of concentrating their thoughts, and of affording them appropriate models of expressing the same in words. With the examples that are given as specimens, the Instructor may lead his pupil almost imperceptibly into the practice of expressing his thoughts properly in written words, thus easily accomplishing what in the ordinary method of teaching, appears to be the most formidable and difficult part of his duty.

The plan of the volume is the result of an experience of more than fifteen years in practical teaching in the higher classes of the schools, and superintending instruction in large and important institutions. The experience of the compilers will doubtless be found serviceable to Instructors who will take the trouble and undergo the labor of drawing out the thoughts of their students, and of directing them in the pursuit of the higher employments and purposes of Literature.

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EAMES, E. J.  
EVANS, M. TOPHAM.  
FAY, THEODORE S.  
FISK, WILBUR.  
FLINT, TIMOTHY.  
FRANKLIN BENJAMIN.  
FREMONT, J. H.  
GALLAGHER, WILLIAM D.  
GARLAND, HUGH A.  
GOULD, HANNAH F.  
GREENWOOD, GRACE.  
HALL, ROBERT.  
HALLECK, FITZGREENE.  
HOLBROOK, JOSIAH.  
HOLMES, OLIVER W.  
INMAN, JOHN.  
IRVING, WASHINGTON.  
JEFFERSON, THOMAS.  
JOHNSON, REVERDY.  
KENNEDY, JOHN P.  
LAIBE, AUGUSTUS.  
LEGARE, HUGH S.  
LOFLAND, JOHN (MILFORD BARD.)  
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.  
LYNCH, F. H.  
MCDUFFIE, GEORGE.  
MILLER.  
MITCHEL, O. M.  
MONMONIER JOHN F.

OSGOOD, MRS.  
PAGE, D. P.  
PAINE, ROBERT T.  
PAULDING, JAMES K.  
POOLE, FITCH.  
QUINCY, JOSIAH.  
RANDOLPH, JOHN.  
RIDGLEY, JAMES L.  
SAWYER, MRS.  
SEWARD, WILLIAM H.  
SIGOURNEY, L. H.  
SOULE, PIERRE.  
SPRAGUE, CHARLES.  
STORY, JUDGE.  
TUCKERMAN, H. T.  
TUTHILL, L. C.  
VERPLANCK, G. C.  
WASHINGTON, GEORGE.  
WALLIS, S. T.  
WALSH, ROBERT.  
WATERMAN, CATHARINE H.  
WEBSTER, DANIEL.  
WELBY, AMELIA B.  
WHITTIER, JOHN G.  
WILLIS, N. P.  
WIRT, WILLIAM.

### ENGLISH.

ADDISON.  
AIKEN.  
AIKEN, DR.  
AKENSIDE.  
ALLINGHAM.  
BACON, FRANCIS.  
BARLOW.  
BLAIR.  
BOLINGBROKE.  
BROWNE, FRANCES.  
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BUTLER, SAMUEL.  
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON NOZL.  
CHESTERFIELD.  
COLLINS.  
COWPER, WILLIAM.  
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DRYDEN.  
FELTON.  
FULLER.  
GAY.  
GLOVER.  
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.  
HARRIS.  
HARVEY.  
HAWKSWORTH.



HEMANS, FELICIA.  
 HERVEY.  
 JOHNSON, SAMUEL.  
 JONES, WILLIAM (SIR.)  
 JONSON, BEN.  
 JUNIUS.  
 MACAULEY, T. BABINGTON.  
 MACLEAN, L. E. (L. E. L.)  
 MITTFORD, MARY RUSSELL.  
 MONTAGUE, LADY M. W.  
 MONTGOMERY, JAMES.  
 OGILVIE.  
 PARNELL.  
 PERCIVAL.  
 POPE, ALEXANDER.  
 PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.  
 RALPH, WALTER.  
 SANDYS.  
 SHENSTONE.  
 SHAKSPEARE.  
 SOUTHEY, ROBERT.  
 SOUTHWELL.  
 SPENCE.  
 SPENCER, WILLIAM R.  
 SWIFT, DEAN.  
 THOMPSON, JAMES.  
 TILLOTSON.  
 WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.  
 WHITEHEAD.  
 WILKES.

## SCOTTISH.

BEATTIE, JAMES.  
 BURNS, ROBERT.  
 CAMPBELL, THOMAS.  
 HOGG, JAMES.  
 ROBERTSON.  
 SCOTT, WALTER.

## IRISH.

BURKE.  
 BURROWES.  
 BUSCHE.  
 CANNING.  
 CURRAN.  
 EMMETT, ROBERT.  
 FITZOSBORNE.  
 GRATTAN.  
 MOORE, THOMAS.

## GERMAN.

FICHTE, JOHANN GOTTLIEB.  
 FOUL, MADAME DE LA MOTTE.  
 GÖTTE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON.  
 JACOBI, FRIEDRICH HEINRICH.  
 KOTZEBUE, AUG. FRIED. FRED. VON.  
 MOSER, JUSTUS.  
 MÜLLER, KARL OTFRIED.

NOVALIS, FRIEDRICH.  
 PAUL, JEAN.  
 ROSEAU, MARIA.  
 RUMOHRE, KARL FRIEDRICH FELIX VON.  
 SAVIGNY, FRIEDRICH KARL.  
 SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRIST. FRIED. VON.  
 WEBER, VEIT.  
 ZELTER.

## DUTCH.

BRILLANT, JACOB.  
 CATS, JACOB.  
 LOOTS.  
 TOLLENS, H.

## FRENCH.

ADET.  
 BERANGER, PIERRE JEAN DE.  
 CHATEAUBRIAND, FRAN. A. LECOMPTÉ.  
 CHENEDOLLE, CHARLES DE.  
 FAUCHET, ABDE.  
 FAYETTE, GILBERT MORTIER DE LA.  
 FENELON.  
 FONTAINE, JEAN DE LA.  
 LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE DE.  
 MIRABEAU.  
 VOLTAIRE, FRAN. MARIE ARONET DE.

## ITALIAN.

GUIDI, ALLESSANDRO.  
 SANNAZZERO, JACOBO.

## SPANISH.

JORDI, MOSSEN DE SAN.  
 L'ISLE, DR.  
 QUEVEDO, FRANCISCO DE.  
 YRIARTE, THOMAS DE.

## PORTUGUESE.

CAMOENS, LUIS DE.

## DANISH.

BAGGESIN, JENS.  
 OERLENSCHLAGER, ADAM GOTLIEB.

## SWEDISH.

SJÖGREN, ERIC.  
 TEGNER, ESAIS.

## RUSSIAN.

DERZHAVIN.

## PRUSSIAN.

LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

## HIGH SCHOOL LITERATURE.

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NEW YEAR MORNING IN ELSINGBURG.—*J. K. Paulding.*

THE morning was still, clear and frosty. The sun shone with the lustre, though not with the warmth of summer, and his bright beams were reflected with indescribable splendor from the glassy, smooth expanse that spread across, and up and down the broad river, as far as the eye could see. The smoke of the village chimneys rose up perpendicularly into the air, looking like so many inverted pyramids, spreading gradually broader and broader, until they melted away and mixed imperceptibly with ether. Scarcely was the sun above the horizon when the village was alive with rosy boys and girls, dressed in their new suits, and going forth with such warm anticipations of happiness, as time and experience imperceptibly fritter away into languid hopes or strengthening apprehensions. "Happy New Year!" came from every mouth and every heart. Spiced beverages and lusty cakes were given away with liberal, open hand; every body was welcome to every house; all seemed to forget their little heart-burnings and disputes of yore—all seemed happy, and all were so; and the Dominie, who always wore his coat with four great pockets on new year's day, came home and emptied them seven times, of loads of new year cookies.

When the gay groups had finished their rounds in the village, the ice in front was seen all alive with the small fry of Elsingburg, gambolling and skating, sliding and tumbling, helter skelter, and making the frost-bitten ears of winter glad with the sounds of mirth and revelry. All was rout, laughter, and happiness; and that day the icy mirror of the noble Delaware reflected as bright hearts as ever beat together in the new world. At twelve o'clock the jolly Heer, according to his immemorial custom, went forth from the edge of the river distributing apples and other dainties, together with handsful

of wampum, which, rolling on the ice in different directions, occasioned innumerable contests and squabbles among the fry, whose disputes, tumbles, and occasional buffetings for the prizes, were inimitably ludicrous upon the slippery element. Among the most obstreperous and mischievous of the crowd, was that likely fellow Cupid, who made more noise and tripped up more heels that day, than any half a dozen of his contemporaries. His voice could be heard above all the rest, especially after the arrival of the Heer, before whom he seemed to think it his duty to exert himself, while his unrestrained, extravagant laugh exhibited that singular hilarity of spirit which distinguishes the deportment of the African from the invariable gravity of the free red man of the western world.

All day, and until after the sun had set and the shadows of night succeeded, the sports continued, and the merry squads rung far and near, occasionally interrupted by those loud noises which sometimes shoot across the ice, like a rushing earthquake, and are occasioned by its cracking, as the water rises or falls.

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#### LITERATURE OF THE AGE.—*Hon. E. Channing.*

THE character of the age is stamped very strongly on its literary productions. Who, that can compare the present with the past, is not struck with the bold and earnest spirit of the literature of our times. It refuses to waste itself on trifles, or to minister to mere gratification. Almost all that is written has now some bearing on great interests of human nature. Fiction is no longer a mere amusement; but transcendent genius accommodating itself to the character of the age, has seized upon this province of literature, and turned fiction from a toy into a mighty engine, and, under the light tale, breathing through the community either its reverence for the old or its thirst for the new, communicates the spirit and lessons of history, unfolds the operations of religious and civil institutions, and defends or assails new theories of education or morals by exhibiting them in life and action. The poetry of the age is equally characteristic. It has a deeper and more impressive tone than comes to us from what has been called the Augustan age of English literature. The regular, elabo-

rate, harmonious strains which delighted a former generation, are now accused, I say not how justly, of playing too much on the surface of nature and the heart. Men want and demand a more thrilling note, a poetry which pierces beneath the exterior of life to the depths of the soul, and which lays open its mysterious workings, borrowing from the whole outward creation fresh images and correspondences with which to illuminate the secrets of the world within us. So keen is this appetite, that extravagancies of imagination, and gross violations both of taste and moral sentiment, are forgiven when conjoined with what awakens strong emotion; and unhappily the most stirring is the most popular poetry, even though it issue from the desolate soul of a misanthrope and a libertine, and exhale poison and death.

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AMERICAN HISTORY.—*G. C. Verplanck.*

THE study of the history of most other nations fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to his heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded with the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest the blood-stained soldier of fortune—the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny—great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power—and poets, who profaned the high gifts of genius, to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by the imagination of Chaucer and decorated

by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great, or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and serene beauty, amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and "the toys of modern state." Within no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of Heaven enters from above and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of the brave and good men who have toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

Patriots are here, in freedom's battle slain,  
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain,  
Bards worthy him who breathed the poet's mind,  
Founders of arts that dignify mankind,  
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave  
Their names a memory that defies the grave.

Doubtless, this is a subject upon which we may justly be proud. But there is another consideration, which, if it did not naturally arise of itself, would be pressed upon us by the taunts of European criticism.

What has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind, is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge, the labors of Franklin present an illustrious exception, it is still but a solitary exception.

The answer may be given, confidently and triumphantly. Without abandoning the fame of our eminent men, whom Europe has been slow and reluctant to honor, we would reply, that the intellectual power of this people has exerted itself in conformity to the general system of our institutions and manners; and, therefore, that, for the proof of its existence and the measure of its force, we must look not so much to the marks of prominent individuals, as to the great aggregate results; and if Europe has hitherto been wilfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, cour-

age, invention, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America.

Is it nothing to the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, equality of rights, with national power and dignity, such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than a half century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven!"

THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC.—*Moore.*

There breathes a language, known and felt  
 Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;  
 Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,  
 That language of the soul is felt and known.  
 From those meridian plains,  
 Where oft, of old, on some high tower,  
 The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,  
 And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,  
 That when she heard the lonely lay,  
 Not worlds could keep her from his arms away;  
 To the bleak climes of polar night,  
 Where, beneath a sunless sky,  
 The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,  
 And sings along the lengthening waste of snow  
 As blithe as if the blessed light  
 Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.  
 Oh Music! thy celestial claim  
 Is still resistless, still the same;  
 And, faithful as the mighty sea  
 To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,  
 The spell-bound tides  
 Of human passion rise and fall for thee!  
 List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,  
 While, from Ilyssus' silvery springs,  
 She draws her cool lymph in her graceful urn;  
 And by her side, in music's charm dissolving,  
 Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,  
 Dreams of bright days that never can return!  
 When Athens nursed her olive bough,  
 With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,  
 And braided for the muses' brow  
 A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.  
 When heroes trod each classic field  
 Where coward feet now faintly falter;  
 When every arm was Freedom's shield,  
 And every heart was Freedom's altar!  
 Hark! 'tis the sound that charms  
 The war-steed's waking ears!—  
 Oh! many a mother folds her arms  
 Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears;  
 And, though her fond heart sinks with fears,

Is proud to feel his young pulse bound  
 With valor's fever at the sound !  
 See! from his native hills afar  
 The rude Helvetian flies to war ;  
 Careless for what, for whom he fights,  
 For slave or despot, wrongs or rights ;  
     A conqueror oft—a hero never—  
 Yet lavish of his life blood still,  
 As if 'twere like his mountain rill,  
     And gush'd forever !  
     Oh Music! here, ev'n here,  
 Amid its thoughtless, wild career,  
 Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wond'rous power.  
 There is an air, which oft among the rocks  
 Of his own lov'd land, at evening hour,  
     Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks;  
 Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind  
     With tenderest thoughts—would bring around his knees  
 The rosy children whom he left behind,  
     And fill each angel eye  
     With sparkling tears, that asked him why  
     He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these?  
 Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar;  
     Sweet notes of home—of love—are all he hears,  
 And the stern eye that look'd for blood before,  
     Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears!

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STANZAS.—*Willis Gaylord Clarke.*

I mar'ed the Spring as she passed along,  
 With her eye of light and her lip of song;  
 While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,  
 While the streams sprang out from their icy rest:  
 The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,  
 And their breath went forth to the scented sky;  
 When the fields looked fresh in their sweet repose,  
 And the young dew slept on the new-born rose.

I looked upon Summer;—the golden sun  
 Poured joy over all that he looked upon;  
 His glance was cast like a gift abroad,



Like the boundless smile of a perfect God!  
The stream shone glad in his magic ray—  
The fleecy clouds o'er the green hills lay :  
Over rich, dark woodlands their shadows went,  
As they floated in light through the firmament.

The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour :  
A frost had discolored the summer bower ;  
The blast wailed sad 'midst the cankered leaves ;  
The reaper stood musing by the gathered sheaves ;  
The mellow pomp of the rain-bow woods  
Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods ;  
And I knew by the cloud—by the wild wind's strain  
That Winter drew near, with storms again.

I stood by the Ocean; its waters rolled  
In their changeeful beauty of sapphire and gold ;  
And day looked down with its radiant smiles  
Where the blue waves danced round a thousand isles  
The ships went forth on the trackless seas,  
Their white wings played in the joyous breeze ;  
Their prows rushed on 'midst the parted foam,  
While the wanderer was wrapped in a dream of home

The mountain arose with its lofty brow,  
While its shadow lay sleeping in the vales below ;  
The mist, like a garland of glory lay,  
Where its proud heights soared in air away ;  
The eagle was there on his tireless wing,  
And his shriek went up like an offering ;  
And he seemed, in his sunward flight to raise  
A chant of thanksgiving—a hymn of praise!

I looked on the arch of the midnight skies,  
With its blue and unsearchable mysteries ;  
The moon, 'midst an eloquent multitude  
Of unnumbered stars, her career pursued :  
A charm of sleep on the city fell,  
All sounds lay hushed in that brooding spell—  
By babbling brooks were the buds at rest,  
And the wild-bird dreamed sweet on his downy nest.

I stood where the deep'ning tempest passed ;  
The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast ;

The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on,  
 The clouds o'ershadowed the mighty sun;  
 The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,  
 And hills to the thunder-peal replied—  
 The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,  
 While the heavens were lit in its red array!

And hath MAN the power, with his pride and his skill  
 To arouse all Nature with storms at will?  
 Hath he power to color the summer cloud—  
 To allay the tempest when the hills are bowed?  
 Can he waken the Spring with her festal wreath,  
 Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?  
 Will he come again when death's vale is trod?  
 Who then shall dare murmur "*there is no God!*"

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A SABBATH NEAR JERUSALEM.—*Alphonse De Lamartine.*

ONE day I fixed my tent in a stony field, where a few knotty and stunted olive trees grew, under the walls of Jerusalem, some hundred steps from the tower of David, a little above the fountain of Siloa, which yet flows over the worn stones of its grotto, not far from the tomb of the poet-king who so often sung it. The high and black terraces, which in times past, supported the temple of Solomon, rose on my left, crowned by three blue cupolas, and the light and airy columns of the mosque of Omar, which now rest upon the ruins of the house of Jerusalem, which was then ravaged by the plague, was all bathed by the rays of the dazzling sun, reflected from its thousand domes, from its white marbles, from its towers of gilded stone, from its walls polished by ages, and by the salt winds of the Asphaltic lake; no sound rose from its enclosure, which was silent and mournful as the bed of a dying man; its large gates stood open, and from time to time might be seen the white turban and red cloak of the Arabian soldier, the useless guard of these deserted gates; nothing came out—nothing went in; the morning wind alone raised the floating dust of the roads, and produced for a moment the illusion of a caravan; but when the gust of wind had passed—when it died away sighing among the battlements of the tower of the Pisans, or among the three palm trees of

the house of Caiphas, the dust again fell, the desert reappeared, and no step of a camel or a mule resounded on the stones. Only, every quarter of an hour, the two iron clasped folding doors of each of the gates of Jerusalem opened, and we saw the dead whom the plague had just destroyed, borne out, carried upon a litter by two naked slaves to the tombs which were scattered all around us. Sometimes a long train of Turks, Arabs, Armenians, or Jews, accompanied the dead, and singing, wound among the trunks of the olive trees; then, with slow and silent steps, returned to the city. More commonly the dead were left alone, and when the two slaves had dug a few feet into the sand, and placed the infected corpse into its last bed, they seated themselves on the same earth which they had just raised, divided the dress of the departed, and, lighting their long pipes, smoked in silence and watched the smoke of their chibouks, which rose in a light, blue column, and gracefully vanished in the limpid, bright, transparent atmosphere of those autumnal days. At my feet the valley of Jehoshaphat extended like a vast sepulchre; the course of the dried up Cedron appeared like a whitish rent, scattered over with large flint stones; and the sides of the two hills which bounded it were white with tombs, and with sculptured turbans, the common monuments of the Osmanlis. A little to the right the hill of olives sunk down, opening between the scattered volcanic cones of the naked mountains of Jericho, on the one side, and of St. Saba on the other, and prolonged, like a luminous avenue between the uneven cypress trees. The eye turned towards it involuntarily, attracted by the azure and livid brightness of the Dead Sea, which glittered at the foot of these mountains; while, behind, the blue chain of the mountains of Arabia Petræ, bounded the horizon—but bounded is not the word, for those mountains seem as transparent as crystal, and one sees, or fancies that he sees a vague and indefinite horizon still beyond, swimming in the floating vapors of an atmosphere tinged with purple and ceruse.

It was the hour of noon—the hour when the muezzin observes the sun from the highest gallery of the minaret, and regularly announces the hour of prayer; a living, animated voice, which knows what it says and what it sings, far superior, in my opinion, to the stupid and unconscious tones of the bells of our cathedrals! My Arabs had given the barley from the goat's hair sack, to my horses, which were fastened round about the tent, their feet chained to iron rings. These

beautiful animals were motionless, their heads hung down, shaded by their long, scattered manes, their grey coats glistening and smoking under the rays of a meridian sun. The men were collected under the shade of one of the largest olive trees; they had spread their carpet upon the ground, and smoked as they told stories of the desert, or sang verses from Antar—Antar, the type of the wandering Arab—shepherd, warrior and poet at once; who has depicted in his national poetry, the whole desert; epic as Homer, plaintive as Job, amorous as Theocritus, philosophical as Solomon. His verses, which soothe or excite the imagination of the Arab as much as the smoke of his hookah, resounded in guttural tones from the animated group of my *sais*; and when the poet touched with peculiar justness or strength, the quick feeling of those savage but impressible men, a low murmur was heard from their lips; they joined their hands, raised them above their ears, and exclaimed, one after another, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" Some steps from me a young Turkish woman was weeping for her husband, over one of those little monuments of white stone that are scattered upon all the hills that surround Jerusalem. She seemed scarcely more than eighteen or twenty, and I never saw so charming a picture of grief. Her profile, which, her veil thrown back, allowed me to see, had the perfect outline of the most beautiful heads of the Parthenon; but at the same time, the suavity and the graceful languor of the Asiatic women, a beauty much more feminine, much more lovely, much more fascinating to the heart, than the severe and masculine beauty of the beautiful Greeks. Her hair, of a light bronze and golden color, like the color of the ancient statues—a color very much esteemed in this country of the sun, of which it seems like a permanent reflection—her hair, unbound, fell around her and literally touched the ground. Her bosom was entirely uncovered, according to the custom of this part of Arabia; and when she bent down to embrace the stone of the turban or to place her ear at the tomb, her breast touched the earth, and left its mould in the dust, like that mould of the beautiful bosom of the buried Atala which was formed by the sand of the sepulchre, in the admirable epopee of M. de Chateaubriand. She had strewn the tomb and the earth around with all sorts of funeral flowers; a beautiful damask carpet was spread where she knelt, and on this carpet were some vases of flowers, a basket of figs, and some barley cakes, for this woman was to spend the whole

day weeping thus. A hole formed in the earth, which was supposed to correspond to the ear of the dead person, served her as an organ of communication with that other world, where he whom she came to visit, slept. She was continually bending down towards this narrow opening, singing into it verses, broken by sobs, and then pressing her ear against it, as if she heard the reply, and then beginning again to sing and to weep. I made an effort to understand the words which she thus murmured, and which came even to my ear, but my Arabian dragomen could not catch or translate them. How much I regret it! What secrets of love and of sorrow, what sighs, animated with the whole life of two souls torn from each other, those words might contain, confused and drowned in tears as they were! Oh! if anything could ever awaken the dead, it must be such words, uttered by such lips!

A few steps from this woman, under a piece of black linen, supported by two reeds fixed in the ground, to serve as a shade from the sun, her two little children played with three black Abyssinian slaves, sitting like their mistress upon a carpet spread upon the sand. These three women, all young and handsome, with the slender form and the aquiline profile of the *nigrettes* of Abyssinia, were grouped in different attitudes, like three statues made of a single block; one of them had one knee on the ground, and held upon the other one of the children, who stretched its arm to where its mother was weeping; the other had both legs bent under her, and her hands clasped, rested on her apron of blue linen, like Canova's *Magdalen*; the third was standing, stooping a little over her two companions, and balancing herself on her right foot, and her left, as she rocked upon her bosom, the smallest of the children, whom she was in vain endeavoring to get to sleep. When the sobs of the young widow reached the children, they began to cry, and the three black slaves, after having, by another sob, replied to that of their mistress, commenced singing again the soothing airs and the infantine words of their country, to quiet the children.

It was Sunday; two hundred paces from me, behind the thick and high walls of Jerusalem, I heard at intervals, from the black cupola of the Greek Convent, the distant and feeble echoes of the evening service; the hymns and psalms of David ascended, after two thousand years, sung by strange voices and in a new language, from those same hills which

had inspired them; and upon the terraces of the Convent, I saw the figures of some old monks of the Holy Land, coming and going with their breviaries in their hands, uttering those prayers which had already been uttered in so many different languages and measures.

And I too was there to be the poet of all, to study the ages in their cradle, to trace even to its source the unknown course of civilization and religion; to draw inspiration from the spirit of the place, and from the hidden meaning of the histories and the monuments upon those shores which were the point of departure of the modern world; and to nourish with a more real wisdom, and a truer philosophy, the grave and thoughtful poetry of the advanced epoch in which we live!

This scene, accidentally brought before me, and selected from one of the thousand recollections of my travels, presents my mind almost a complete view of the destinies and changes of poetry; the three black slaves soothing the children with the simple, unstudied songs of their country—the pastoral and almost instructive poetry of the infancy of nations; the young Turkish widow, weeping for her husband and singing as she breathes her sorrow to the dust—elegiac and passionate poetry, the poetry of the heart—the soldiers and Arab *mukres* reciting fragments, warlike, amorous, from Antar—the epic poetry of wandering or warlike nations; the Greek monks, singing their psalms upon their solitary terraces, the sacred and lyric poetry of the ages of enthusiasm and of religious renovations; and I, meditating in my tent, gathering together historic truths or thoughts, wandering over the whole world; the poetry of philosophy and meditation, the child of an epoch when human nature is studied, she stamps herself even on the songs with which she amuses her leisure.

This is the whole poetry of the past, but what will it be in future?

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#### THE HILL OF SCIENCE.—*Aiken.*

IN that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discolored foliage of the trees; and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and

romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquility, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth, many of whom pressed forward with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenances, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared. "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain, and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more; while others having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend farther, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were tost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavoring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colors than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded that the light at noon-day was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent; and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often out-stripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome



progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions and Pleasures, whose importunity when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tripped at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavoring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, for so she was called, far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves on the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided along the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. “Happier,” said she, “are they whom Virtue conducts to the Mansions of Content!” “What,” said I, “does Virtue then reside in the vale?” “I am found,” said she, “in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity!” While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

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#### ASPECTS OF NATURE.—*Novalis*.

WE stand in as many and as immeasurably different relations to nature as to man: and, as to the child she knows herself childlike, and bends benignly down to his infant heart, so to the god she shows herself godlike and attunes herself to his high spirit. We cannot say there is *one* nature, without saying something exaggerated; and all attempts to arrive at truth by discussions and conversations about nature, do but remove us further from the natural. Much is already gained, when the effort fully to understand nature ennobles itself into a

longing—a tender and humble longing, even which the cold, reserved temper soon learns to delight in, if once it feels secure of a more intimate acquaintance with her. There is a secret attraction toward all points, diverging from an infinitely deep centre within us. As wondrous nature, sensible and insensible, lies round about us, we think every one of her features an exercise of this attractive power, a manifestation of the sympathy which exists between her and us; but behind those blue, distant mountains, one man seeks the home which they veil from his sight, the beloved of his youth, parents, brothers, sisters, old friends, dear recollections;—another thinks, that far on the other side unknown glories await him; he believes that a future full of life and beauty, lies hidden there, and he stretches his hands wistfully toward that new world. Some few stand motionless and serene in the midst of the glorious spectacle; they seek to embrace it in its fullness and concentration, but they forget not in the whole that radiant thread which runs through and enlinks its parts, and forms the holy crown of light; such spirits are blessed in the contemplation of this living and more than midnight depth of all pervading beauty.

Thus arise manifold ways of viewing nature; and if, in some sensibility to her beauty is a joyous sensation,—a banquet, in others we see it transformed into the most reverential religion, giving direction, support, significance to the whole of life. Even in the infancy of nations, such deep and earnest spirits have been found, to whom nature wore the countenance of Deity; while other gay and joyous hearts thought of her only as a host, at whose bounteous table they might freely seat themselves. To them, the free air was a cordial drink; the stars, lamps to illumine the nightly dance; plants and animals, costly and delicate viands; and thus did nature present herself to their minds, not as a still and awful temple, but as a plenteous kitchen and merry banqueting hall.

In an intermediate class between these two were others, whose view of nature, though differing from the last, had yet reference to the senses alone. These saw in actual nature only a vast, but as yet wild and unreclaimed park or pleasure-ground, and were busied, day and night, in creating patterns of a more refined and perfect nature. They divided themselves into companies for the accomplishment of the great work. Some sought to awaken mute and forgotten tones in air and wood; others stamped their conceptions and images

of more beautiful forms on brass or stone; built up from the rock more stately piles for dwellings; brought to light hidden treasures from the clefts of the earth; tamed the wayward and lawless streams; peopled the inhospitable sea; carried plants of long-known and excellent virtue into desert zones; checked the wild overspread of forests and tended the nobler flowers and herbs; opened the earth to the life-giving motions of generative air and enkindling light; taught colors to blend and arrange themselves in beautiful pictures, and wood and meadow, fountain and rock, to unite in one lovely garden; breathed tones into the living members, unfolded their mysterious connexion, and taught them to move in livelier and more joyous vibrations; adopted the defenceless animals which were susceptible of some touch of human culture, and cleared the woods of those noxious beasts which seemed like the monstrous births of a distempered fancy.

Soon did nature assume a kindlier aspect; she was softer, and more refreshing, and willingly hearkened to all the wishes of man. By degrees, her heart began to have a human motion; her fancies were brighter; she became social, and freely replied to the friendly inquirer; and so the golden age appeared to be gradually returning, when she was the friend, the comforter, the priestess of men; when she lived among them, and her divine society and intercourse raised them into immortals.

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THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.—*Rufus Dawes.*

The spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,  
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;  
I know her track through the balmy air,  
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;  
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,  
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,  
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;  
Then she mounts again, and around her flings  
A shower of light from her crimson wings;  
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,  
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,  
Where bowering elms over waters meet?

She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,  
 As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,  
 When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain,  
 From her lover the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky  
 Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,  
 And round the skirts of their deepen'd fold  
 She paints a border of purple and gold,  
 Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,  
 When their god in his glory has pass'd away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,  
 When her presence is felt with the deepest power;  
 She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream  
 With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;  
 Then wheeling their flight through the gladden'd air,  
 The spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

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POWER OF MUSIC.—*Shakspeare.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica : look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;  
 There is not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins.  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*(Enter musicians.)*

Come ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn ;  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
 And draw her home with music.

*Jessica.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music

*Lorenzo.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;  
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud—  
 Which is the hot condition of their blood—  
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze  
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature.  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted.  
 If music be the food of love, play on ;  
 Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 That strain again ! It had a dying fall :  
 Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour !

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THE FAMILY MEETING.—*Charles Sprague.*

We are all here !  
 Father, Mother,  
 Sister, Brother,  
 All who hold each other dear.  
 Each chair is fill'd—we're all *at home* :  
 To-night let no cold stranger come ;  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we're found :  
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot ;  
 For once be every care forgot ;  
 Let gentle peace assert her power,  
 And kind affection rule the hour ;  
 We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here !  
 Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
 Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,

And gave the hour to guiltless mirth,  
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
 Look'd in and thinn'd our little band :  
 Some like a night-flash pass'd away,  
 And some sank, lingering, day by day ;  
 The quiet grave-yard some lie there—  
 And cruel Ocean has his share—  
     We're *not* all here.

    We *are* all here !  
 Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,  
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How life-like, through the mist of years,  
 Each well remember'd face appears !  
 We see them, as in times long past,  
 From each to each kind looks are cast ;  
 We hear their words, their smiles behold,  
 They're round us, as they were of old—  
     We *are* all here.

    We are all here !  
     Father, Mother,  
     Sister, Brother,  
 You that I love with love so dear.  
*This* may not long of us be said ;  
 Soon we must join the gather'd dead ;  
 And by the hearth we now sit round,  
 Some other circle will be found.  
 Oh ! then, that wisdom may we know,  
 Which yields a life of peace below ;  
 So, in the world to follow this,  
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
     We're all—all *here* !

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THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.—*Whitehead.*

A Grecian youth of talents rare,  
 Whom Plato's philosophic care  
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,  
 By precept and example too,  
 Would often boast his matchless skill

To curb the steed, and guide the wheel,  
And as he pass'd the gazing throng  
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,  
The idiot wonder they express'd .  
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show  
His master what his art could do;  
And bade his slaves the chariot lead  
To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd its fright,  
The wood-nymphs started at the sight;  
The muses drop the learned lyre,  
And to their inmost shades retire.  
Howe'er the youth, with forward air,  
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;  
The lash resounds, the courser's spring,  
The chariot marks the rolling ring;  
And gathering crowds, with eager eyes,  
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,  
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;  
And now along th' indented plain  
The self-same track he marks again;  
Pursues with care the nice design,  
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;  
The youths with emulation glow'd.  
E'en bearded sages hail'd the boy,  
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.  
For he, deep judging sage, beheld  
With pain the triumphs of the field:  
And when the charioteer drew nigh,  
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,  
Alas! unhappy youth, he cried,  
Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd.)  
With indignation I survey  
Such skill and judgment thrown away.  
The time profusely squander'd there  
On vulgar arts, beneath thy care,  
If well employ'd, at less expense  
Had taught thee honor, virtue, sense,  
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate  
To govern men, and guide the state.



## COLUMBUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

*Voltaire.*

It is to the discoveries of the Portuguese in the old world, that we are indebted for the new; if we may call the conquest of America an obligation, which proved so fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themselves.

This was doubtless the most important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto strangers to the other. Whatever had been esteemed most great or noble before, seemed absorbed in this new kind of creation. We still mention with respectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts, who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the sailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many altars would have been raised by the ancients to a Greek who had discovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Christopher Columbus were not thus rewarded. Columbus, struck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portuguese, imagined that something greater might be done; and from a bare inspection of the map of our world, concluded that there must be another, which might be found by sailing always west. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed superior, seeing he had to struggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repulses of several princes to whom he tendered his services. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his schemes as visionary, and by that means lost the only opportunity that could have offered of aggrandizing her power. Henry VII. King of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not listen to the proposals made by Columbus's brother, and Columbus himself was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whose attention was wholly employed upon the coast of Africa. He had no prospect of success in applying to the French, whose marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confused than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The Emperor Maximilian had neither ports for shipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor sufficient courage to engage in a scheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed might have undertaken it; but whether the natural aversion of the Genoese to these people would not suffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from

Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Isabella, queen of Castile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Grenada, which was still in the possession of the Moors; but which Ferdinand soon after took from them. The union of these two princes had prepared the way for the greatness of Spain: which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was however obliged to undergo eight years of incessant application before Isabella's court would consent to accept of the inestimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spanish court was poor; and the prior Perez, and two merchants named Pinzono, were obliged to advance seventeen thousand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length set sail from the port of Palos in Andalusia, with three ships, on August 23, in the year 1492. It was not above a month after his departure from the Canary islands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreshment, when Columbus discovered the first island in America; and during this short run, he suffered more from the murmurings and discontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refusals of the princes he had applied to. This island, which he discovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thousand leagues from the Canaries; presently after, he likewise discovered the Lucuyan islands, together with those of Cuba and Hispaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Isabella were in the utmost surprise to see him return at the end of nine months, with some of the American natives of Hispaniola, several varieties from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he presented their majesties.

The king and queen made him sit down in their presence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admiral and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary person sent from heaven. Every one was vieing who should be foremost in assisting him in his undertakings, and embarking under his command. He soon set sail again with a fleet of seventeen ships. He now made the discovery of several other new islands, particularly the Carribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his first voyage; in this

admiration was changed into envy. He was admiral and viceroy, and to these titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Nevertheless he was brought home prisoner to Spain, by judges who had been purposely sent out on board to observe his conduct. As soon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in shoals to meet him, as the guardian genius of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ship, and appeared on shore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whose ingratitude was as great as the other's services. Isabella was ashamed of what she saw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him: however he was not suffered to depart for four years, either because they feared that he would seize upon what he had discovered for himself, or that they were willing to have time to observe his behaviour. At length he was sent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was that he discovered the continent, at six degrees distance from the equator, and near that part of the coast on which Carthage has been since built.

At the time that Columbus first promised a new hemisphere, it was insisted upon that no such hemisphere could exist; and after he had made the actual discovery of it, it was pretended that it had been known long before.

I shall mention one Martin Behem, of Moremburg, who, it is said, went from that city to the Straits of Magellan in 1465, with a patent from the Duchess of Burgundy, who, as she was not alive at that time, could not issue patents. Nor shall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are still shown; nor of the evident contradictions which discredit this story: but, in short, it was not pretended that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honor was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Aristotle was quoted on the occasion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between some words in the Carribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow so fine an opening. Others were positive that the children of Noah, after settling in Siberia, passed from thence over to Canada on the ice; and that their descendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again, the Chinese and Japanese sent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diversion, though there are no

lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men argued upon the discoveries made by men of genius. If it should be asked, how men first came upon the continent of America? is it not easily answered, that they were placed there by the same Power who causes trees and grass to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to some of those who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is still famous. These people pretended that nothing could be more easy than the discoveries he had made; upon which he proposed to them to set an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the egg, and set it upright with ease. They told him any one could do that: How comes it, then, replied Columbus, that not one of you thought of it? This story is related of Brunelleschi, who improved architecture at Florence many years before Columbus was born. Most *bon mots* are only the repetition of things that have been said before.

The ashes of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of creation. But mankind delight to do justice to the illustrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. Americo Vespucci, whom we call Americus Vespucius, a merchant of Florence, had the honor of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did not possess one acre of land, and pretended to be the first who discovered the continent. But supposing it true, that he was the first discoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the first voyage. Honor, as Henton says in his dispute with Leibnitz, is due only to the first inventor; those that follow after are only his scholars. Columbus had made three voyages as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Vespucius had made one as a geographer, under the command of admiral Ojeda; but this latter writing to his friends in Florence, decreed that a grand illumination should be made before the door of his house every three years, on the feast of All Saints. And yet could this man be said to deserve any honors for happening to be on board a fleet that in 1489, sailed along the coast of Brazil, when Columbus had, five years before, pointed out the way to the rest of the world?

There has lately appeared at Florence a life of this Americus Vespucius, which seems to be written with very little

regard for truth, and without any conclusive reasoning. Several French authors are there complained of, who have done justice to Columbus's merit; but the writer should not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spanish, who were the first that did this justice. This writer says, that "he will confound the vanity of the French nation, who have always attacked with impunity the honor and success of the Italian nation." What vanity can there be in saying, that it was a Genoese who first discovered America? or how is the honor of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was to an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purposely remark this want of equity, good breeding, and good sense, as we have too many examples of it; and I must say, that the good French writers have in general been the least guilty of this insufferable fault; and one great reason of their being so universally read throughout Europe, is their doing justice to all nations.

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#### THE DIGNITY OF MANNERS.—*Chesterfield.*

THERE is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, wagery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose, at most, a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependant and led captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such a one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such a one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such a one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and ex-

clude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is *had*, as it is called, in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light, consequently never respected, let his merits be what they may.

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IDEAL CHARACTER OF A TRUE LIFE.—*Richard H. Dana.*

To a man of fine feeling and deep and delicate and creative thought, there is nothing in nature which appears only as so much substance and form, nor any connections in life which do not reach beyond their immediate and obvious purposes. Our attachments to each other are not felt by him merely as habits of the mind given to it by the customs of life; nor does he hold them to be only as the goods of this world, and the loss of them as merely turning him forth an outcast from the social state; but they are a part of his joyous being, and to have them torn from him, is taking from his very nature.

Life, indeed, with him, in all its connections and concerns, has an ideal and spiritual character, which, while it loses nothing of the definiteness of reality, is forever suggesting thoughts, taking new relations, and peopling and giving action to the imagination. All that the eye falls upon, and all that touches the heart, run off into any distance, and the regions into which the sight stretches, are alive and bright and beautiful with countless shapings and fair hues of the gladdened fancy. From kind acts and gentle words, and fond looks, there spring hosts many and glorious as Milton's angels; and heavenly deeds are done, and unearthly voices are heard, and forms and faces, graceful and lonely as Uriel's, are seen in the noonday sun. What would only have given pleasure for the time to another, or, at most, be now and then called up in his memory, in the man of feeling and imagination, lays by its particular and short-lived and irregular nature, and puts on the garments of spiritual beings, and takes the everlasting nature of the soul. The ordinary acts which spring from the good will of social life, take up their dwelling within him, and mingle with his sentiments, forming a little society in his mind, going on in harmony with its generous enterprises, its friendly labors, and tasteful pursuits. They

undergo a change, becoming a portion of him, making a part of his secret joy and melancholy, and wandering at large among his far-off thoughts. All that his mind falls in with, it sweeps along in its deep and continuous flow, and bears onward with the multitude that fills its shoreless and living sea.

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THE POWER OF GOD IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.—O. M. Mitchel.

THE astronomer never dies. He commences his investigation on the hill tops of Eden—he studies the stars through the long centuries of antediluvian life. The deluge sweeps from the earth its inhabitants, their cities and their monuments—but when the storm is hushed, and the heavens shine forth in beauty, from the summit of Mount Ararat the astronomer resumes his endless vigils. In Babylon he keeps his watch, and among the Egyptian priests he inspires a thirst for the sacred mysteries of the stars. The plains of Shinar—the temples of India—the pyramids of Egypt, are equally his watching places. When science fled to Greece, his home was in the schools of her philosophers; and when darkness covered the earth for a thousand years, he pursues his never ending task from amidst the burning deserts of Arabia. When science dawned on Europe, the astronomer was there—toiling with Copernicus—watching with Sycho—suffering with Galileo, triumphing with Kepler. Six thousand years have rolled away since the grand investigation commenced. We stand at the terminus of this vast period, and looking back through the long vista of departed years, mark with honest pride the successive triumphs of our race. Midway between the past and future, we sweep backward and witness the first rude effort to explain the celestial phenomena—we may equally stretch forward thousands of years, and although we cannot comprehend what shall be the condition of astronomical science at remote period, of one thing we are certain—the past, the present, and the future, constitute but one unbroken chain of observations, condensing all time, to the astronomer, into one mighty *now*.

Would you gather some idea of the *eternity* past of God's existence, go to the astronomer, and bid him lead you with him in one of his walks through space; and as he sweeps

outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy strains on the deep pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million of years. Would you gather some knowledge of the *omnipotence* of God, weigh the earth on which we dwell, then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years. Unite their strength into one arm, and test its power in an effort to move this earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years; and yet under the omnipotent hand of God, not a single minute passes that it does not fly for more than a thousand miles. But this is a mere atom,—the most insignificant point among his innumerable worlds. At his bidding, every planet, and satellite, and comet, and the sun himself, fly onward in their appointed courses. His single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns, and around his throne circles the great constellation of unnumbered universes.

Would you comprehend the idea of the *omniscience* of God, remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted roughly the return of half a score of comets. But God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns, and planets, and comets and worlds, without number, through ages that are passed, and throughout ages yet to come, not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision. The universe is in motion,—system rising above system, cluster above cluster, nebula above nebula,—all majestically sweeping around under the providence of God, who alone knows the end from the beginning, and before whose glory and power all intelligent beings, whether in heaven or on earth, should bow with humility and awe.

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THE PRESENCE OF GOD.—*Amelia B. Welby.*

O, Thou who fling'st so fair a robe  
Of clouds around the hills untrod—  
Those mountain pillars of the globe  
Whose peaks sustain Thy throne, O God!  
All glittering round the sunset skies,



Their fleecy wings are lightly furl'd,  
As if to shade from mortal eyes

The glories of yon upper world ;  
There, while the evening star upholds  
In one bright spot, their purple folds,  
My spirit lifts its silent prayer,  
For Thou, O God of love, art there.

The summer-flowers, the fair, the sweet,  
Up-springing freely from the sod,  
In whose soft looks we seem to meet  
At every step, Thy smiles, O God!  
The humblest soul their sweetness shares,  
They bloom in palace-hall, or cot,—  
Give me, O Lord, a heart like theirs,  
Contented with my lowly lot ;  
Within their pure, ambrosial bells,  
In odors sweet thy Spirit dwells.  
Their breath may seem to scent the air—  
'Tis thine, O God! for Thou art there.

Hark! from yon casement, low and dim,  
What sounds are these that fill the breeze?  
It is the peasant's evening hymn  
Arrests the fisher on the seas:  
The old man leans his silver hairs  
Upon his light suspended oar,  
Until those soft delicious airs  
Have died like ripples on the shore.  
Why do his eyes in softness roll?  
What melts the manhood from his soul?  
His heart is fill'd with peace and prayer,  
For Thou, O God, art with him there.

The birds among the summer blooms,  
Pour forth to Thee their hymns of love,  
When, trembling on uplifted plumes,  
They leave the earth and soar above ;  
We hear their sweet, familiar airs,  
Where'er a sunny spot is found :  
How lovely is a life like theirs,  
Diffusing sweetness all around!  
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,  
Their sweetest anthems softly roll :

Till, melting on the realms of air,  
They reach Thy throne in grateful prayer

The stars—those floating isles of light,  
Round which the clouds unfurl their sails,  
Pure as a woman's robe of white

That trembles round the form it veils,—  
They touch the heart as with a spell,  
Yet set the soaring fancy free:

And, O! how sweet the tales they tell  
Of faith, of peace, of love, and Thee.

Each raging storm that wildly blows,  
Each balmy breeze that lifts the rose,  
Sublimely grand, or softly fair—  
They speak of Thee, for Thou art there.

The spirit, oft oppress'd with doubt,  
May strive to cast Thee from its thought;

But who can shut Thy presence out,  
Thou mighty Guest that comest unsought

In spite of all our cold resolves,  
Magnètic like, where'er we be,  
Still, still the thoughtful heart revolves,  
And points, all trembling, up to Thee.

We cannot shield a troubled breast  
Beneath the confines of the blest—  
Above, below, on earth, in air,  
For Thou, the living God, art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,  
Where soaring fancy oft hath been,

There is a land where Thou hast said  
The pure in heart shall enter in;

There, in those realms so calmly bright,  
How many a loved and gentle one  
Bathe their soft plumes in living light,

That sparkles from Thy radiant throne!

There, souls once soft and sad as ours  
Look up and sing mid fadeless flowers;  
They dream no more of grief and care,  
For Thou, the God of peace, art there.

MAN'S RESOLUTIONS TO REFORM.—*Young.*

OF man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"  
Forever on the brink of being born.  
All pay themselves the compliment to think  
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride  
On this reversion takes up ready praise;  
At least, their own; their future selves applaud;  
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!  
Time lodged in their own hands, is folly's vails;  
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign;  
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone;  
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool:  
And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.  
All promise is poor dilatory man,  
And that through every stage: when young indeed,  
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,  
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,  
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.  
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool:  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
In all the magnanimity of thought,  
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.  
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.  
All men think all men mortal but themselves;  
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;  
But their hearts wounded like the wounded air,  
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.  
As from the wing, no scar the sky retains;  
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;  
So dies in human hearts, the thought of death:  
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds  
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

IMPORTANCE OF ORDER IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF OUR TIME.—*Blair*.

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust, committed to us by God; of which we are now the depositories, and are to render an account at the last. That portion of it which He has allotted to us is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it.

Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure interfere with the discharge of our necessary affairs; and let not what we call necessary affairs, encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven. If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly.

He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time, is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent, than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it, as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety, seek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only are they prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it.

Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be

expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and last regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labors under a burden not its own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management he prolongs it. He lives much in a little space; more in a few years, than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time, attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches and arrests the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. Whereas, those hours fleet by the man of confusion, like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with so confused and irregular a succession of unfinished transactions, that though he remembers he has been busy, yet he can give no account of the business which has employed him.

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#### PLEASURE DERIVED FROM THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

*Timothy Dwight.*

WERE all the interesting diversities of color and form to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome, would be the aspect of the world! The pleasures conveyed to us by the endless varieties with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye, are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of

their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole mass of our enjoyment. But were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an Arabian desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream and cheered by the beauty of no verdure, although he might live in a palace and riot in splendor and luxury, he would, I think, find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy existence, and amid all his gratifications would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks and rivers, the living lustre of the spring, and the rich glories of the autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind than we, perhaps, ever think, or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, are not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is therefore to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness peculiarly affecting.

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TRUE HONOR.—*Robert Walsh.*

It has been often said that true honor is not *touchy*, but generally indifferent about slander; neither the common sense nor common experience of mankind warrants this theory, supposing *touchy* to mean sensitive. The most pure and delicate, those who have labored most earnestly to deserve the best reputation—are apt to be tremulously alive to every kind of obloquy and injurious suspicion. Honor may be thoroughly sound and incorruptible, but not *robust*, so as not to be unaffected by opinion; falsehood alone can annoy it, and does severely in the plurality of cases. There are indeed public pursuits and situations, so particularly and constantly liable to obloquy, that the natural susceptibility of true honor is gradually lessened; yet, eminent men of the noblest virtue, public and private, have even perished in advanced stages, from tenderness, or irritability with regard to their fame. Few are

content—or able to live down merely “the judgments of ignorance and the inventions of malice.” Querulousness, indeed, is never manly, and never serviceable; but sensitiveness is common where firm, conscious honor and high moral courage are united.

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#### THE HAPPY MAN.—*Hall.*

THE happy man is he that hath learned to read himself more than all books; and hath so taken out this lesson that he can never forget it; that knows the world and cares not for it; that after many traverses of thoughts, is grown to know what he may trust to, and stands now equally armed for all events; that hath got the mastery at home, so as he can cross his will without a mutiny, and so please it that he makes it not a wanton; that in earthly things wishes no more than nature; in spiritual, is ever graciously ambitious; that for his condition, stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great; and so can frame his thoughts to his estate, that when he hath least, he cannot want, because he is as free from desire as superfluity; that he hath seasonably broken the headstrong restiness of prosperity, and can now manage it at pleasure; upon whom all smaller crosses light as hailstones upon a roof; and for the greater calamities, he can take them as tributes of life, and tokens of love; and if his ship be tossed, yet is he sure his anchor is fast. If all the world were his, he could be no other than he is, no whit gladder of himself, no whit higher in his carriage, because he knows contentment is not in the things he hath, but in the mind that values them. The powers of his resolution can either multiply or subtract, at pleasure. He can make his cottage a manor or a palace, when he lists; and his homeclose a large dominion; his stained cloth, arras; his earth, plate; and can see state in the attendance of one servant; as one that hath learned a man's greatness or baseness is in himself; and in this he even may contest with the proud, that he thinks his own the best. Or if he must be outwardly great, he can but turn the other end of the glass, and make his stately manor a low and strait cottage; and in all his costly furniture he can see not richness but use. He can see dross in the best metal, and earth through the best clothes; and in all his troop he can

see himself his own servant. He lives quietly at home, out of the noise of the world, and loves to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his friend, and hath as full scope to his thoughts as to his eyes. He walks ever even in the midway betwixt hopes and fears, resolved to fear nothing but God, to hope for nothing but that which he must have. His strive is ever to redeem and not to spend time. It is his trade to do good, and to think of it as his recreation. He has hands enough for himself and others, which are ever stretched forth for beneficence, not for need. He walks cheerfully the way that God hath chalked, and never wishes it more wide or more smooth. Those very temptations whereby he is foiled, strengthen him; he comes forth crowned, and triumphing out of the spiritual battles, and those scars that he hath, make him beautiful. His soul is every day dilated to receive that God in whom he is, and hath attained to love himself for God, and God for his own sake. His eyes stick so fast in Heaven, that no earthly object can remove them; yea, his whole self is there before his time, and sees St. Stephen, and hears with St. Paul, and enjoys with Lazarus, the glory that he shall have, and takes possession beforehand of his room among the saints; and these heavenly contentments have so taken him up, that he now looks down displeasedly upon the earth, as the regions of his sorrow and banishment; yet joying more in hope than troubled with the sense of evil, he holds it no great matter to live, and life's greatest business to die; and is so well acquainted with his last guest, that he fears no unkindness from him, neither makes he any other of dying, than of walking home when he is abroad, or of going to bed when he is weary of the day. He is well provided for both worlds, and is sure of peace here, of glory hereafter; and therefore hath a light heart and a cheerful face. All his fellow creatures rejoice to serve him; his betters, the angels, love to observe him; God himself takes pleasure to converse with him, and hath sainted him before his death, and in his death crowned him.

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SOCIETY.—*Madame De La Motte Foqui.*

THE great world, or, as it is called, polite society, has put on a countenance of such gayety, that the smallest cloud of deeper emotion necessarily disturbs it. There is nothing by



which a man makes himself more tiresome or more ridiculous than by allowing what passes within him to appear on the surface; by suffering his real nature to gleam through the forms of society. Now any interference, whether kindly or offensively intended, with a man's personal relations, causes a sudden agitation which makes too forcible an appeal to truth; it cannot remain mute, it betrays itself. In order to avoid the ridicule consequent upon this, he must laugh at his own want of self-command. According as that is done with good sense or with grace, social hypocrisy acquires a tinge either of the humorous or the attractive. But if timidity and awkwardness are mingled with false shame, and he endeavors to explain away and to apologize for what was perhaps a solitary indication of something really good, nothing remains but the flattest common places of the flattest *persiflage*.

Is it to be wondered that men of profound minds, withdraw with a contemptuous smile from fashionable society?

*Must* this be so? Must the higher classes thus detach themselves from all others, like an isolated piece of merely external life, which knows nothing, and must know nothing, of the internal? To wrest things out of their connexion and series, is to destroy. When the fibres which unite a being are broken, it breathes no living breath—it becomes a caricature or a lie.

This state of things everybody has an interest in preventing; but especially woman, whose vocation is to breathe over society a warm and vivifying breath, and to render all isolation in it impossible. This breath of apprehensiveness and enthusiasm, which discovers and fans every congenial spirit even before it is conscious of its own existence, ought to pervade society, and to form a more genial atmosphere, in which every bud and flower of feeling is not doomed to instant death. If the influence of the female sex is negative, it is yet of immense reality and strength, from the mere fact that it acts by removing the barriers opposed to the positive display of the intellectual nature of man.

Women might at least *tolerate* the aspirations of a lofty spirit, the development of enlarged and generous opinions, the kindlings of a living, vigorous will. At least they might abstain from throwing ridicule on the enthusiasm, which is *possible*; at least they might forgive youth if its quick fire flames above the low enclosures of the conventional. They know not their own power; they know not how and whence they can elevate existence; they commonly know it not even in

detail, though they might, it should seem, observe how powerfully one single intelligent glance of sympathy—the silent accompaniment and completion of half formed thoughts, may act on the general direction of the mind and character; how the conviction of being understood and appreciated, gives wings to thoughts, and eagle pinions to exertions; what it is to be able to look forward to praise and honor, as a reward for every victory over low desires.

There are eyes which need only to look up, to touch every chord of a breast choked by the stifling atmosphere of stiff and stagnant society, and to call forth tones which might become the accompanying music of a life.

This gentle transfusion of mind into mind, is the secret sympathy. It is never understood, but ever felt; and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond the measure of ordinary conception.

How many have known and forgotten instances of such awakening. Why do women present an attitude of cold fashionableness to a world which they might win by their sweetness, and inspire by their virtue? Their light footsteps ought to touch the earth, only to mark the track which leads to Heaven.

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THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.—*Long fellow.*

Somewhat back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
 Across its antique portico  
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient time-piece says to all:  
     "Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands;  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass:  
     "Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it stood,  
As if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe :  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning time-piece never ceased:  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;  
There youths and maidens, dreaming, strayed;  
O precious hours! O golden prime  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold  
Those hours the ancient time-piece told;  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding-night!  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in its shroud of snow!  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair:  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
Ah! when shall they all meet again,  
As in the days long since gone by?  
The ancient time-piece makes reply:  
    "Forever—never!  
    Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,  
 Where all parting, pain and care,  
 And death and time shall disappear!  
 Forever there, but never here!  
 The horologe of eternity  
 Layeth this incessantly:

"Forever—never!  
 Never—forever!"

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MISANTHROPIC HOURS.—*N. P. Willis*

I sometimes feel as I could blot  
 All traces of mankind from earth—  
 As if 'twere sin to curse them not,  
 They so degrade, so shame their birth.  
 To think that earth should be so fair,  
 So beautiful,—so bright a thing;  
 That nature should come forth and wear  
 Such glorious apparelling;  
 That sea and sky should live and glow  
 With light and love and holiness,  
 And yet men never feel or know  
 How much a God of love can bless—  
 How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I've seen the sun go down and light  
 Like floods of gold poured on the sky—  
 When every tree and flower was bright,  
 And every pulse was beating high,  
 And the full soul was gushing love,  
 And longing for its home above—  
 And then men would soar, if ever,  
 To the high homes of thought and soul—  
 When life's degrading ties should sever,  
 And the free spirit spurn control—  
 Then have I seen, and how my cheek  
 Is burning with the shame I feel,  
 That truth is in the words I speak:—  
 I've seen my fellow creatures steal  
 Away to their unhallowed mirth,  
 As if the revelries of earth

Were all that they could claim or share:  
And glorious heaven were scarcely worth  
Their passing notice, or their care.

I've said I was a worshipper  
At woman's shrine—yet even there  
I found unworthiness of thought;  
And when I deemed I just had caught  
The radiance of that holy light  
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—  
When eyes of fire their flashes sent,  
And rosy lips looked eloquent—  
Oh! I have turned and wept to find  
Beneath it all a trifling mind.

I stood in one of those high halls,  
Where genius breathes in sculptured stone,  
Where shaded light in softness falls  
On pencil'd beauty. They were gone,  
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill  
Had wrought such power; but yet they spoke  
To me in every feature still,  
And fresh lips breathed, and dark eyes woke  
And crimsoned cheeks flushed glowingly  
To life and motion. I had knelt  
And wept with Mary at the tree  
Where Jesus suffered. I had felt  
The warm blood rushing to my brow,  
At the stern buffet of the Jew—  
Had seen the Son of glory bow,  
And bleed for sins he never knew,—  
And I had wept. I thought that all  
Must feel like me—and when there came  
A strange, bright and beautiful,  
With step of grace and eye of flame  
And tone and look most sweetly blent  
To make her presence eloquent.  
Oh then I looked for tears. We stood  
Before the scene on Calvary—  
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—  
The gall—the writhe of agony—  
I saw his quivering lips in prayer,  
“Father forgive them”—All was there :

I turned in bitterness of soul  
 And spoke of Jesus. I had thought  
 Her feelings would refuse control :  
 For woman's heart I knew was fraught  
 With gushing sympathies. She gazed  
 A moment on it carelessly,  
 And coldly curled her lip and praised  
 The high priest's garment. Could it be  
 That look was meant, dear Lord, for thee !

Oh ! what is woman—what her smile—  
 Her look of love—her eye of light—  
 What is she, if her lips revile  
 The lowly Jesus ? Love may write  
 His name upon her marble brow,  
 And linger in her curls of jet—  
 The light spring flower may scarcely bow  
 Beneath her step, and yet—and yet—  
 Without that meeker grace, she'll be  
 A lighter thing than vanity.

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THE PAINTER WHO PLEASSED NOBODY AND EVERY  
 BODY.—*Gay.*

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,  
 Keep probability in view.  
 The trav'ler leaping o'er those bounds,  
 The credit of his book confounds.  
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed,  
 Makes ev'n his real courage doubted :  
 But flatt'ry never seems absurd,  
 The flatter'd always take your word :  
 Impossibilities seem just ;  
 They take the strongest praise on trust,  
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,  
 Will still come short of self-conceit.  
 So very like, a Painter drew,  
 That ev'ry eye the picture knew ;  
 He hit complexion, feature, air,  
 So just, the life itself was there.  
 No flatt'ry with his colors laid,

To bloom restor'd the faded maid ;  
He gave each muscle all its strength,  
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length  
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,  
And mark'd the date of age and youth.  
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd ;  
Truth should not always be reveal'd ;  
In dusty piles his pictures lay,  
For no one sent the second pay.  
Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,  
A Venus and Apollo's face,  
He plac'd in view ; resolv'd to please  
Whoever sat, he drew from these ;  
From these corrected ev'ry feature,  
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set ; the hour was come  
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,  
My Lord appear'd ; and, seated right  
In proper attitude and light.  
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,  
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece,  
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air ;  
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there  
Might well a Raphael's hand require,  
To give them all the native fire ;  
The features, fraught with sense and wit,  
You'll grant, are very hard to hit ;  
But yet with patience you shall view  
As much as paint and art can do.  
Observe the work. My Lord replied :  
Till now I thought my mouth was wide,  
Besides my nose is somewhat long ;  
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.

Oh pardon me ! the artist cried,  
In this the painters must decide.  
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike  
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it anew ;  
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came with borrow'd pace,  
He from his Venus form'd her face.  
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art ;  
So like the picture in his heart !

To ev'ry age some charm he lent;  
Ev'n beauties were almost content.  
Through all the town his art they prais'd;  
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.  
Had he the real likeness shown,  
Would any man the picture own?  
But when thus happily he wrought,  
Each found the likeness in his thought.

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A THUNDER STORM IN MEXICO. — *Timothy Flint.*

THE thunder, which had been rolling at a distance in the mountains, approached nearer. The peals were more frequent, and the echoes more loud and awful. The brassy edges of the clouds rolled together, and sweeping forward, like the pillars of smoke from some mighty conflagration, were seen booming from the heights and beginning to cover the sun.

The thunder storms of the nothern regions seldom give an idea of the assemblage of terrific accompaniments belonging to a severe one in the tropics. A thick mist fills all the distance between the clouds and the earth. A dim and yellowish twilight throws a frightful yellow upon the verdure of the trees.

The storm was tremendous. The commencement was in the stillness of death, and the burst of the winds was as instantaneous as the crash of the thunder. The rain did not descend in drops, or in sheets, but the terrible phenomenon of the bursting of the clouds upon the mountains took place. The roar of the new formed torrents and cascades pouring from the mountains, mingled with that of the rain, the thunder, and the winds. The atmosphere was a continued and lurid glare of lightning, which threw a portentous brilliance through the descending waters and the darkness. Many an aged tree, that had remained unscathed for ages was stript from its summit to its roots by the descending fires.

The sick man aroused from his sleep, rested his head upon his hands, and his pains seemed to be suspended, while he contemplated the uproar and apparent conflagration of the elements. A blaze of lightning filled the room, and the thunderbolt fell upon a vast cypress, but a few feet from the house. The shock was so violent that each one was thrown



from his seat. As we recovered from the blow, we saw how naturally in such moments each one flies to the object in which he has most confidence. The widowed mother sprang to the arms of her son, and Martha at the same moment clung to me. We resumed our seats in a kind of tranquil astonishment, as the storm gradually subsided. The thunder rolled sublimely still, but at a greater distance. The blue of the atmosphere began to show itself at the zenith. The clouds rolled away toward the east, and the sun came forth in his brightness just above the smoking summits of the hills. The scene, that was terrific in the fury of the storm, was now an indescribable mixture of beauty and grandeur. Frequent gleams of the most vivid lightning played on the passing extremities of the clouds. White pillars of mist rolled from the earth. The birds welcomed the return of the sun, and the new repose of nature, with a thousand mingled songs.

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OUR COUNTRY.—*Judge Story.*

WHEN we reflect on what has been, and what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty effort? What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm? What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence.

The old world has already revealed to us in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece! lovely Greece! the land of scholars and the nurse of arms, where sister republics in fair procession, chaunted the praise of liberty and the good—where is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins! She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She fell not by the hands of her own people. The men of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions.

Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glanced in the rising sun—where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains proud even in her desolation, noble in decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm in the composure of death. The malaria has but travelled in the parts won by the destroyer. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A moral disease was upon her before Cæsar had passed the Rubicon, and Brutus did not restore her by the deep probings of the senate chamber. The Goths and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people paid the tribute money.

And where are the republics of modern times which cluster around immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is their weakness, and not their strength. The mountains are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sinks before him. The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for a valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of the neighbors.

We stand the latest, and if we fall, probably the last example of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the world.

Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? what more necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created.

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has ascended the Andes and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece a lesson of better days.

Can it be that America under such circumstances can betray herself. That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruin is, "they were, but they are not." Forbid it my countrymen. Forbid it heaven.

I call upon you, FATHERS, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion; resist every attempt to fetter your conscience, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, MOTHERS, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring, to teach them as they climb your knees, to lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country and never forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose blood flows in your veins. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary, in the defence of the liberties of our country.

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INDIAN NAMES.—*L. H. Sigourney.*

YE say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave,  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave;  
That 'mid the forest where they roamed  
There rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters—  
Ye may not wash it out.

Yes, where Ontario's billow  
Like ocean's surge is curled,  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake

The echo of the world ;  
 Where red Missouri bringeth  
 Rich tribute from the west,  
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,  
 That clustered o'er the vale,  
 Have disappeared as withered leaves  
 Before the autumn gale ;  
 But their memory liveth on your hills,  
 Their baptism on your shore,  
 Your everlasting rivers speak  
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
 Within her lordly crown,  
 And broad Ohio bears it  
 Amid his young renown.  
 Connecticut hath wreathed it  
 Where her quiet foliage waves,  
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides her lingering voice  
 Within his rocky heart,  
 And Alleghany graves its tone  
 Throughout his lofty chart.  
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar  
 Doth seal the sacred trust,  
 Your mountains build their monument,  
 Though ye give the winds their dust.

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THE SKYLARK.—Hogg.

Bird of the wilderness,  
 Blithesome and cumberless,  
 Sweet be thy matin o'er woodland and lea !  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee  
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,

Far in the downy cloud ;  
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
 Where on thy dewy wing,  
 Where art thou journeying ?  
 Thy lay is heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, array !  
 Then when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee !

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A NAME IN THE SAND.—*Hannah F. Gould.*

Alone I walk'd the ocean strand ;  
 A pearly shell was in my hand ;  
 I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand  
 My name—the year—the day.  
 As onward from the spot I pass'd  
 One lingering look behind I cast,  
 A wave came rolling high and fast  
 And wash'd my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
 With every mark on earth from me ;  
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
 Will sweep across the place,  
 Where I have trod the sandy shore  
 Of time, and been to be no more,  
 Of me—my day—the name I bore,  
 To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,  
 And holds the waters in his hands,  
 I know the lasting record stands

Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought;  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from all these fleeting moments caught  
For glory, or for shame.

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THE ART OF HAPPINESS.—*Harris*

ALMOST every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness: while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly ameliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you show her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water, that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is too sultry or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you a history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the

spirits of all around her; and, at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtue to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to anything gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbors; or, what is most of all, their faults and imperfections. If anything of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus, Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humor, and fling every member of it into vapors. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought cheerfully to be attended to. The

brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best bred woman living; and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is happiness.

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#### THE GOOD SCHOOL-MASTER.—*Fuller*.

THERE is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof, I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the University, commence school-masters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children, and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our school-master behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and State, in all conditions, may be provided for. And thus God mouldeth some for a school-



master's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced school-masters may quickly make a grammar of boy's natures.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a school-master better answereth the name of *paidotribes* than *paidagogos*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer, which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quivering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their masters.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make school-masters careful in their place—that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their school-masters to posterity.

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#### THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE TRADER IN SCIENCE.—*Schiller.*

THE plan of study which the trader in science and literature proposes to himself is one; that of the philosopher is another, and a far different. The former, the only aim of whose industry is to fulfil those conditions under which he may become qualified for his post or profession and participant in its advantages, who has set the powers of his mind into activity only for the bettering of his external circumstances and for the satisfying of a small ambition,—such a man will, on the entrance to his academical career, have no more weighty con-

earn than most carefully to sever those studies which he regards as means of subsistence, from all those which delight the mind as mind alone. All the time devoted to these, he would think subtracted from his future profession, and he never would forgive himself for the theft. He would turn his whole industry in the direction of those acquisitions which the future masters of his fortunes would be likely to require at his hands, and would think he had every thing if he could meet these demands without fear. Has he run through his academical course, and reached the goal of his wishes? He abandons his guide; for why should he trouble himself further? His main object is now to bring to view the treasures he has accumulated in his memory, and at the same time to use his utmost endeavors that they may not decline in value. Every extension of the boundaries of the science by which he earns his bread, is regarded by him with anxiety, since it occasions him fresh labor, or renders his former labors useless: every important innovation or discovery alarms him, for it breaks down those old school-formulæ which he had taken so much pains to acquire; it endangers the entire produce of the toil and trouble of his whole previous life.

Who have raised so loud an outcry and clamor against reformers as those who turn science and learning into daily bread? Who so carefully and so effectually obstruct the progress of useful resolutions in the empire of science as these men? Every spark of light which is enkindled by some happy genius, be it in what science it may, renders their barrenness and poverty visible. They fight with bitterness, with malice, with desperation; for the forms and systems which they defend are identified with their very existence. Hence there is no more implacable, no more envious colleague, no more zealous inquisitor, than the man who sets his talents and knowledge to sale. The less his acquirements reward him *in and for themselves*, the larger remuneration does he crave from others; for the merits of the artisan, and for those of the man of science, he has only one standard,—labor; hence there are no greater complainers than such men. Not in the deep and hidden treasures of his own thoughts does he seek his reward; he seeks it in external applause, in titles and posts of honor or authority. Is he disappointed of these? Who is more unhappy than the man who has cultivated knowledge with no purer and higher aims? He has lived, he has watched, he has toiled, in vain; in vain has he searched

for truth, if he cannot barter her in exchange for gold, for newspaper applause, for court favor.

Pitiable man! who with the noblest of all instruments,—Science and Art,—can design, can execute nothing higher than the artisan with the meanest! who in the empire of perfect freedom, bears about the soul of a slave! But still more pitiable is the young man of genius whose natural disposition is turned aside by pernicious doctrine and example into the miserable by-ways; who has suffered himself to be persuaded to concentrate his whole mental force upon this merely professional perfection. He will soon regard his professional attainments with loathing, as a mere piece of botch-work; wishes will arise within him which can never be satisfied; his genius will rebel against his destination. Every thing he does, now appears to him fragmental; he sees no aim to his labors, and yet he cannot endure their aimlessness. The irksomeness, the insignificance of his employment, press him to the earth, because he cannot oppose to them that high and cheerful courage which accompanies only a clear insight into the objects of research,—a confident anticipation of its success. He feels himself cut off, torn up by the roots, from the universal harmony and connexion of things, because he has neglected to direct his mental activity to the great whole. The lawyer abhors law, as soon as a glimmer of a better culture throws light upon her nakedness and deformities; instead of striving, as he ought, to become the creator of a new and more perfect form, and to supply her now discovered wants out of his own internal affluence. The physician becomes disgusted with his profession, as soon as important failures show him the uncertainty of his system; the theologian loses his reverence for his sacred calling, as soon as his faith in the infallibility of his own system of doctrine is shaken.

How far different is the philosophical spirit? Just as sedulously as the trader in knowledge severs his own peculiar science from all others, does the love of wisdom strive to extend its dominion and restore its connexion with them. I say, *to restore*; for the boundaries which divide the sciences are but the work of abstraction. What the empiric separates, the philosopher unites. He has early come to the conviction that in the territory of intellect, as in the world of matter, every thing is enlinked and commingled, and his eager longing for universal harmony and agreement cannot be satisfied by fragments. All his efforts are directed to the perfecting of know-

ledge; his noble impatience cannot be tranquillized till all his conceptions have arranged themselves into one harmonious whole; till he stands at the central point of arts and sciences, and thence overlooks the whole extent of their dominion with satisfied glance. New discoveries in the field of his activity, which depress the trader in science, enrapture the philosopher. Perhaps they fill a chasm which the growth of his ideas had rendered more wide and unseemly; or they place the last stone, the only one wanting to the completion of the structure of his ideas. But even should they shiver into ruins,—should a new series of ideas, a new aspect of nature, a newly discovered law in the physical world, overthrow the whole fabric of his knowledge—*he has always loved truth better than his system*, and gladly will he exchange her old and defective form for a new and fairer one. And even if no external shocks should disturb his mental structure, yet he is compelled by an ever active impulse toward improvement to be the first to pull it down and separate all its parts, that he may rebuild anew in a more perfect form and order. The philosophical mind passes on through new forms of thought, constantly heightening in beauty to perfect, consummate excellence: while the empiric hoards the barren sameness of his school attainments in a mind eternally stationary.

There is no more equitable judge of the merits of others than the philosopher. Acute and inventive enough to take advantage of every kind of active power, he is also reasonable enough to honor the author of the minutest discovery. For him all spirits labor; to the empiric their toils are hostile and ruinous. The former knows how to make all that is done or thought around him, his own; an intimate community of all intellectual possessions prevails among real thinkers; whatever one conquers in the empire of truth, he shares with all; while the man whose only estimate of wisdom is profit, hates his contemporaries and grudges them the light and sun which illumines them; he guards with jealous care the tottering barriers which fully defend him from the incursions of victorious truth, for whatever he undertakes, he is compelled to borrow stimulus and encouragement from without, while the philosophical spirit finds in its objects, nay, even in its toils, excitement and reward.

With how much more ardor can the true lover of knowledge set about his work, how much more lively is his zeal, how much more persevering his courage and activity, since

each labor starts in all the freshness of youth from the bosom of its predecessor? The small acquires magnitude under his creative hand, for he keeps the great steadily in his eye, and all his conceptions are tintured by it; while the empiric sees only minute details,—the small, even in the greatest. Not *what* is his pursuit, but *how* he handles whatever he pursues, distinguishes the philosophical mind. Wherever he takes his station, whatever is the field of his activity, he always stands in the centre of the whole; and, however widely the object of his pursuit separates him from his brethren, he is near and allied to them by a mind working in harmony with theirs. He meets them on that point where all clear spirits find each other.

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HYMN TO CONTENTMENT—*Parnell*.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!  
 Great delight of human kind!  
 Heavenly born and bred on high,  
 To crown the favorites of the sky  
 With more of happiness below,  
 Than victors in a triumph know!  
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
 To lay thy meek contented head?  
 What happy region dost thou please  
 To make the seat of calms and ease?  
 Ambition searches all its sphere  
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.  
 Increasing avarice would find  
 Thy presence in its gold enshrined.  
 The bold adventurer ploughs his way,  
 Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,  
 To gain thy love; and then perceives  
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
 The silent heart, which grief assails,  
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
 And seeks as I have vainly done,  
 Amusing thought; but learns to know  
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.  
 No real happiness is found

In trailing purple o'er the ground :  
Or in a soul exalted high,  
To range the circuit of the sky,  
Converse with stars above, and know  
All Nature in its forms below ;  
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely—lasting peace, appear !  
This world itself if thou art here,  
Is once again with Eden blest,  
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
I sung my wishes to the wood,  
And, lost in thought, no more perceived  
The branches whisper as they waved ;  
It seem'd as all the quiet place  
Confess'd the presence of his grace.  
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,  
Bid thy wild passions all be still ;  
Know God—and bring thy heart to know  
The joys which from religion flow :  
Then every grace shall prove its guest,  
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat,  
Might I thus my soul employ,  
With sense of gratitude and joy :  
Raised as ancient prophets were,  
In heavenly vision, praise and prayer ;  
Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
Pleased and bless'd with God alone :  
Then while the gardens take my sight,  
With all the colors of delight ;  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear, and court my song ;  
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
And Thee, great source of nature sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day :  
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;  
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;  
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;

The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
 The yellow treasure of the plain;  
 All of these, and all I see,  
 Should be sung, and sung by me:  
 They speak their Maker as they can,  
 But want and ask the tongue of man.  
 Go search among your idle dreams,  
 Your busy or your vain extremes;  
 And find a life of equal bliss,  
 Or own the next begun in this.

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THE FIRST GRAVE.—*S. Teackle Wallis.*

THE city of the dead hath thrown wide its gates at last,  
 And, through the cold gray portal, a fun'ral train hath passed—  
 One grave—the first—is open, and on its lonely bed,  
 Some heir of sin and sorrow hath come to lay his head.

Perchance a hero cometh, whose chaplet, in its bloom,  
 Hath fallen from his helmet, to wither on his tomb:  
 It may be that hot youth comes—it may be we behold,  
 Here, broken at the cistern, pale beauty's bowl of gold.

Mayhap that manhood's struggle, despite of pride and power,  
 Hath ended in the darkness and sadness of this hour,  
 Perchance some white-haired pilgrim, with travel sore oppress'd,  
 Hath let his broken staff fall, and bent him down to rest.

But stay, behold the sepulchre! nor age, nor strength is there;  
 Nor fame, nor pride, nor manhood, those lagging mourners  
 bear;

A little child is with them, as pale and pure as snow,  
 Her mother's tears not dry yet, upon her gentle brow!

The step that tottered, trembling,—the heart that faltered too,  
 At the faintest sound of terror the infant spirit knew—  
 The eyes that glistened, tearful, when shadowy eve came on—  
 Now show no dread of sleeping in darkness and alone.

And why, though all be lonely, should that young spirit fear,  
 Through midnight and through tempest—no shielding bosom  
 near?

Ere the clod was on the coffin—ere the spade had cleft the clod,  
 Bright angels clad a fellow in the raiment of their God!

Green home of future thousands! how blest in sight of heaven,  
 Are these, the tender firstlings, that death to thee has given!  
 Though prayer and solemn anthem have echoed from thy hill,  
 This first, fresh grave of childhood, hath made thee holier still!

The morning flowers that deck thee, shall sweeter, lovier,  
 bloom,  
 Above the spot where beauty, like theirs, hath found a tomb,  
 And when the evening cometh, the very stars shall keep  
 A vigil, as of seraphs, where innocence doth sleep!

Sweet hope! that, when the slumbers of thy pilgrims shall be  
 o'er,  
 And the valley of death's shadow hath mystery no more,  
 To them, the trumpet's clangor may whisper accents mild,  
 And bid them wear the garlands that crown this little child!

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MARIUS AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.—*L. M. Child.*

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,  
 Fanes quiver in the air,  
 A prostrate city is thy seat,  
 And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,  
 Though ruin is around thee;  
 Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now  
 As when the laurel crown'd thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul,  
 Though friends and fame depart;  
 The car of fate may o'er thee roll,  
 Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath elective power,  
 Which earth can never tame;  
 Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower,  
 Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,  
 May melt like mist away;  
 High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,  
 Like Carthage in decay.



And proud hopes in the human heart  
May be to ruin hurl'd ;  
Like mouldering monuments of art  
Heap'd on a sleeping world.

Yet, there is something that will not die,  
Where life hath once been fair ;  
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,  
Some Roman lingers there !

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THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.—A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

*Dr. Johnson.*

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring; all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove, that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased, that by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds whom the heat had

assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls.

Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a new prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions.

In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

He was now roused by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost, when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power—to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue, where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the

beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

“Worked into sudden rage by wintry showers,  
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;  
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.”

Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and, finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man sat before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, “Tell me,” said the hermit, “by what chance thou hast been brought hither. I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.” Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

“Son,” said the hermit, “let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

“We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance can be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them

with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return.

"But, temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiets with sensual gratifications. By degress we let fall the remembrance of our original intentions, and quit the only rational object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconsistency, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance, and wish, too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

"Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, yet there remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, will find danger and difficulty to give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."



#### PORTRAIT OF MILTON.—*Chateaubriand.*

THE bard of Eden said that a poet "ought to be himself a true poem;" that is, a model of the best and most honorable qualities.

Milton rose at four o'clock in the morning during summer, and at five in the winter. He wore almost invariably a dress of coarse grey cloth; studied till noon, dined frugally, walked with a guide, and, in the evening, sung, accompanying himself on some instrument. He understood harmony, and had a fine voice. He, for a long time, addicted himself to the practice of fencing. To judge by *Paradise Lost*, he must have been passionately fond of music and the perfume of flowers. He supped off five or six olives and a little water, retired to rest at nine, and composed at night, in bed. When he had made

some verses, he sung, and dictated to his wife or daughters. On sunny days he sat on a bench at his door; he lived in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields.

From without, insults were heaped on this, the sick and forsaken lion. These lines were addressed to him, headed, "Upon John Milton's not suffering for his traitorous Book, when the Tryers were executed, 1660."

"That thou escap'dst that vengeance which o'ertook  
Milton, thy regicides, and thy Book,  
Was clemency in Charles beyond compare,  
And yet thy doom doth prove more grievous far;  
Old, sickly, poor, star-blind, thou writest for bread:  
So, for to live, thou'd'st call Salmastus from the dead."

They reproached him with his age, his ugliness, his small stature, and applied to him this verse of Virgil:

"*Monstrum horrendum, forme, ingens, cur humen ademptum;*" observing that the word *ingens* was the only one which did not apply to his person. He had the simplicity to reply, (*Defensio Autoris*), that he was poor because he had never enriched himself: that he was neither large nor small; that at no age had he been considered ugly; that in youth, with a sword by his side, he had never feared the bravest.

In fact he had been very handsome, and was so even in his age. The portrait of Adam is his own. His hair was admirable, his eyes of extraordinary clearness, no defect could be perceived in them; it would have been impossible to guess that he was blind. If we were not aware what party rage can do, could we believe that it would make it a crime for a man to be blind? But let us thank this abominable hate, we owe to it some exquisite lines. Milton first replies that he lost his sight in the defence of liberty, then adds these passages, full of sublimity and tenderness.

"In the night that surrounds me, the light of the Divine presence shines the more brightly for me. God beholds me with greater tenderness and compassion because I can see nought but him. The Divine law ought not only to shield me from injury, but render me more sacred; not on account of the loss of sight, but because I am under the shadow of the Divine wings, which seem to produce this darkness in me. To this I attribute the affectionate assiduities of my friends, their soothing attentions, their kind visits, and their respectful behavior."

We see to what shifts he was reduced in writing, by a passage in one of his letters to Peter Hiembach :

"That virtue of mine which you call political virtue, and which I would rather you would have called devotion to my country, patriotism, enchanting me with her captivating name, almost, if I may say so, expatriated me. In finishing my letter, let me beg of you this favor, that, if you find some parts incorrectly written, you will impute the fault to the boy who writes for me ; he is utterly ignorant of Latin, and I am obliged wretchedly enough to spell every word I dictate."

The miseries of Milton were still more aggravated by domestic griefs. He lost his first wife, Mary Powell, who died suddenly ; as, also, after a year's marriage, did his second wife Catharine Woodcock, of Hackney. His third wife, Elizabeth Minshell, survived him, and had used him well. He appears not to have been loved ; his daughters, who played such poetical parts in his life, deceived him, and secretly sold his books. He complains of this. Unfortunately, his character seems to have had the inflexibility of his genius. Johnson has said with precision and truth, that Milton believed woman only for obedience, and man for rebellion.

Milton, in his last days, was forced to sell his library. He drew near his end. Dr. Wight going to see him, found him confined to the first floor of his small house, in a very small room, to which the visitor ascended by a staircase, carpeted, extempore, with green baize, to deaden the noise of footsteps, and to procure silence for the man who was advancing towards everlasting silence. The author of "Paradise Lost," attired in a black doublet, reclined on an elbow-chair. His head was uncovered, its silver locks fell on his shoulders, his blind, but fine dark eyes, sparkled amidst the paleness of his countenance.

On the 10th of November, 1674, that God who had discoursed with him by night, came to fetch him ; and reunited him in faith with the angels, amid whom he had lived, and whom he knew by their names, their offices, and their beauty. Milton expired so gently that no one perceived the moment when, at the age of 66 years (within one month) he rendered back to God one of the mightiest spirits that ever animated human clay. This temporal life, though neither long nor short, served as a foundation for lips eternal. This great man had dragged on a sufficient number of days on earth to feel their weariness, but not sufficient to exhaust his genius, which remained entire, even to his latest breath.

A SCENE WITH INDIANS.—*Fremont.*

ON account of our animals, it was necessary to remain to-day at Rio de los Angeles. Indians crowded numerously around us in the morning; and we were obliged to keep arms in hand all day, to keep them out of the camp. They began to surround the horses, which, for the convenience of grass, we were guarding a little above, on the river. These were immediately driven in, and kept close to the camp.

In the darkness of the night we had made a very bad encampment, our fires being commanded by a rocky bluff within fifty yards; but, notwithstanding, we had the river and small thickets of willow on the other side. Several times during the day the camp was insulted by the Indians; but, peace being our object, I kept simply on the defensive. Some of the Indians were on the bottoms, and others haranguing us from the bluffs; and they were scattered in every direction over the hills. Their language being probably a dialect of the Utah, with the aid of signs, some of our people could comprehend them very well. They were the same people who had murdered the Mexicans, and towards us their disposition was evidently hostile, nor were we well disposed towards them. They were barefooted, and nearly naked; their hair gathered up into a knot behind; and with his bow, each man carried a quiver with thirty or forty arrows partially drawn out. Besides these, each held in his hand two or three arrows for instant service. Their arrows were barbed with a very clear translucent stone, a species of opal nearly as hard as the diamond; and, shot from their long bow, are almost as effective as a gunshot. In these Indians, I was forcibly struck by an expression of countenance resembling that in a beast of prey; and all of their actions are those of wild animals. Joined to the restless motion of the eye, there is a want of mind—an absence of thought—and an action wholly by impulse, strongly expressed, and which constantly recalls the similarity.

A man who appeared to be a chief, with two or three others forced himself into the camp, bringing with him his arms, in spite of my orders to the contrary. When shown our weapons, he bored his ear with his finger, and said he could not hear. "Why," said he, "there are none of you." Counting the people around the camp, and including in the

number a mule which was being shod, he made out twenty-two. "So many," said he, showing the number, "and we—we are a great many;" and he pointed to the hills and mountains round about. "If you have arms," said he, twanging his bow, "we have these." I had some difficulty in restraining the people, particularly Carson, who felt an insult of this kind as much as if it had been given by a more responsible being. "Don't say that, old man," said he; "don't you say that—your life's in danger"—speaking in good English; and probably the old man was nearer to his end than he will be before he meets it.

Several animals had been necessarily left behind near the camp last night, and early in the morning before the Indians made their appearance, several men were sent to bring them in: When I was beginning to be uneasy at their absence, they returned with information that they had been driven off from the trail by Indians; and, having followed the tracks in a short distance, they found the animals cut up and spread out upon bushes. In the evening I gave a fatigued horse to some of the Indians for a feast; and the village which carried him off refused to share with the others, who made loud complaint from the rocks of the partial distribution. Many of these Indians had long sticks, hooked at the end, which they used in hauling out lizards, and other small animals from their holes. During the day they occasionally roasted and ate lizards at our fires. These belong to the people who are generally known under the name of Diggers; and to these I have more particularly had reference when occasionally speaking of a people whose sole occupation is to procure food sufficient to support existence. The formation here consists of fine yellow sandstone, attenuating with a coarse conglomerate, in which the stones are from the size of ordinary gravel to six or eight inches in diameter. This is the formation which renders the surface of the country so rocky, and gives us now a road alternately of loose heavy sands and rolled stones, which cripple the animals in a most extraordinary manner.

On the following day we left the Rio de los Angeles, and continued our way through the same desolate and revolting country, where lizards were the only animal, and the tracks of the lizard eaters the principal sign of human beings. After twenty miles march through a road of hills and heavy sands, we reached the most dreary river I have ever seen—a deep rapid stream, almost a torrent, passing swiftly by, and roaring



against obstructions. The banks were wooded with willow, acacia, and a frequent plant of the country already mentioned, (*Garrya elliptica*), growing in thickets, resembling willow, and bearing a small pink flower. Crossing it, we encamped on the left bank, where we found a very little grass. Our three remaining steers, being entirely given out, were killed here. By the boiling point, the elevation of the river here is 4,060 feet, and the latitude, by observation,  $36^{\circ} 41' 33''$ . The stream was running towards the southwest, and appeared to come from a snowy mountain in the north. It proved to be the Rio Virgen, a tributary to the Colorado. Indians appeared in bands on the hills, but did not come into camp. For several days we continued our journey up the river, the bottoms of which were thickly overgrown with various kinds of brush; and the sandy soil was absolutely covered with the tracks of the Diggers, who followed us stealthily, like a band of wolves; and we had no opportunity to leave behind, even for a few hours, the tired animals, in order that they might be brought into camp after a little repose. A horse or mule, left behind, was taken off in a moment. On the evening of the 8th, having travelled twenty-eight miles up the river from our first encampment on it, we encamped on a little grass plat, where a spring of cool water issued from the bluff. On the opposite side was a grove of cottonwoods at the mouth of a fork, which here enters the river. On either side, the valley is bounded by ranges of mountains, every where high, rocky, and broken. The caravan road was lost and scattered in the sandy country, and we had been following an Indian trail up the river. The hunters the next day were sent out to reconnoitre, and in the meantime we moved about a mile farther up, where we found a good little patch of grass. There being only sufficient grass for the night, the horses were sent with a strong guard in charge of Labeau to a neighboring hollow, where they might pasture during the day; and, to be ready in case the Indians should make any attempt on the animals; several of the best horses were picketed at the camp. In a few hours the hunters returned, having found a convenient ford in the river, and discovered the Spanish trail on the other side.

QUINCE.—*Winthrop Macworth Præd.*

NEAR a small village in the west,  
 Where many very worthy people  
 Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best  
 To gaurd from evil church and steeple,  
 There stood—alas, it stands no more!  
 A tenement of brick and plaster,  
 Of which, for forty years and four  
 My good friend Quince was lord and master.  
 Welcome was he in hut and hall,  
 To maids and matrons, peers and peasants;  
 He won the sympathies of all  
 By making puns and making presents.  
 Though all the parish was at strife,  
 He kept his counsel and his carriage,  
 And laughed, and loved a quiet life,  
 And shrunk from chancery suits and marriage.  
 Sound was his claret and his head,  
 Warm was his double ale and feelings;  
 His partners at the whist-club said,  
 That he was faultless in his dealings,  
 He went to church but once a-week,  
 Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him  
 An upright man, who studied Greek,  
 And liked to see his friends around him.  
 Asylums, hospitals and schools  
 He used to swear were made to cozin;  
 All who subscribed to them were fools—  
 And he subscribed to a half-a-dozen.  
 It was his doctrine that the poor  
 Were always able, never willing;  
 And so the beggar at the door  
 Had first abuse and then a shilling.  
 Some public principles he had,  
 But was no flatterer nor fretter;  
 He rapped his box when things were bad,  
 And said, I cannot make them better.  
 And much he loathed the patriot's snort,  
 And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle,  
 And cut the fiercest quarrels short  
 With, "Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle!"

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,  
Had couched beneath his master's table,  
For twice ten years his old white steed  
Had fattened in his master's stable.  
Old Quince averred upon his troth,  
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;  
And none knew why he fed them both  
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene're they heard his ring or knock,  
Quicker than thought the village slatterns  
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,  
And took up Mrs. Glasse or patterns.  
Alice was studying baker's bills;  
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;  
Jane happened to be hemming frills;  
And Nell by chance was making fritters.

But all was vain. And while decay  
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,  
And found him gouty still and gay,  
With no fair muse to bless or bore him;  
His rugged smile and easy chair,  
His dread of matrimonial lectures,  
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,  
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the star above  
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;  
Some heard he had been crossed in love  
Before he came away from college;  
Some darkly hinted that His Grace  
Did nothing great or small without him;  
Some whispered, with a solemn face,  
That there was something odd about him.

I found him at three score and ten  
A single man, but bent quite double,  
Sickness was coming on him then  
To take him from a world of trouble.  
He prosed of sliding down the hill,  
Discovered he grew older daily;  
One frosty day he made his will,  
The next he sent for Dr. Baillie.

And so he lived, and so he died ;  
 When last I sat beside his pillow—  
 He shook my hand : " Ah me ! " he cried,  
 " Penelope must wear the willow ! "  
 Tell her I hugged her rosy chain  
 While life was flickering in the socket,  
 And say that when I call again  
 I'll bring a license in my pocket.

" I've left my house and grounds to Fag,  
 ( I hope his master's shoes will suit him ! )  
 And I've bequeathed to you my nag,  
 To feed him for my sake, or shoot him.  
 The vicar's wife will take old Fox ;  
 She'll find him an uncommon mouser,  
 And let her husband have my box,  
 My Bible, and my Assmaushauser.

" Whether I ought to die or not  
 My doctors cannot quite determine ;  
 It's only clear that I shall rot  
 And be, like Priam, food for vermin.  
 My debts are paid. But Nature's debt  
 Almost escaped my recollection !  
 Tom we shall meet again ; and yet  
 I can not leave you my direction ! "

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TWILIGHT.—Halleck.

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,  
 When its wild passion waves are lulled to rest,  
 And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,  
 As fades the day-beams in the rosy west.  
 'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret  
 We gaze upon them as they melt away,  
 And fondly, we would bid them linger yet,  
 But Hope is round us with her angel lay,  
 Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour ;  
 Dear are her wishes still, though lost in early power.

In youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow ;  
 Her smile was loveliest then ; her native song

Was heaven's own music, and the note of woe  
 Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.  
 Life's little world of bliss was newly born;  
 We knew not, cared not, it was born to die.  
 Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,  
 With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,  
 And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,  
 Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too,—on the eye,  
 Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,  
 Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,  
 Its days of joy, its vigils of delight;  
 And though at times might lower the thunder storms,  
 And the red lightnings threaten, still the air  
 Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,  
 The rainbow of the heart was hovering there.  
 'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,  
 Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress  
 There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now,  
 That angel smile of tranquil loveliness,  
 Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow;  
 That smile shall brighten the dim evening star  
 That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart  
 Till the faint light of life is fled afar,  
 And hushed the last deep breathing of the heart,  
 The meteor bearer of one parting breath,  
 A moon-beam in the midnight cloud of death.

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THOU ART NOT HERE.—C. H. Waterman.

The long, long nights are coming on, the time for mirth and  
 song,  
 The gathering round the household hearth of all the happy  
 throng,  
 The meeting place of parted friends, whose light hearts glad  
 the year,  
 And strip it of its loneliness—and yet thou art not here.  
 Again the winter fire illumines the scenes of other days,

And well remember'd faces beam, before its cheerful blaze;  
It throws its wild and fitful gleams around the pictur'd walls,  
And there, upon a vacant seat, in startling brightness falls.

There is a tone in music gone, a star from out our sky,  
That left us with thy gentle words, and with thy kindling eye,  
And sadly youthful voices fall upon our aching ear,  
Our lonely spot is desolate—because thou art not here.

Four weary years have fled away, since last that vacant chair  
Was but a throne of joy to us, for thy glad form was there;  
Those long and weary years have dim'd the freshness of our  
youth,

But tighten'd round our loving hearts, their early ties of truth.

The sunny summer of our life hath lost its shining hue,  
And sombre Autumn clouds have veil'd its morning's azure  
blue;

But yet for thee the heart's young buds shall bloom 'mid winter  
drear,

That wither in their solitude, because thou art not here.

Come to us, brother, o'er the wave, its pure white crest of foam  
Shall waft thee, like the wings of hope, back to thy native  
home;

The voices of familiar friends an answering unto thine  
Shall whisper to thee through the winds, and hie thee o'er  
the brine.

The long, long nights are coming on, the time for mirth and  
song,

The gathering round the household hearth of all the happy  
throng,

The meeting place of parted friends, whose light hearts glad  
the year

And strip it of its loneliness—and yet thou art not here.

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SUMMER MORNINGS.—*John P. Kennedy.*

In the country every thing wears a Sunday look. The  
skies have a deeper blue than common, the clouds rest upon  
them like paintings. The soft flutter of the groves hushes

one into silence. The chirp of the grasshopper, as he leaps in his short semi-circles along your path, has the feebleness of a whisper : and the great vagabond butterfly, that gads amongst the thistles, moves noiselessly as a straggling leaf borne upon a zephyr. Then, there is a lowing of cows upon a distant meadow, and a scream of jay-birds, heard at intervals ; the sullen hammer of a lonely woodpecker resounds from some withered trunk ; and high above, a soaring troop of crows, hoarse with bawling, send forth a far-off note. Sometimes a hugh and miry mother of the sty, with her litter of querulous pigs, steps leisurely across the foreground ; and a choir of locusts in the neighborhood spin out a long stave of music, like the pupils of a singing-school practising the elements of psalmody. Still, this varied concert falls faintly upon the ear, and only seems to measure silence.

Our morning pursuits at Swallow Barn partake somewhat of the quiet character of the scenery. Frank Meriwether is an early riser at this season, and generally breakfasts before the rest of the family. This gives him time to make a circuit on horseback, to inspect the progress of his farm concerns. He returns before the heat of the day, and, about noon, may be found stretched upon a broad settee in the hall, with a pile of books beneath him, and a dozen newspapers thrown around in great confusion : not unfrequently, too, he is overtaken with a deep sleep, with a volume straddling his nose ; and he will continue in this position, gradually snoring from a lower to a higher key, until he awakens himself by a sudden and alarming burst that resembles the bark of a mastiff. He says the old clock puts him asleep, and in truth, it has a very narcotic vibration ; but Frank is manifestly growing corpulent. And what is a little amusing, he protests in the face of the whole family that he does not snore.

The girls get at the piano immediately after breakfast ; and Ned and myself usually commence the morning with a stroll. If there happen to be a visitor at Swallow Barn, this after-breakfast hour is famous for debates. We then all assemble in the porch, and fall into grave discussions upon agriculture, hunting or horsemanship, in neither of which do I profess any great proficiency, though I take care not to let it appear. Some of the party amuse themselves with throwing pebbles picked from the gravel walk, or draw figures upon the earth with a rod, as if to assist their cogitations ; and when our topics grow scarce, we saunter towards the bridge, and string

ourselves out upon the rail, to watch the bubbles that float down the stream; and are sometimes a good deal perplexed to know what we shall do until dinner time.

Besides these occupations, Hazard and myself frequently ride out during the morning; and we are apt to let our horses take their own way. This brings us into all the by-places of the neighborhood, and makes me many acquaintances. Lucy and Victorine often accompany us, and I have occasion to admire their expert horsemanship. They have a brisk little pony that is a wonderful favorite with them; and to hear them talk, you would suppose them versed in all the affairs of the stable.

With such amusements, we contrive to pass our mornings, not listlessly, but idly. This course of life has a winning quality that already begins to excite its influence upon my habits. There is a fascination in the quiet, irresponsible and reckless nature of these country pursuits, that is apt to seize upon the imagination of a man who has felt the perplexities of business.

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A FRAGMENT.—*Byron.*

JUNE 17, 1816.

In the year 17—, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend whom I shall designate by the name of Augustin Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family—advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indication of inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which I had begun early, but my intimacy with him was of a recent date; we had been educated at the same schools and university; but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged, I had heard much both of his past and



present life; and although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavored to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable; whatever affection he might have possessed, seemed now, some to be extinguished, and others to be concentrated: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing, for although he could control, he could not altogether disguise them; still he had the power of giving to one passion the appearance of another in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him; and the expression of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover; there were circumstances alleged which might have justified the application to each of these causes; but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil; I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other, and felt both, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every-day concerns created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequencies of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively, and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me; it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted and then expressed; his answer,

though I had partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise;—he consented; and, after the requisite arrangements, we commenced our voyage. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the east, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through these regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must, from his appearance, have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease; he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled; his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue, yet he was evidently wasting away; he became more and more silent and sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavored to dissuade him, in his present state of indisposition—but in vain; there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure, little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer, and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary.

We had passed half-way towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana—the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques—when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication that human life had been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansary we had seen, was left some hours behind us; not a vestige of a town or even cottage, was within sight or hope, and this “city of the dead” appeared to be the sole refuge of my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he

might most conveniently repose:—contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent: the tomb-stones were mostly fallen or worn with age: upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half reclining posture with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency—but he desired me to remain: and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, “Suleiman, verbanu su,” (*i. e.* bring some water,) and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right: the janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, “How did you know this?” He replied, “From our situation; you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs; I have also been here before.”

“You have been here before! How came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?”

To this question I received no answer. In the mean time, Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent—and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began.

“This is the end of my journey and of my life. I came here to die: but I have a request to make, a command—for such my last words must be. You will observe it?”

“Most certainly; but have better hopes.”

“I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this—conceal my death from every human being.”

“I hope there will be no occasion; that you will recover, and ——”

“Peace! it must be so: promise this.”

“I do.”

“Swear it by all that ——.” He here dictated an oath of great solemnity.

“There is no occasion for this—I will observe your request, and to doubt me is ——.”

"It cannot be helped, you must swear."

I took the oath: it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal-ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded—

"On the ninth day of this month, at noon precisely, (what month you please, but this must be the day,) you must fling this ring into the salt springs which run into the bay of Eleusis: the day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and wait one hour."

"Why?"

"You will see."

"The ninth day of the month, you say?"

"The ninth."

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sate, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a spake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be steadfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it and smiled; he spoke—I know not whether to himself or to me—but the words were only, "Tis well."

"What is well? What do you mean?"

"No matter: you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions."

He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, "You perceive that bird?"

"Certainly."

"And the serpent writhing in her beak?"

"Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does not devour it."

He smiled in a ghastly manner and said faintly, "It is not yet time!" As he spoke the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment; it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell's weight increase, as it were, upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead!

I was shocked with the sudden certainty which could not be mistaken—his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed it to poison, had I not been

aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless.

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#### CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.—*Ames.*

It is not impossible, that some will affect to consider the honors paid to this great patriot by the nation, as excessive, idolatrous, and degrading to freemen, who are all equal. I answer, that refusing to virtue its legitimate honors would not prevent their being lavished, in future, on any worthless and ambitious favorite. If this day's example should have its natural effect, it will be salutary. Let such honors be so conferred only where, in future, they shall be so merited: then the public sentiment will not be misled, nor the principles of a just equality corrupted. The best evidence of reputation is a man's whole life. We have now, alas! all Washington's before us. There has scarcely appeared a really great man, whose character has been more admired in his lifetime, or less correctly understood by his admirers. When it is comprehended, it is no easy task to delineate its excellencies in such a manner as to give to the portrait both interest and resemblance; for it requires thought and study to understand the true ground of superiority of his character over many others, whom he resembled in the principles of action, and even in the manner of acting. But perhaps he excels all the great men that ever lived in the steadiness of his adherence to his maxims of life, and in the uniformity of all his conduct to the same maxims. These maxims, though wise, were yet not so remarkable for their wisdom, as for their authority over his life; for if there were any errors in his judgment, and he discovered as few as any man, we know of no blemishes in

his virtue. He was the patriot without reproach; he loved his country well enough to hold his success in serving it an ample recompense. Thus far self-love and love of country coincided: but when his country needed sacrifices, that no other man could, or perhaps would be willing to make, he did not even hesitate. This was virtue in its most exalted character. More than once he put his fame at hazard, when he had reason to think it would be sacrificed, at least in this age. Two instances cannot be denied: when the army was disbanded; and again, when he stood, like Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylae, to defend our independence against France. It is indeed, almost as difficult to draw his character, as the portrait of virtue. The reasons are similar: our ideas of moral excellence are obscure, because they are complex, and we are obliged to resort to illustrations. Washington's example is the happiest, to show what virtue is; and to delineate his character, we naturally expatiate on the beauty of virtue: much must be felt, and much imagined. His pre-eminence is not so much to be seen in the display of any one virtue, as in the possession of them all, and in the practice of the most difficult. Hereafter, therefore, his character must be studied before it will be striking; and then it will be admitted as a model, a precious one to a free republic!

It is no less difficult to speak of his talents. They were adapted to lead, without dazzling mankind; and to draw forth and employ the talents of others, without being misled by them. In this he was certainly superior, that he neither mistook nor misapplied his own. His great modesty and reserve would have concealed them, if great occasions had not called them forth; and then, as he never spoke from the affectation to shine, nor acted from any sinister motives, it is from their effects only that we are to judge of their greatness and extent. In public trusts, where men, acting conspicuously, are cautious, and in those private concerns, where few conceal or resist their weaknesses, Washington was uniformly great, pursuing right conduct from right maxims. His talents were such as assist a sound judgment, and ripen with it. His prudence was consummate, and seemed to take the direction of his powers and passions; for as a soldier, he was more solicitous to avoid mistakes that might be fatal, than to perform exploits that are brilliant; and as a statesman, to adhere to just principles, however old, than to pursue novelties; and therefore, in both characters, his qualities were singularly

adapted to the interest, and were tried in the greatest perils of the country. His habits of inquiry were so far remarkable, that he was never satisfied with investigating, nor diverted from it, so long as he had less than all the light he could obtain upon a subject, and then he made his decision without bias.

This command over the partialities that so generally stop men short, or turn them aside in their pursuit of truth, is one of the chief causes of his unvaried course of right conduct in so many difficult scenes, where every human actor must be presumed to err. If he had strong passions, he had learned to subdue them, and to be moderate and mild. If he had weaknesses, he concealed them, which is rare, and excluded them from the government of his temper and conduct, which is still more rare. If he loved fame, he never made improper compliances for what is called popularity. The fame he enjoyed is of the kind that will last forever; yet it was rather the effect than the motive of his conduct. Some future Plutarch will search for a parallel to his character. Epaminondas is perhaps the brightest name of all antiquity. Our Washington resembled him in the purity and ardor of his patriotism; and like him, he first exalted the glory of his country. There it is to be hoped, the parallel ends; for Thebes fell with Epaminondas. But such comparisons cannot be pursued far, without departing from the similitude. For we shall find it as difficult to compare great men as great rivers; some we admire for the length and rapidity of their current, and the grandeur of their cataracts; others, for the majestic silence and fulness of their streams; we cannot bring them together to measure the difference of their waters. The unambitious life of Washington, declining fame, yet courted by it, seemed, like the Ohio, to choose its long way through solitudes, diffusing fertility; or, like his own Potomac, widening and deepening his channel, as he approaches the sea, and displaying most the usefulness and serenity of his greatness towards the end of his course. Such a citizen would do honor to any country. The constant veneration and affection of his country will show that it was worthy of such a citizen.

STORY OF MATILDA.—*Goldsmith.*

OUR happiness is in the power of One, who can bring it about in a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, told us by a grave though sometimes a romancing historian.

"Matilda was married, very young, to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment which hung over the river Voltumus, the child, with a sudden spring leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment.

"The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but far from being able to assist the infant, she herself, with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

"As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city.

"Her beauty at first caught his eye, her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married: he rose to the highest posts: they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent. After an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city was at length taken.

"Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians, at that time, exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon.

"The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner



with his sword stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended, till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Voltumus, to be the spectator of still greater calamities.

"The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions, when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son—the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed; the captive was set free and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on each, was enjoyed."

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MORNING MEDITATIONS.—*Hawkesworth.*

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,  
I've safely passed the silent night;  
Again I see the breaking shade,  
Again behold the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour;  
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be,  
My conscious soul resumes her power,  
And soars, my guardian God, to thee.

O guide me through the various maze  
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;  
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze  
Where dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade shall soon impend—  
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress :—  
Yet then thy strength shall still defend;  
Thy goodness still delight to bless

That deeper shade shall break away;  
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes,  
Thy light shall give eternal day;  
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

A CHILD AT PLAY WITH A WATCH.—*Mrs. Osgood.*

ART thou laughing at Time, in thy sweet baby glee?  
Will he pause on his pinions, to frolic with thee?  
Oh! show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,  
That smile of bewilder'd and beaming surprise;  
Bid him look on that cheek, where thy rich hair reposes;  
Where dimples are playing "bo peep" with the roses.  
His wrinkled brow press, with light kisses and warm,  
And clasp his rough neck in thy soft wreathing arm!  
Perhaps thy infantine and exquisite sweetness  
May win him for once to delay in his fleetness.  
Then, then, would I keep thee, my beautiful child!  
Thy blue eyes unclosed, thy bloom undefiled,  
With thy innocence only to guard thee from ill,  
In life's sunny dawning—a lilly bud still!  
Laugh on, my own Ellen. This voice which to me  
Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee;  
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,  
*Thou* hearest but the tick of the pretty gold toy!  
His smile is upon thee, my blessed, my own!  
Long may it be ere thou feelest his frown.  
And oh! may his tread, as he wanders with thee,  
Light and soft as thy own little fairy step be;  
And still through all seasons, in storm and fair weather,  
May Time and my Ellen be playmates together.

PALESTINE.—*J. G. Whittier.*

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,  
Where the holiest of memories, pilgrim-like throng;  
In the shade of thy palm, by the shores of thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee!

With the eye of a spirit, I look on that shore,  
Where the pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;  
With the glide of a spirit, I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear!  
Where the Lowly and Just, with the people sat down,  
And the spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gaderene,  
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, oh! dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valleys! Where swollen and strong,  
Thy river, oh Kishon, is sweeping along;  
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,  
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang  
To the song which the beautiful Prophetess sang,  
When the Princess of Issachar stood by her side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo! Bethlehem's hill side before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys between,  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees, in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon, on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread with the TWELVE as they wayfaring trod;  
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD!  
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were taught,  
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought,

Oh! here with his flock the sad wanderer came,  
These hills he toiled over in grief, are the same;  
The founts where he drank by the way-side still flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow

And throned on her hills, sits Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;  
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,  
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?  
Where my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,  
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when  
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where he stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed Him to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer?

Yet, loved of the Father, thy spirit is near  
To the meek and the lowly, and penitent here;  
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power,  
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar, is burning the same!



#### THE BEAR, THE MONKEY, AND THE PIG.—*Yriarte*

With a half-taught bear was strolling  
Poor and lone, a Piedmontese;  
And the brute, to serve his master,  
Strove to dance, though ill at ease.

Meeting with an agile monkey,—  
"Do you think I dance with grace?"  
Asked the bear. "Oh no, 'tis clumsy!"  
Said the ape with proud grimace.

"Friend, I see you do not flatter,"  
Somewhat daunted, said the bear;  
"Yet is not my movement graceful?  
Light my step, genteel my air?"

As it chanced, a pig was present;  
 Loud he grunted out, "Well done!  
 Sure such power and grace of movement  
 Ne'er was seen beneath the sun!"

Bruin hearing this eulogium,  
 Twinkled modestly his eye,  
 And expressed his own conclusion  
 To the critic of the sty.

"When the ape condemned my dancing,  
 Somewhat did his words appal;  
 But your praise is proof o'erwhelming,  
 That I cannot dance at all!"

Authors, learn a wholesome lesson,  
 Judge your merits by this rule,  
 Bad—if skilful men approve not,  
 Worse—if lauded by a fool.

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VISIT TO THE MOSQUES OF VICTORY, ST. SOPHIA AND  
 SULTAN AHMED.—*Lynch's Narrative of an Expedition to the  
 Jordan and Dead Sea.*

BEFORE leaving Constantinople, in part with the officers, in part alone, I visited some of the principal mosques, the seraglio, the arsenal, and the fleet.

We first visited the mosque of Victory, built by the late Sultan. It is throughout of white marble, situated in the midst of a large quadrangular court, near the inlet of the Golden Horn, from the Bosphorus. It has a colonnade all around it; the columns supporting it, lofty and well proportioned. Drawing slippers over our boots, we lifted a corner of the mat which hung as a curtain over the door-way, and entered within the mosque. It is a lofty rotunda, the vaulted roof sweeping gracefully above it, at the height of upwards of a hundred feet. It has high windows, with Saracenic arches at the sides, and Arabic sentences from the Koran, are inscribed in gilt characters around the walls. Fronting the entrance, the mihrab, a stone set in a recess, indicates the direction of the Kebla of Mecca, towards which the faithful turn, when they make their prostrations and recite their pray-

ers. A little to the right of the mihrab was the minber, an elevated pulpit, where the Cheatib, or Imaum, reads the chapters from the Koran. There were no paintings, no sculpture, no furniture. The only ornaments, the mihrab and the minber being of a semi-transparent alabaster, and pea green marble. Further to the right was a gallery, screened by Arabesque gilt lattice-work, for the accommodation of the Sultan when he attends the mosque. Besides the characters from the Koran, which formed a kind of zone around the cornice, the walls were covered with chequered lines of various colors, which gave them a light and not unpleasing appearance. The floor was richly carpeted, and two large chandeliers hung suspended from the ceiling. Ascending to the gallery, we found several apartments, the floors covered with carpets of English manufacture, which led to the latticed gallery-room overlooking the interior of the mosque. It had simply a carpet on the floor, and a divan with cushions on one side; on the other side was a beautiful boudoir, with Persian carpet, French curtains and mirrors, and with divans of rich sky-blue damask silk. This last is intended as a place of repose when the Sultan returns from his devotions.

Over the door of the former was inscribed in large gilt characters, the words "the Sultan is the shadow of God on earth." Beside the mosque were two cylindrical, hollow shafts of marble, called minarets, with a gallery running round each near the top, whence the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer.

Thence we crossed the Golden Horn in caiques, and, landing on Seraglio Point, by an old Kiork, proceeded to the mosque of St. Sophia, externally, an indescribable mass of blocks and domes, with outstanding minarets beside it. This former Christian church, built by Constantine the Great, in the fourth, and rebuilt by Justinian in the sixth century, has often passed through the scathing ordeal of fire, and witnessed many revolutions around it. Unfortunately a number of workmen were employed in repairing it, and from near the floor to the roof of the dome, its interior presented one entangled network of scaffolding. This church, first called the "Temple of Divine Wisdom," was built of granite and porphyry, and white, blue, green, black and veined marble. It has eight porphyry columns, taken by Aurelius from the great Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec; eight jasper ones from the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; and others from Troas, Cyzicus, Athens

and the Cyclades. Its dome and roof are supported by columns of the Temples of Iris and Osiris; of the sun and moon at Heliopolis and Ephesus; of Minerva, at Athens; of Phœbus at Delos; and of Cybele, at Cyzicus. Over the main cross were inscribed the words of the vision, "In hoc signo vinces."

After its destruction by fire, it was sixteen years rebuilding. When completed, Justinian entered with the Patriarch, on Christmas day, and running alone to the pulpit, cried out, "God be praised, who hath esteemed me worthy to complete such a work. Solomon, I have surpassed thee."

This church is in the form of a Greek cross, 180 feet high, 269 long, and 143 broad. It has one large central and two side domes; its walls are of polished stones, and it is paved with large flags. Within the cupola, is inscribed the verse of the Koran, "God is the light of the heavens and the earth." It has two banners, one on each side of the minber, denoting the victories of Islamism over Judaism and Christianity; and on the nights of the Ramadan, when this, as well as all the other mosques are illuminated, the Imaum mounts it with a wooden sword in his hand. On each minaret is a gilt crescent.

Upon the interior surface of the great dome and the vaulted roofs of the transept we counted many crosses in Mosaic, the work of its Christian architect. A number of workmen were employed scaling off the plaster, which had been spread over the interior walls of this once rich and beautiful church.

Ascending to the gallery, supported on columns of jasper, we were led out upon the swelling roof, dazzling with reflected light, to look upon the bee-hive city and its circumjacent scenes.

We next visited the mosque "Sultan Ahmed," which, unlike the rest, has six minarets beside it. It seemed larger, even, than St. Sophia, but is entirely destitute of decoration, save a multitude of small lamps, each suspended by a separate chain, and reaching from the ceiling to within eight feet of the pavement. There are also four enormous columns supporting the dome, their height scarce twice exceeding their diameter; they are 108 feet in circumference. Their disproportioned bulk, with the numerous chains and small parti-colored lamps, very much impair the effect of an otherwise magnificent interior.

Justinian and Muhammed II, the rebuilder and desecrater

of the great temple, lie together in a mosque erected by the last on the site of the church of the Holy Apostles. There are none so wholly evil as not to possess some redeeming trait. It is related of this Muhammed, that, when building his mosque, a poor woman refused, on any terms, to dispose of her dilapidated house, which stood within the precincts; and the monarch, respecting her rights, allowed it to stand, a monument of his own justice, until, at her death, he became peaceably possessed of it.

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THOUGHT, THE PRIVILEGE OF ALL MEN.—*Channing.*

I DENY to any individual or class a monopoly of thought. Who among men can show God's commission to think for his brethren, to shape passively the intellect of the mass, to stamp his own image on them as if they were wax? As well might a few claim a monopoly of light and air, of seeing and breathing, as of thought. Is not the intellect as universal a gift as the organs of sight and respiration? Is not truth as freely spread abroad as the atmosphere or the sun's rays? Can we imagine that God's highest gifts of intelligence, imagination, and moral power, were bestowed to provide only for animal wants? to be denied the natural means of growth, which is action? to be starved by drudgery? Were the mass of men made to be monsters? to grow only in a few organs and faculties, and to pine away and shrivel in others? or were they made to put forth all the powers of men, especially the best and most distinguished? No man, not the lowest, is all hands, all bones and muscles. The mind is more essential to human nature and more enduring than the limbs; and was this made to lie dead? Is not thought the right and duty of all? Is not truth alike precious to all? Is not truth the natural aliment of the mind, as plainly as the wholesome grain is of the body? Is not the mind adapted to thought, as plainly as the eye to light, the ear to sound? Who dares to withhold it from its natural action—its natural element and joy? Undoubtedly, some men are more gifted than others, and are marked out for more studious lives. But the work of such men is not to do other's thinking for them, but to help them to think more vigorously and effectually. Great minds are to make others great. Their superiority is to be used, not to



break the multitude to intellectual vassalage—not to establish over them a spiritual tyranny, but to rouse them from lethargy, and to aid them to judge for themselves. The light and life which spring up in one soul are to be spread far and wide. Of all treasons against humanity, there is no one worse than his, who employs great intellectual force to keep down the intellect of his less favored brother.

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#### CHIVALRY.—*Robertson.*

THE spirit of chivalry inspired the nobles of Europe with more liberal and generous sentiments than had formerly prevailed. This institution, though considered of a wild nature, the effect of caprice, and the source of extravagance, arose naturally from the state of society at that period, and had a very serious influence in refining the European manners.

The feudal was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy, during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults and injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valor and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the holy land under the dominion of infidels put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect, or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and to remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest powers and merit. Valor, humanity, courtesy, justice, and honor, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honor; it was deemed a distinction

superior to royalty, and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valor, gallantry, and religion, were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles, and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity, when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased, when it was reckoned meritorious to check and punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honor, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to these points. The administration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of birth on some occasions, with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honor. These were strengthened by every thing that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures, are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The humanity which accompanies all the operations of man, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honor, are sentiments inspired by chivalry, and have had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct, during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigor and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

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MY DESTINY.—*Quevedo.*

My fortunes are so black they might serve me for ink; I might be used as an image of a saint. If the country people want rain, they have only to turn me out of doors, and they are sure of a deluge; if they want sun, let me be well wrapped up in a cloak, and it will shine though it were midnight. I

am always mistaken for some object of vengeance, and receive the blows intended for another. If but a tile is to fall, it waits till I pass under. If I would borrow from any one, I meet so rude a reception that, instead of borrowing, I am obliged to lend my patience. Every fool prates to me; every old woman makes love; every poor person begs; every prosperous one is insolvent. If I travel I am sure to miss my way; if I play, I always lose; every friend forsakes and every enemy sticks to me. I find scarcity of water at the sea, but abundance of it at taverns, mingled with my wine. I have given up all occupation, for I know that if I were to turn hosier, people would go barelegged; and if physician, no one would fall ill. If I am gallant towards a woman, she accepts or refuses me—both are equally disastrous. If a man wished to die neither by poison nor pestilence, he has but to intend some kindness towards me, and he will not live an hour. So unpropitious is my star that I submit, and endeavor to conciliate its pride by my adoration.

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## FAREWELL OF LEONIDAS TO HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

*Glover.*

I SEE, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul  
Has ever known the prevalence of love,  
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;  
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,  
Was once my heart insensible to thee.  
How had it stain'd the honors of my name  
To hesitate a moment, and suspend  
My country's fate, till shameful life preferr'd,  
By my inglorious colleague left no choice,  
But what were in me infamy to shun,  
Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more  
That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,  
I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,  
The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.  
O thou dear mourner! wherefore streams afresh  
That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs  
That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.  
Alas! far heavier misery impends  
O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears,

I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,  
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven  
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.  
Think on my long, unalter'd love. Reflect  
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart  
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?  
How shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd  
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies  
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,  
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.  
Should I, thus singled from the rest of men;  
Alone intrusted by th' immortal gods  
With pow'r to save a people; should my soul  
Desert that sacred cause? thee too I yield  
To sorrow and to shame: for thou must weep  
With Lacedæmon; must with her sustain  
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.  
Thy sons behold, now worthy of their names,  
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must pine  
In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts  
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.  
On their own virtue and their father's fame  
When he the Spartan freedom has confirm'd,  
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,  
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.  
Here paused the patriot. With religious awe  
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint  
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow;  
Ceas'd for a moment, soon again to stream.  
For now, in arms before the palace rang'd,  
His brave companions of the war demand  
Their leader's presence; then her griefs renew'd,  
Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,  
And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.  
In speechless anguish, on the hero's breast  
She sinks. On every side his children press,  
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honor'd hand.  
His soul no longer struggles to confine  
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,  
Warm flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,  
Amid his children, who enclose him round,  
He stands indulging tenderness and love  
In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,

Address'd to Heaven : Thou ever-living Pow'r,  
 Look down propitious, Sire of gods and men !  
 And to this faithful woman, whose desert  
 May claim thy favor, grant the hours of peace.  
 And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,  
 O Hercules, neglect not these thy race !  
 But, since that spirit I from thee derive  
 Now bears me from them to resistless fate,  
 Do thou support their virtue ! Be they taught,  
 Like thee, with glorious labor life to grace,  
 And from their father let them learn to die !

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HONOR TO WOMEN.—*Schiller*

HONOR to women ! entwining and braiding,  
 Life's garland with roses forever unfading,  
 In the veil of the graces, all modestly kneeling,  
 Love's band with sweet spells have they wreathed, have they  
 blessed.  
 And tending with hands ever pure, have caressed,  
 The flame of each holy, each beautiful feeling.

Even truth's bright bounds outranges  
 Man, and his wild spirit strives,  
 Ever with each thought that changes,  
 As the storm of passion drives—  
 With heart appeased, contented, never,  
 Grasps he at the future's gleam,  
 Beyond the stars pursuing ever  
 The restless phantom of his dream.

But the glances of women, enchantingly glowing,  
 Their light woos the fugitive back, ever throwing  
 A link round the present, that binds like a spell ;  
 In the meek cottage home of the mother presiding,  
 All graces, all gentleness, round them abiding,  
 As nature's true daughters, how sweetly they dwell.

Man is ever warring, rushing  
 Onward through life's stormy way,  
 Wild his fervor, fierce and crushing,  
 Knows he neither rest nor stay,

Creating, slaying—day by day,  
 Urged by passion's fury brood,  
 A hydra band, whose heads, for aye  
 Fall, to be for aye renewed.

But women, to sweet silent praises resigning  
 Such hopes as affection is ever enshrining,  
 Pluck the moment's brief flowers as they wander along,  
 More free in their limited range, richer ever  
 Than man, proudly soaring with fruitless endeavor,  
 Through the infinite science of circles and song.

Strong and proud, and self-commending,  
 Man's cold heart doth never move  
 To a gentler spirit bending,  
 To the godlike power of love;  
 Knows not soul exchange so tender,  
 Tears, by others' tears confessed,  
 Life's dark combats steel, and render  
 Harder his obdurate breast!

Oh, wakened like harp, and as gently, resembling  
 Its murmuring chords to the night breezes trembling,  
 Breathes woman's fond soul, and as feelingly too:  
 Touched lightly, touched deeply, oh ever she borrows  
 Grief itself from the image of grief, and her sorrows  
 Ever gem her soft eyes with Heaven's holiest dew.

Man, of power despotic lord,  
 In power doth insolently trust;  
 Scythia argues with the sword,  
 Persia, crouching, bites the dust.  
 In their fury-flights engaging,  
 Combats spoilers wild and dread,  
 Strife and war, and havoc raging  
 Where the charities have fled.

But gently entreating, and sweetly beguiling,  
 Woman reigns while the graces around her are smiling,  
 Calming down the fierce discord of hatred and pride;  
 Teaching all whom the strife of wild passions would sever,  
 To unite in one bond, and with her, and forever,  
 All hopes, each emotion, they else had denied.

## THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.—O. Brown.

FAREWELL to the land that my fathers defended;  
 Farewell to the field which their ashes inurn;  
 The holiest flame on their altars descended,  
 Which, fed by their sons, shall eternally burn.  
 Ah! soft be the bed where the hero reposes,  
 And light be the green turf that over him closes—  
 Gay Flora shall deck, with her earliest roses,  
 The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.  
 Adieu to the scenes which my heart's young emotions  
 Have dressed in attire so alluringly gay;  
 Ah! never, no never, can billowing oceans,  
 Nor time drive the fond recollections away!  
 From days that are passed, present comfort I borrow;  
 The scenes of to-day shall be brighter to-morrow;  
 In age I'll recall, as a balm for my sorrow,  
 The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.  
 I go to the West, where the forest, receding,  
 Invites the adventurous axe-man along;  
 I go to the groves where the wild deer are feeding,  
 And mountain-birds carol their loveliest song.  
 Adieu to the land that my fathers defended,  
 Adieu to the soil on which freemen contended,  
 Adieu to the sons who from heroes descended,  
 The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.  
 When far from my home, and surrounded by strangers,  
 My thoughts shall recall the gay pleasures of youth;  
 Though life's stormy ocean shall threaten with dangers;  
 My soul shall repose in the sunshine of truth:  
 While streams to their own native ocean are tending,  
 And forest oaks, swept by the tempest, are bending,  
 My soul shall exult as she's proudly defending  
 The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

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 ETERNITY OF GOD.—Greenwood.

WE receive such repeated intimations of decay in the world  
 through which we are passing; decline and change and loss,  
 follow decline and change and loss in such rapid succession,  
 that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and

hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. "The mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones, the things which grow out of the dust of the earth are washed away, and the hope of man is destroyed." Conscious of our own instability, we look about for something to rest on, but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have an end. The face of the world is changing daily and hourly. All animated things grow old and die. The rocks crumble, the trees fall, the leaves fade, and the grass withers. The clouds are flying, and the waters are flowing away from us.

The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving way, the ivy clings to the mouldering tower, the brier hangs out from the shattered window, and the wall flower springs from the disjointed stones. The founders of these perishable works have shared the same fate long ago. If we look back to the days of our ancestors, to the men as well as the dwellings of former times, they become immediately associated in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of instability stronger and deeper than before. In the spacious domes which once held our fathers, the serpent hisses, and the wild bird screams. The halls, which once were crowded with all that taste, and science, and labor could procure, which resounded with melody, and were lighted up with beauty, are buried by their own ruins, mocked by their own desolation. The voice of merriment, and of wailing, the steps of the busy and the idle have ceased in the deserted courts, and the weeds choke the entrances, and the long grass waves upon the hearth-stone. The works of art, the forming hand, the tombs, the very ashes they contained, are all gone.

While we thus walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us; and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments, and in a few moments more their countenances are changed, and they are sent away. It matters not how near and dear they are. The ties which bind us together are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. Tears were never known to move the king of terrors, neither is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one, or two, or many of those we love; for though the price is so great, we buy no favor with it, and our



hold on those who remain is as slight as ever. The shadows all elude our grasp, and follow one another down the valley. We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our contemporaries and kindred. We know that the forms, which are breathing around us, are as shortlived and fleeting as those were, which have been dust for centuries. The sensation of vanity, uncertainty, and ruin is equally strong, whether we muse on what has long been prostrate, or gaze on what is falling now, or will fall so soon.

If every thing which comes under our notice has endured for so short a time, and in so short a time will be no more, we cannot say that we receive the least assurance by thinking on ourselves. When they, on whose fate we have been meditating, were engaged in the active scenes of life, as full of health and hope as we are now, what were we? We had no knowledge, no consciousness, no being; there was not a single thing in the wide universe which knew us. And after the same interval shall have elapsed, which now divides their days from ours, what shall we be? What they are now. When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, and a few more changes mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb: the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and every man shall follow us, as we the multitudes before us." All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will be laid low, and every eye will be closed, and every voice hushed, and every heart will have ceased its beating. And when we have gone ourselves, even our memories will not stay behind us long. A few of the near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till they too have arrived at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness. In the thoughts of others we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their ears. A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when we came here, and when we went away; but even that will soon refuse to bear us record: "time's effacing fingers" will be busy on its surface, and at length will wear it smooth; and then the stone itself will sink, or crumble, and the wanderer of another age will pass, without a single call upon his sympathy, over our unheeded graves.

Is there nothing to counteract the sinking of the heart, which must be the effect of observations like these? Is there no substance among all these shadows? If all who live and

breathe around us are the creatures of yesterday, and destined to see destruction to-morrow; if the same condition is our own, and the same sentence is written against us; if the solid forms of inanimate nature and laborious art are fading and falling; if we look in vain for durability to the very roots of the mountains, where shall we turn, and on what can we rely? Can no support be offered; can no source of confidence be named? Oh yes! there is one Being to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security, which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away. To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on him we may rest them, exclaiming in the language of the monarch of Israel, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure, yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

The eternity of God is a subject of contemplation, which, at the same time that it overwhelms us with astonishment and awe, affords us an immovable ground of confidence in the midst of a changing world. All things which surround us, all these dying mouldering inhabitants of time, must have had a Creator, for the plain reason, that the first cause must necessarily be uncaused. As we cannot suppose a beginning without a cause of existence, that which is the cause of all existence must be self-existent, and could have had no beginning. And, as it had no beginning, so also, as it is beyond the reach of all influence and control, as it is independent and almighty, it will have no end.

Here then is a support, which will never fail; here is a foundation which can never be moved—the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." What a sublime conception! *He inhabits eternity*, occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills throughout this boundless dwelling. Ages on ages before even the dust of which we are formed was created, He will exist in infinite majesty, living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, forever sending forth the word, which forms, supports, and governs all things, commanding new created light to shine on

new created worlds, and raising up new created generations to inhabit them.

The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God, is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked upon every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope, no support, because they were so feeble themselves; we can look to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

And blessed be God who has assured us by a revelation from himself that the throne of eternity is likewise a throne of mercy and love; who has permitted and invited us to repose ourselves and our hopes on that which alone is everlasting and unchangeable. We shall shortly finish our allotted time on earth, even if it should be unusually prolonged. We shall leave behind us all which is now familiar and beloved, and a world of other days and other men will be entirely ignorant that once we lived. But the same unalterable Being will still preside over the universe, through all its changes, and from his remembrance we shall never be blotted. We never can be where he is not, nor where he sees and loves and upholds us not.

He is our Father and our God forever. He takes us from earth that he may lead us to Heaven, that he may refine our nature from all its principles of corruption, share with us his own immortality, admit us to his everlasting habitation, and crown us with his eternity.

RONDA—THE TAJO AND VALLEY.—*Wallis's Glimpses in Spain*

THERE are few spots like Ronda, in the world. Its lofty and imposing site, the grandeur of the Tajo and the scenery around, have been made known, by pen and pencil, to all the lovers of the picturesque. Its history is made up of the fiercest doings in the fierce wars of Moslem times, and there are tales of chivalry and blood, for all the fastnesses of its wild mountains. Its people still, are of the hardest and boldest in Spain, reckless and desperate in civil strife, and furnishing most apt material for the robber and the contrabandist. The climate is proverbially healthful, and both men and women are remarkable for beauty, vigor, and fine stature.

Upon a bold, broad hill, surrounded by an amphitheatre of loftier ones, with a sweet valley smiling down between, the ancient city can be seen from far. It has no show of buildings, save a church or two, some convent towers, and a few Moorish walls and turrets. Deep through the centre of the town and of the mountain upon which it stands, there is a mighty cleft in the live rock, dividing the old city from the new. This chain is the *Tajo*. An earthquake may have rent it, or it may have yawned since first the firm foundations of the hill were laid. Upon the northwest side, the hill of Ronda rises abruptly from the valley. There is an ancient bridge in that direction, which spans the opening of the Tajo. Stand on that bridge, and turn your back upon the town. You see a quiet and not very copious stream come gliding brightly toward you, through meadows and soft, verdant slopes. The waters, as they near the hill, begin to fret among the stones, and, as they pass beneath your feet, the rocky prison of the Tajo so confines them, that they foam quite madly. Step some paces to the left on *terra firma*, and you find a dirty, winding passage, which takes you down among the caverns of the Tajo. Still descending, you come upon a rickety old wooden staircase, which creaks at every step. By this, you are conducted to a Moorish mill, ancient of days, and hidden like the nest of a water-fowl, among the crevices of the rocks. In a sort of cave or hollow, there is a basin of clear, sparkling water, which makes the mill-wheels go, and sweeps on, afterward, to swell the river, which, till then, is but a trifling stream. This basin they call the *mina*, or *nacimiento de agua*, (the mine or water source,) and it is well worth your visit.

Look up, and you see nothing but a strip of sky resting on the solid walls of rock which only a few lichens darkly fringe.

Leaving your cave of Monterinos, you stroll up, through some wide streets, until you come upon the other bridge, which crosses the Tajo near to where it ends. This is a work of the last century, a hundred yards or thereabouts in length, and is a wonder to architect and mason. You stand on it, and look in the direction of the Moorish arch to which I first conducted you—yet so stupendous are the rocky bulwarks, so interlocked with salient cliffs and jagged angles, that there is a single point alone from which you can see back to where you stood. Turning northward the whole river is open. The Tajo goes on widening, for a few hundred yards or more, when suddenly it stops, presenting to the valley down below, a solid, upright wall of rock, flanked by gray, lofty columns. On the one side, it runs round at right angles to the Alameda, from whose balconies you may look down a thousand feet. On the other, it is broken into rugged falls, along which you may see, far off, the windings of a dangerous road, flanked by some relics of a Moorish wall. In front, a few sharp rocks are flung out on the plain, and then there is no limit to the river of beauty and fertility, until the eye rests on the barren range which we had crossed as we came up from Seville. Immediately beneath the bridge, the waters, black and foaming, dart from precipice to precipice, until they hide themselves beneath dark groves of walnut trees, reappear, far off, as bright and peaceful, as if they had done nothing all along, but make

“Sweet music with the enameled stones.”

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ON MODESTY.—*Spectator*.

I KNOW no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes, indeed, passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again: A man of assurance, though at first it only denoted

a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavor, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it the reflection of an ingenious mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason, a man truly modest, is as much so when he is alone as in company; and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the Senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be, the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honor and decency. An open and assured behavior is the natural consequences of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

It is more than probable that the prince above-mentioned possessed both those qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavor to express, when we say, a modest assurance; by which we understand, the just mien between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill, even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavor to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes; and is sometimes attended with both.

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A HYMN — *Lamartine*.

THERE is an unknown language spoken  
By the loud winds that sweep the sky;  
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,  
And waves on rocks that dash and die;  
By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,  
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,  
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,  
The horizon that before us flies,  
The chrystal firmament that lies  
In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,  
The sunset on the mountain's shades,  
The snow that day break is adorning,  
And eve that on the turret fades ;  
The city's sounds that rise and sink,  
The fair swan on the river's brink,  
The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,  
The ancient temple on the hill, "  
The solemn silence, deep and still,  
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, oh God ! this voice is telling,  
Thou who art truth, life, hope, and love ;  
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,  
To whom bright morning looks above ;  
Of Thee—proclaimed by every sound,  
Whom nature's all-mysterious round  
Declares, yet not defines Thy light ;  
Of Thee, the abyss and source, whence all  
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,  
Who hast but one name—INFINITE.

All men on earth may hear and treasure  
This voice, resounding from all time ;  
♦ Each one, according to his measure  
Interpreting its sense sublime.  
But ah ! the more our spirits weak  
Within its holy depths would seek,  
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy ;  
A weight too great for earthly mind,  
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find  
In solitude our only joy.

So when the feeble eyeball fixes  
Its sight upon the glorious sun,  
Whose gold-emblazoned chariot mixes  
With rosy clouds that towards it run ;  
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,  
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,  
And sees but gloomy specks float by ;  
And darkness indistinct o'ershade  
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,  
And the clear bosom of the sky.



THE WILD FIRES.—*Beranger.*

OH, summer eve, and village peace,  
 Clear skies, sweet odors, gushing streams!  
 Ye blest my childhood's simple dreams;  
 To cheer my age, oh do not cease!  
     World-wearied, here I love to dwell,  
     For even these merry wild-fires tell  
 Of youth and sweet simplicity.  
     Oft did my heart with terror swell  
 As from their dance I wont to fly.  
     I've lost that blissful ignorance;  
     Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

On wakeful nights the tale went round  
 Of Jack-a-lantern, cunning, cruel,  
 With watch-fires of no earthly fuel,  
 Guardian of treasures under ground.  
     They told of goblins, unblest powers,  
     Ghosts, sorcerers, and mysterious hours  
 Of dragons huge that ever flitted  
 Around all dark and ancient towers:  
 Such tales my easy faith admitted.  
     Age hath dispelled my youthful trance;  
     Dance, pretty wild-fires, dance, dance. ◆

Scarce ten years old, one winter night,  
 Bewildered on the lonely swamp,  
 I saw the wild-fire trim his lamp;  
 "It is my grandam's cheerful light—  
     A pretty cake she has for me,"  
 I said and ran with infant glee.  
 A shepherd filled my soul with dread;  
 "Oh foolish boy, the lamp you see  
 Lights up the revels of the dead."  
     Dispelled is now my youthful trance:  
     Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

Love-stirred, at sixteen once I stole  
 By the old curate's lonely mound:  
 The wild-fires danced his grave around:  
 I paused to bless the curate's soul.  
     From regions of the slumbering dead,  
     Methought the aged curate said,

"Alas! unhappy reprobate,  
 So soon has beauty turned thy head!<sup>2</sup>  
 That night I feared the frowns of fate.  
 Still let the voice my ear entrance;  
 Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

Now, from such pleasing errors free,  
 I feel the chilling touch of time;  
 The visions of my early prime  
 Have bowed to stern reality.  
 But oh! I love fair nature more,  
 Ere I was taught the pedant's lore.  
 The dear delusions of my youth,  
 Which bound my heart in days of yore,  
 Have fled before the torch of truth.  
 Dearest to me my youthful trance;  
 Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

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PREACHING VERSUS PRACTICE.—*Cowper.*

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,  
 Had once his integrity put to the test;  
 His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
 And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd sir, like you, and answer'd—"Oh no,  
 What! rob our good neighbor? I pray you, don't go!  
 Besides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,  
 Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,  
 But apples we want, and apples we'll have;  
 If you will go with us, you shall have a share,  
 If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—"I see they will go:  
 Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!  
 Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,  
 But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,  
 His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree;

But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;  
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;  
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;  
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

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AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.—*Milton.*

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD SUPREME!  
O teach me what is good! Teach me thyself!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!—THOMSON.

THESE are THY glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,  
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st  
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move

In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light,  
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest born  
 Of Nature, ye that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or grey,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance His praise.  
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every plant in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

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#### A VISIT TO SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE AND GRAVE

*W. Irving.*

THOU soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream  
 Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakspeare would dream;  
 The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,  
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillows his head.—GARRICK.

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world  
 which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling

of something like independence and territorial consequence, when after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day, and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakspeare were just passing through my mind, as the clock struck midnight, from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chamber maid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so, abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide-Book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all of Shakspeare, the jubilee, and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we have in early spring; for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature, and moving every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakspeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions, in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple,

but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very match-lock with which Shakspeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box, which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword, also, with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Lawrence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakspeare's mulberry tree.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare's chair. It stands in the chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin of an evening listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford dealing forth church-yard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit; whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard, I am at a loss to say, I merely mention the fact; and mine host privately assured me that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since, to a northern princess, yet strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification, to be the same. What is it to us, whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good humored credulity in these matters; and

on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which sat all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

From the birth place of Shakspeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired; the river runs murmuring at the foot of the church yard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping, and rooks are sailing and coursing about its lofty gray spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray headed sexton, Edmonds, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered through a gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakspeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead, and I thought I could read in it clear indications of the cheerful, social disposition by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor.

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since, also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains, and lest any of the idle or curious, or any collector of relics should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look into the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare.

There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything not connected with Shakspeare. His idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence; other traces of him may be false or fabulous, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakspeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the church yard, I plucked a branch from one of the yew trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.



OF THE INTRODUCTION, IMPROVEMENT, AND FALL  
OF THE ARTS AT ROME.—*Spence.*

THE city of Rome as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state. Their houses were, what the name they gave them signified, only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings: their walls were half mud, and their roofs pieces of wood stuck together; nay, even this was an after-improvement; for in Romulus's time, their houses were only covered with straw. If they had anything that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues, for they had none till long after Numa's time, they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of; and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopped out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and private houses, consisted in their ancient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the arms they had taken in war, and you may easily conceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms, besmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whose very ruins at this day are sought after with so much pleasure; it was a town, which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people shudder whenever they first entered within its gates.

THE DECLINE OF THE ARTS, ELOQUENCE, AND POETRY UPON THE DEATH OF AUGUSTUS.—*Spence.*

ON the death of Augustus, though the arts, and taste for them, did not suffer so great a change, as appeared immediately in the taste for eloquence and poetry, yet they must have suffered a good deal. There is a secret union, a certain kind of sympathy between all the polite arts, which makes them languish and flourish together. The same circumstances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favor of Augustus, and the tranquility of his reign, was as gentle as dew from heaven, in a favorable season, that made them bud forth and flourish: and the sour reign of Tiberius was as a sudden frost that checked their growth, and at last killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and disturbances of the times that followed, gave the finishing stroke to sculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artists at Rome were not so soon or so much affected by the bad taste of the court, as the Roman writers were; but it reached them too, though by slower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed, what else could be expected from such a run of monsters as Tiberius, Caligula and Nero? For these were the emperors under whose reigns the arts began to languish; and they suffered so much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers soon after them, speak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general; and as to painting, in particular, they represent it as in a most feeble and dying condition. The series of so many good emperors, which happened after Domitian, gave some spirit again to the arts; but soon after the Antonies, they all declined apace, and by the time of the thirty tyrants, were quite fallen, so as never to rise again under any future Roman emperor.

You may see by these two accounts I have given you of the Roman poetry, and of the other arts, that the great periods of their rise, their flourishing, and their decline, agree very well; and, as it were, tally with one another. Their style was prepared, and a vast collection of fine works laid in, under the first period, or in the times of the republic: in the second or the Augustan age, their writers and artists were both in their highest perfection; and in the third, from Tiberius to the Antonies, they both began to languish; and then revived a little; and at last sunk totally together.

#### HIGH SCHOOL LITERATURE.

Comparing the descriptions of their poets with the works of the ancients, we should therefore choose to admit all the Roman poets except the Antonines. Among them all, there is perhaps no one whose omission need be regretted, except that of Claudian; and even as to him it may be considered, that he wrote when the true knowledge of the arts was no more; and when the true taste of poetry was strangely corrupted and lost; even if we were to judge of it by his own writings only, which are extremely better than any of the poets long before, and long after him. It is therefore much better to confine one's self to the three great ages, than to run so far out of one's way for a single poet or two, whose authorities, after all, must be very disputable, and indeed scarce of any weight.

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#### ORDER TO BE OBSERVED IN AMUSEMENTS —*Blair*.

OBSERVE order in your amusements; that is, allow them no more than their proper place; study to keep them within due bounds; mingle them in a temperate succession with serious duties, and the higher business of life. Human life cannot proceed, to advantage, without some measure of relaxation and entertainment. We require relief from care. We are not formed for a perpetual stretch of serious thought. By too intense and continued application, our feeble powers would soon be worn out. At the same time, from our propensity to ease and pleasure, amusement proves, among all ranks of men, the most dangerous foe to order: for it tends incessantly to usurp and encroach, to widen its territories, to thrust itself into the place of more important concerns, and thereby to disturb and counteract the natural course of things. One frivolous amusement indulged out of season, will often carry perplexity and confusion through a long succession of affairs.

Amusements, therefore, though they be of an innocent kind, require steady government, to keep them within due and limited province. But such as are of an irregular and vicious nature, require not to be governed, but to be banished from every orderly society. As soon as a man seeks his happiness from the gaming-table, the midnight revel, and the other haunts of licentiousness, confusion seizes upon him as its own. There will no longer be order in his family, nor order in his affairs, nor order in his time. The most important con-

cerns of life are abandoned. Even the order of nature is by such persons inverted; night is changed into day, and day into night. Character, honor, and interest itself, are trampled under foot. You may with certainty prognosticate the ruin of these men to be just at hand. Disorder, arisen to its height, has nearly accomplished its work. The spots of death are upon them. Let every one who would escape the pestilential contagion, fly with haste from their company.

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PELIDES.—*Camœns.*

ENOUGH, my Muse, thy wearied wing no more  
Must to the seat of Jove triumphant soar.  
Chilled by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires  
Glow now no more, and all thy rage expires.  
Yet thou, Sebastian—thou, my king, attend:  
Behold what glories on thy throne descend!  
Shall haughty Gaul, or sterner Albion boast  
That all the Susian fame in thee is lost!  
Oh! be it thine these glories to renew,  
And John's bold path, and Pedro's course pursue!  
Snatch from the tyrant noble's hand the sword,  
And be the rights of human kind restored.  
The statesman-prelate to his vows confine,  
Alone auspicious at the holy shrine;  
The priest, in whose meek heart Heaven pours its fires,  
Alone to Heaven, not earth's vain pomp, aspires.  
Nor let the Muse, great king, on Tago's shore,  
In dying notes the barbarous age deplore  
The king or hero to the Muse unjust,  
Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust.  
But such the deeds thy radiant morn portends:  
Awed by thy frown, even now old Atlas bends  
His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields  
Expect thy sounding steeds and rattling shields.  
And shall these deeds unsung, unknown, expire?  
Oh! would thy smiles relume my fainting ire!  
I then inspired, the wondering world should see  
Great Ammon's warlike son revived in thee;  
Revived, unenvied of the Muse's flame,  
That o'er the world resounds Pelides' name.

ORDER.—*Shakspeare.*

THE heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office and custom, in all line of order:  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,  
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered  
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Some check, to good and bad But when the planets  
In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents! What mutiny!  
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!  
Commotions in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixtures! Oh, when degree is shaken,  
Which is the ladder of all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogeniture and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away—untune that string,  
And hark what discord follows! Each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be weight, or rather right and wrong  
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too:  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.—*Collins.*

WHEN Music, heavenly maid! was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Thronged around her magic cell;  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round,  
They snatched her instruments of sound;  
And as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for madness ruled the hour,  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords, bewildered laid;  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes' own fire  
In lightnings owned his secret stings;  
In one rude clash, he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair,  
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, oh, Hope! with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.  
Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still through all the song;  
And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair;

And longer had she sung, but with a frown  
Revenge impatient rose ;  
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo ;  
And ever and anon he beat  
The double drum with furious heat ;  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity at his will  
Her soul subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,  
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;  
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;  
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,  
And now it courted Love, now raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retired,  
And from her wild sequestered seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :  
And clashing soft, from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;  
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
Round a holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh ! how altered was its sprightly tone,  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known ;  
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,  
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,  
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:

He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;  
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.

They would have thought who heard the strain,  
They saw in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
Amid the festal sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:

While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
Love framed with Mirth, a gay fantastic sound,  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:

And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

Oh Music! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,  
Why, goddess! why to us denied,  
Layest thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
As in that loved Athenian bower,  
You learn an all-commanding power;  
Thy mimic soul, oh nymph endeared,  
Can well recall what then it heard.  
Where is thy native, simple heart,  
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
Thy wonders in that godlike age  
Fill thy recording sister's page;  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age;  
Even all at once together found,  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.  
Oh! bid your vain endeavors cease,  
Revive the just designs of Grace;  
Return in all thy simple state;  
Confirm the tales her sons relate.



THE UTILITY OF KNOWLEDGE IN GENERAL.—*Robert Hall.*

As the power of acquiring knowledge is to be ascribed to reason, so the attainment of it mightily strengthens and improves it, and thereby enables it to enrich itself with farther acquisitions. Knowledge in general expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it, we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites, the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the spiritual to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the man can retire within himself, and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation. The Author of nature has wisely annexed pleasure to the exercise of our active powers, and particularly to the pursuit of truth, which if it be in some instances less intense, is far more durable than the gratifications of sense, and is on that account incomparably more valuable. Its duration, to say nothing of its other properties, renders it more valuable. It may be repeated without satiety, and pleases afresh on every reflection upon it. These are self-created satisfactions, always within our reach, not dependent upon events, not requiring a peculiar combination of circumstances to produce or maintain them, they rise from the mind itself, and inhere, so to speak, in its very substance. Let the mind but retain its proper functions, and they spring up spontaneously, unsolicited, unborrowed and unbought. Even the difficulties and impediments which obstruct the pursuit of truth, serve, according to the economy under which we are placed, to render it more interesting. The labor of intellectual research, resembles and exceeds the tumultuous pleasures of the chase, and the consciousness of overcoming a formidable obstacle, or of lighting on some happy discovery, gives all the enjoyment of a conquest, without those corroding reflections by which the latter must be impaired. Can we doubt that Archimedes, who was so absorbed in contemplations as not to be diverted by the sacking of his native city, and was killed in the very act of meditating a mathematical theorem, did not when he exclaimed "I have found it! I have found it!" feel a transport as genuine as was ever experienced after the most brilliant victory!

But to return to the moral good which results from the ac-

quisition of knowledge; it is chiefly this, that by multiplying the mental resources, it has a tendency to exalt the character, and, in some measure to correct and subdue the taste for gross sensuality. It enables the possessor to beguile his leisure moments, and every man has such, in an innocent at least, if not in a useful manner. The poor man, who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public house for that purpose. His mind can find him employment when his body is at rest; he does not lie prostrate and afloat on the current of incidents, liable to be carried whithersoever the impulses of appetite may direct. There is in the mind of such a man an intellectual spring urging him to the pursuit of *mental* good; and if the minds of his family also are a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged. The calm satisfaction which books afford, puts him into a disposition to relish more exquisitely, the tranquil delight inseparable from the indulgence of conjugal and parental affection; and as he will be more respectable in the eyes of his family than he who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate whatever may preserve, and shun whatever would impair their respect. He who is inured to reflection will carry his views beyond the present hour; he will extend his prospect a little into futurity, and be disposed to make some provision for his approaching wants; whence will result an increased motive to industry, together with a care to husband his earnings and avoid unnecessary expense. The poor man who has gained a taste for good books, will, in all likelihood, become thoughtful, and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favor than by the gift of a large sum of money, since you have put them in possession of the *principles* of all legitimate prosperity.

I am persuaded that the extreme profligacy, improvidence, and misery, which are so prevalent among the laboring classes in many countries, are chiefly to be ascribed to the want of education.

Some have objected to the instruction of the lower classes, from an apprehension that it would lift them above their sphere, make them dissatisfied with their station in life, and by impairing the habit of insubordination, endanger the tranquillity of the state; an objection devoid surely of all force

and validity. It is not easy to conceive in what manner instructing men in their duties, or how that enlargement of reason which enables them to comprehend the true grounds of authority and the obligation to obedience, should indispose them to obey. The admirable mechanism of society, together with that subordination of ranks which is essential to its subsistence, is surely not an elaborate imposture, which the exercise of reason will direct and expose. The objection we have stated implies a reflection on the social order, equally impolitic, invidious, and unjust. Nothing in reality renders legitimate government so insecure as extreme ignorance in the people. It is this which yields them an easy prey to seduction, makes them the victims of prejudice and false alarms, and so ferocious withal, that their interference in a time of public commotion is more to be dreaded than the eruption of a volcano.

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#### THE GREAT HISTORICAL AGES.—*Voltaire.*

EVERY age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all histories are nearly alike, to those who seek only to furnish their memories with facts; but whosoever thinks, or, what is still more rare, whosoever has taste, will find but four ages in the history of the world. These four happy ages are those in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by serving as the era of the greatness of the human mind, are examples for posterity.

The first of these ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demosthenes, and Aristotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxitiles; and this honor has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the rest of the known world was then in a state of barbarism.

The second age is that of Cæsar and Augustus, distinguished likewise by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens were seen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks. This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a

new life in that country; the Italians honored them with the title of Virtue, as the first Greeks had distinguished them by the name of Wisdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Tasso, and an Ariosto, flourished. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the most triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbarism, which had disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taste.

The arts, always transplanted from Greece to Italy, found themselves in a favorable soil, where they instantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather these fruits; but either they could not live in those climates, or else they degenerated very fast.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but such as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio; he endeavored in vain to establish schools for paintings; the Italian masters whom he invited to France, raised no pupils there. Some epigrams and a few love tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only prose writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word the Italians alone were in the possession of every thing that was beautiful, excepting music, which was but then in a rude state; and experimental philosophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Lastly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Louis XIV. and is perhaps that which appears the nearest to perfection of all the four; enriched by the discoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than those three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Augustus, and Alexander; but human reason in general was more improved. In this age we first became acquainted with sound philosophy. It may truly be said, that from the last years of Cardinal Richelieu's administration till those which followed the death of Louis XIV. there has happened such a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will serve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itself to England, where it has stirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation stood in need of at that time; it has introduced taste into Germany, and the sciences into Russia; it has even

re-animated Italy, which was languishing; and Europe is indebted for its politeness and spirit of society, to the court of Louis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this side the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It must be owned that the French, in some degree, deserved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeness. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongst them; which is a proof that the useful arts were likewise neglected; for, when once the things of use are carried to perfection, the transition is quickly made to the elegant and agreeable; and it is not at all astonishing, that painting, sculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, should be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though possessed of harbors on the Western ocean and the Mediterranean sea, were without ships; and who, though fond of luxury to an excess, were hardly provided with the most common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English, carried on, in their turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant of the first principles of commerce. Louis XIII. at his accession to the crown, had not a single ship; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thousand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom resembled those pitiful villages which we see on the other side of the Loire. The nobility, who were all stationed in the country, in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches, oppressed the peasant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almost impassable; the towns were destitute of police; and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that, ever since the decline of the Carolingian family, France had languished more or less in this infirm state merely for want of the benefit of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people must either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority must be fixed beyond all opposition. In France, the people were slaves until the reign of Philip Augustus; the noblemen were tyrants till Louis XI.; and the kings always employed in maintaining their authority against their vassals, had neither leisure to think about the happiness of their subjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Louis the XI. did a great deal for the regal powers but nothing for the happiness or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation and all the arts: but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, so that they all perished with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raising France from the calamities and barbarisms in which she had been plunged by thirty years of discord, when he was assassinated in his capital, in the midst of a people whom he had begun to make happy. The Cardinal de Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power sufficiently undisturbed to reform the nation; but he had at the least the honor of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the space of nine hundred years, our genius had been almost always restrained under a Gothic government, in the midst of divisions and cruel wars; destitute of any laws or fixed customs; changing every second century a language which still continued rude and unformed. The nobles were without discipline, and strangers to every thing but war and idleness.

The French had no share either in the great discoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations: they have no title to the discoveries of printing, gunpowder, glasses, telescopes, the sector, compass, the air-pump, or the true system of the universe: they were making tournaments, while the Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering and conquering new countries from the east to the west of the known world. Charles V. had already scattered the treasures of Mexico over Europe, before the subjects of Francis I. had discovered the uncultivated country of Canada; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we may see what they are capable of when properly conducted.

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ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.—*Praed.*

KING ALEXANDER turned aside,  
 But when his glance of youthful pride  
 Rested upon the warriors gray  
 Who bore his lance and shield that day,  
 And the long line of spears, that came  
 Through the far grove like waves of flame,

His forehead burned, his pulse beat high,  
More darkly flashed his shifting eye,  
And visions of the battle-plain  
Came bursting on his soul again.

The old man drew his gaze away  
Right gladly from that long array,  
As if their presence were a blight  
Of pain and sickness to his sight;  
And slowly folding o'er his breast  
The fragments of his tattered vest,  
As was his wont, unasked, unsought,  
Gave to the winds his muttered thought,  
Naming no name of friend or foe,  
And reckless if they heard or no.

"Ay, go thy way, thou painted thing,  
Puppet, which mortals call a King,  
Adorning thee with idle gems,  
With drapery and diadems,  
And scarcely guessing, that beneath  
The purple robe and laurel wreath,  
There's nothing but the common slime  
Of human clay and human crime!  
My rags are not so rich, but they  
Will serve as well to cloak decay.

"And ever round thy jewelled brow  
False slaves and falser friends will bow,  
And Flattery, as varnish flings  
A baseness on the brightest things—  
Will make the monarch's deeds appear  
All worthless to the monarch's ear,  
Till thou wilt turn and think that Fame,  
So vilely dressed, is worse than shame!  
The gods be thanked for all their mercies  
Diogenes hears naught but curses!

"And thou wilt banquet!—air and sea  
Will render up their hoards for thee:  
And golden cups for thee will hold  
Rich nectar, richer far than gold.  
The cunning caterer still must share  
The dainties which his toils prepare;

The page's lip must taste the wine  
 Before he fills the cup for thine!—  
 Will feast with me, on Hecate's cheer?  
 I dread no royal hemlock here!

“And night will come; and thou wilt lie  
 Beneath a purple canopy,  
 With lutes to lull thee, flowers to shed  
 Their feverish fragrance around thy bed,  
 A princess to unclasp thy crest,  
 A Spartan spear to guard thy rest—  
 Dream, happy one!—thy dreams will be  
 Of danger and of perfidy;—  
 The Persian lance,—the Carian club!  
 I shall sleep sounder in my tub!

“And thou wilt pass away, and have  
 A marble mountain o'er thy grave,  
 With pillars tall, and chambers vast,  
 Fit palace for the worm's repast!  
 I too shall perish!—let them call  
 The vulture to my funeral;  
 The Cynic's staff, the Cynic's den,  
 Are all he leaves his fellow-men,—  
 Heedless how this corruption fares,  
 Yea, heedless how it mix with theirs!”



GOD.—*Derzhavin.*

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;  
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!  
 Being above all things! Mighty One!  
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;  
 Who fill'st existence with THYSELF alone:  
 Embracing all,—supporting—ruling o'er,—  
 Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy  
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count  
 The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee



There is no weight nor measure :—none can mount  
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try  
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,  
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence;—Lord! on Thee  
Eternity had its foundation; all  
Sprung forth from Thee;—of light, joy, harmony,  
Sole origin; all life, all beauty Thine.  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious, Great!  
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround  
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death!  
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee,  
And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—  
A glorious company of golden streams—  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams,  
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?  
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered host  
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed

Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought  
 Against infinity! O what am I then? Nought!  
 Nought yet the effluence of Thy light divine,  
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;  
 Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,  
 As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.  
 Nought! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
 Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee  
 I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,  
 Even to the throne of Thy Divinity.  
 I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou Art! directing, guiding all. Thou Art!  
 Direct my understanding then, to Thee;  
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart,  
 Though but an atom midst immensity,  
 Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand!  
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth  
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;  
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
 And the next step is spirit—Deity!  
 I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
 A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!  
 Whence came I here? and how so marvellously  
 Constructed and conceived? Unknown! this clod  
 Lives surely through some higher energy;  
 For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
 Created *me*! Thou source of life and good!  
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude  
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring  
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
 The garments of eternal day, and wing  
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
 Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!  
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,

Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast  
And wait its homage to Thy Deity.  
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;  
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!  
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;  
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

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ON LUXURY.—*Bolingbroke.*

A DISCOURSE on Operas, and the gayer pleasures of the town, may seem to be too trifling for the important scene of affairs in which we are at present engaged; but I must own my fears that they will bear too great a part in the success of a war, to make the consideration of them foreign to it. A very little reflection on history will suggest this observation, that every nation has made either a great or inconsiderable figure in the world, as it has fallen into luxury, or resisted its temptations. What people are more distinguished than the Persians, under Cyrus, nursed up in virtue, and inured to labor and toil? Yet, in the short space of two hundred and twenty years, they became so contemptible under Darius, as scarce to give honor to the conqueror's sword. The Spartan's and the long-rulers of the world, the Romans, speak the same language; and I wish future history may not furnish more modern examples.

When the mind is enervated by luxury, the body soon falls an easy victim to it; for how is it possible to imagine that a man can be capable of the great and generous sentiments, which virtue inspires, whose mind is filled with the soft ideas and wanton delicacies that pleasure must infuse? And were it possible to be warmed with such notions, could it ever put them in execution? For toils and fatigues would be difficulties insurmountable to a soul dissolved in ease. Nor are these imaginary, speculative ideas of a closet; but such as have been the guide and policies of the wisest states. Of this we have the most remarkable instance in Herodotus. "The Persians, after their great and extended conquests, desired Cyrus to give them leave to remove out of their own barren and mountainous country, into one more blest by the indulgence of Providence. But that great and wise prince, revolving the

effect in his mind, bid them do as they would; telling them at the same time, that for the future they must not expect to command, but obey, for Providence had so ordered it, that an effeminate race of people were the certain produce of a delicious country." What regard the great historian had to this opinion, may be easily collected from his reserving it for the conclusion of this excellent piece. And the case is directly the same, whether pleasures are the natural product of a country, or adventitious exotics. They will have the same effect, and cause the same extended ruin. How have they revenged the captive's cause, and made the conqueror's sword the instrument of his own undoing?

Capua destroyed the bravest army which Italy ever saw, flushed with conquest, and commanded by Hannibal. The moment Capua was taken, that moment the walls of Carthage trembled. What was it that destroyed the republic of Athens, but the conduct of Pericles; who by his pernicious politics first debauched the people's minds with shows and festivals, and all the studied arts of ease and luxury; that he might, in the meantime, securely guide the reins of empire, and riot in dominion? He first laid the foundation of Philip's power; nor had a man of Macedon ever thought of enslaving Greece, if Pericles had not first made them slaves to pleasure. That great statesman Tiberius clearly saw what was the surest instrument of arbitrary power; and therefore refused to have luxury redressed, when application was made to him in the senate for that purpose. Artful princes have frequently introduced it with that very view. Davilla tells us, that in an interview and semblance of treaty with the king of Navar, Catharine of Medicis broke the prince's power more with the insidious gaieties of her court, than many battles before had done. But there is a single passage in Herodotus, which will supply the place of more quotations. "When Cyrus had received an account that the Lydians had revolted from him, he told Cræsus, with a good deal of emotion, that he had almost determined to make them all slaves. Cræsus begged him to pardon them; but, says he, that they may no more rebel, or be troublesome to you, command them to lay aside their arms, to wear long vests and buskins. Order them to sing and play on the harp; to drink and debauch; and you will soon see their spirits broken, and themselves changed from men into women; so that they will no more rebel, or be uneasy to you for the future." And the event answered the advice. They

are puny politicians, who attack a people's liberty directly. The means are dangerous, and the success precarious. Notions of liberty are interwoven with our very being; and the least suspicion of its being in danger fires the soul with a generous indignation. But he is the statesman formed for ruin and destruction, whose wily head knows how to disguise the fatal hook with baits of pleasure, which his artful ambition dispenses with a lavish hand, and makes himself popular in undoing. Thus are the easy, thoughtless crowd made the instruments of their own slavery; nor do they know the fatal mine is laid till they feel the goodly pile come tumbling on their heads. This is the finished politician; the darling son of Tacitus and Machiavel.

But, thanks to Providence, the sacred monuments of history extend the short contracted span of human life, and give us years in books. These point out the glorious landmarks for our safety; and bid us be wise in time, before luxury has made too great a progress among us. Operas and masquerades, with all the politer elegancies of a wanton age, are much less to be regarded for their expense, great as it is, than for the tendency which they have to deprave our manners. Music has something so peculiar in it, that it exerts a willing tyranny over the mind, and forms the ductile soul into whatever shape the melody directs. Wise nations have observed its influence, and have therefore kept it under proper regulations. The Spartans, vigilantly provident for the people's safety, took from the famed Timotheus's harp the additional strings, as giving his music a degree of softness inconsistent with discipline. The divine Plato is expressly of opinion, that the music of a country cannot be changed, and the public laws remain unaffected. Heroes will be heroes, even in their music. Soft and wanton are the warbled songs of Paris; but Achilles rings the godlike deeds of heroes. A noble, manly music will place virtue in its most beautiful light, and be the most engaging incentive to it. A well wrought story, attended with its prevailing charms, will transport the soul out of itself; fire it with glorious emulation; and lift the man into a hero; but the soft Italian music relaxes and unnerves the soul, and sinks it into weakness; so that while we receive their music, we are at the same time adopting their manners. The effects of it will appear in the strongest light from the fate of the people of Sybaris; a town in Italy, strong and wealthy; blessed with all the goods of fortune, and skilled in

all the arts of luxury and ease; which they carried to so great an excess, that their very horses were taught to move and form themselves as the music directed. Their constant enemies, the people of Crotona, observing this, brought a great number of harps and pipes into the field, and when the battle began, the music played; upon which these well-bred horses immediately began to dance; which so disconcerted the whole army, that three hundred thousand were killed, and the whole people destroyed. Though this story seems a little fabulous, yet it contains a very good moral. What effect Italian music might have on our polite warriors at Gibraltar, I cannot take upon me to say; but I wish our luxury at home may not influence our courage abroad.

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE ON  
THE MANNERS AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.—*Robertson.*

THE progress of science and the cultivation of literature, had considerable effect in changing the manners of European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now distinguished. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had lost that correct taste which has rendered the productions of their ancestors the standards of excellence, and models for imitation to succeeding ages, still preserved their love for letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardor. But rude Barbarians were so far from being struck with any admiration of these unknown accomplishments, that they despised them. They were not arrived at that state of society in which those faculties of the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves. They were strangers to all those wants and desires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of Roman arts, they destroyed the monuments of them, with industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have since studied to preserve, or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by their settlement in the empire, the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established, together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, banished security and leisure, prevented the growth of taste or the culture of science.

and kept Europe, during several centuries, in a state of ignorance. But as soon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been sunk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects.

The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigor before the intellectual are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they have made but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our ancestors, deviating from the course which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abstruse and metaphysical enquiry. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtle distinctions concerning points which are not the objects of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of enquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigor in Europe.

It was not this circumstance alone that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the eastern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, corrupted those sciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement or of endless controversy. The latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Misled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have

improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life and render it comfortable; they were fretted by authority; they were led astray by example, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested, the human mind. The ardor with which men pursued these uninviting studies was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated in any enlightened age with greater zeal. Schools upon the model of those instituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were created, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academical titles and honors of various kinds were invented, as a recompense for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as required it to a rank of no inconsiderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students resorted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was open to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may appear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe during the period under review,\* were barbarous. They were destitute of elegance, of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with respect to them, were written in that language. To have treated of any subject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined science within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkness and ignorance.

\* From the subversion of the Roman empire to the beginning of the sixteenth century.



But though science was thus prevented, during several ages, from diffusing itself through society, and its influence was circumscribed, the progress of it may be mentioned, nevertheless, among the great causes which contributed to introduce a change of manners in Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged spirit of enquiry, which I have described, occasioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigor. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as interesting. It accustomed them to exercises and occupations which tended to soften their manners and to give them some relish for those gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom science hath been cultivated with success.

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SORROW FOR THE DEAD.—*W. Irving.*

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be brought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gayety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for

the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret;—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

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LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.—*Atherstone*

There was a man,  
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed  
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low  
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,  
But generous, and brave, and kind.  
He had a son: it was a rosy boy,  
A little faithful copy of his sire  
In face and gesture. From infancy the child  
Had been his father's solace and his care.

With earliest morn,  
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,  
He came. The iron door was closed,—for them  
Never to open more! The day, the night,  
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate  
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard  
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,  
And felt its giddy rocking; and the air  
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw  
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped  
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake  
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell  
The dangers of their state. On his low couch  
The fettered soldier sunk, and with deep awe  
Listened to the fearful sounds:—with upturned eye  
To the great gods he breathed a prayer;—then strove  
To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile  
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:—  
His body burned with feverish heat;—his chains  
Clanked loud, although he moved not: deep in earth  
Groaned unimaginable thunders—sounds,  
Fearful and ominous, arose and died,

Like the sad moanings of November's wind,  
 In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled  
 His blood that burned before; cold clammy sweats  
 Came o'er him :—then anon a fiery thrill  
 Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk,  
 And shivered as in fear—now upright leaped,  
 As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,  
 And longed to cope with death.

He slept at last,  
 A troubled dreamy sleep. Well,—had he slept  
 Never to waken more! His hours are few  
 But terrible his agony.

Loudly the father called upon his child:—  
 No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously  
 He searched their couch of straw:—with headlong haste  
 Trod round his stinted limits, and, low bent,  
 Groped darkling on the earth:—no child was there.  
 Again he called:—again, at farthest stretch  
 Of his accursed fetters, till the blood  
 Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes  
 Fire flashed: he strained with arm extended far,  
 And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch  
 Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!  
 Yet still renewed:—still round and round he goes,  
 And strains and snatches,—and with dreadful cries  
 Calls on his boy. Mad phrensy fires him now:  
 He plants against the wall his feet;—his chain  
 Grasps;—tugs with giant strength to force away  
 The deep driven staple:—yells and shrieks with rage  
 And like a desert lion in the snare  
 Raging to break his toils, to and fro bounds.  
 But see! the ground is opening:—a blue light  
 Mounts, gently waving,—noiseless:—thin and cold  
 It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;  
 But by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,  
 Behold the lifeless child!—his dress is singed,  
 And o'er his face serene a darkened line  
 Points out the lightning track.

Silent and pale  
 The father stands:—no tear is in his eye:—  
 The thunders bellow, but he hears them not:

The ground lifts like a sea,—he knows it not :  
 The strong walls grind and gape :—the vaulted roof  
 Takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind :  
 See! he looks up and smiles;—for death to him  
 Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace  
 Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,  
 At every swell, nearer and still more near  
 Moves towards the father's outstretched arms his boy :—  
 Once he has touched his garment :—how his eye  
 Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!  
 Ha! see! he has him now!—he clasps him round,  
 Kisses his face;—puts back the curling locks,  
 That shaded his fine brow.—looks in his eyes,  
 Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands,  
 Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont  
 To lie when sleeping, and resigned awaits  
 Undreaded death.

And death comes soon, and swift,  
 And pangless.

The huge pile sunk down at once  
 Into the opening earth. Walls, arches, roof,  
 And deep foundation-stones, all mingling fell!

#### ENJOYMENT OF THE PRESENT HOUR RECOMMENDED

*Dryden.*

Enjoy the present smiling hour,  
 And put it out of fortune's power :  
 The tide of business, like the morning stream,  
 Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,  
 And always in extreme.  
 Now with a noiseless gentle course  
 It keeps within the middle bed ;  
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,  
 And bears down all before it with impetuous force ;  
 And trunks of trees come rolling down ;  
 Sheep and their folds together drown :  
 Both house and homestead into seas are borne ;  
 And rocks from their old foundations torn ;  
 And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honors  
 mourn.

Happy the man and happy he alone,  
 He who can call to-day his own :  
 He who, secure within, can say,  
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.  
 Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,  
 The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine.  
 Not Heaven itself upon the past has power ;  
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.  
 Fortune, that with malicious joy  
 Does man, her slave, oppress,  
 Proud of her office to destroy,  
 Is seldom pleased to bless :  
 Still various and inconstant still,  
 But with an inclination to be ill,  
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,  
 And makes a lottery of life.  
 I can enjoy her while she's kind ;  
 But when she dances in the wind,  
 And shakes her wings and will not stay,  
 I puff the runagate away :  
 The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd :  
 Content with poverty, my soul I arm ;  
 And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm

What is't to me,  
 Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,  
 If storms arise, and clouds grow black ;  
 If the mast split, and threaten wreck ?  
 Then let the greedy merchant fear  
 For his ill-gotten gain ;  
 And pray to gods that will not hear,  
 While the debating winds and billows bear  
 His wealth into the main.  
 For me, secure from Fortune's blows,  
 Secure of what I cannot lose,  
 In my small pinnace I can sail,  
 Contemning all the blustering roar :  
 And running with a merry gale,  
 With friendly stars my safety seek,  
 Within some little winding creek  
 And see the storm ashore.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, THE TOMBS IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, AND VIEW FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.—*Lynch's Narrative of the Expedition to the River Jordan and Dead Sea.*

ABOVE all others, the spot least doubted, and very far from the least hallowed, was the garden of Gethsemane. It is enclosed by a high stone wall, and when we saw it, the trees were in blossom; the clover upon the ground in bloom, and altogether, in its aspect and its associations, was better calculated than any place I know to soothe a troubled spirit.

Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the base of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with the deep, yawning chasm of Jehoshaphat between them. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead. Each tree in this grove, cankered and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. These trees are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt, and prayed, and wept. No caviling doubts can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad, yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, will give him ample food for contemplation, for they tell of the suffering life and ensanguined death of the Redeemer.

On the same slope, and a little below Gethsemane, facing the city, are the reputed tombs of Absalom, Zachariah, St. James, and Jehoshaphat, the last giving its name to the valley. Some of them are hewn bodily from the rock, and the whole form a remarkable group. That of Absalom in particular, from its peculiar tint, as well as from its style of architecture, reminded us of the description of the sepulchral monuments of Petra. It is eight feet square, surmounted by a rounded

pyramid, and there are six semi-columns to each face, which are of the same mass with the body of the sepulchre.

The tomb of Zachariah is also hewn square from the rock, and its four sides form a pyramid. The tomb of Jehoshaphat has a handsomely carved door; and a portico with four columns indicates the sepulchre where St. James, the apostle, concealed himself.

It was in the valley of Jehoshaphat that Melchisedec, King of Salem, met Abraham on his return from defeating the five kings in the vale of Siddim. In the depths of this ravine, Moloch was worshipped, beneath the temple of the Most High, which crowned the summit of Mount Moriah.

In the village of Siloam, the scene of Solomon's apostacy, the living have ejected the dead, and there are as many dwelling in tombs as in houses. Beneath it, at the base of the Mount of Offence, is the great burial ground, the desired final resting place of Jews all over the world. The flat stones, rudely sculptured with Hebrew characters, lie as the tenants beneath were laid, with their faces towards Heaven. In the village above it and in the city over against it, the silence is almost as death-like as in the grave-yard itself. Here the voice of hilarity or the hum of social intercourse is never heard, and when man meets his fellow, there is no social greeting. The air here never vibrates with the melodious voice of woman, the nearest approach to celestial sound; but shrouded from head to foot, she flits about, abashed and shrinking like some guilty thing. This profound silence is in keeping with the scene. Along the slope of the hill, above the village, the Master, on his way to Bethany, was wont to teach his followers the sublime truths of the gospel. On its acclivity, a little more to the north, he wept for the fate of Jerusalem. In the garden below, he was betrayed, and within those city walls he was crucified. Everything is calculated to inspire with awe, and it is fitting that, except in prayer, the human voice should not disturb these sepulchral solitudes.

From the slope of the Mount of Olives, projects a rock, pointed out by tradition as the one whereon the Saviour sat when he predicted and wept over the fate of Jerusalem. It is farther alleged that upon this spot Titus pitched his camp, when besieging the city. Neither the prediction nor its accomplishment required such a coincidence to make it impressive. The main camp of the besiegers was north of the city, but as the sixth legion was posted on the Mount of Olives, the



tradition may not be wholly erroneous. A little higher, were some grotto-like excavations, hypothetically called the Tombs of the Prophets; and above them, were some arches, under which it is said, the Apostles composed the creed. Yet above, the spot is pointed out where the Messiah taught his disciples the Lord's prayer—that beautiful compend of all that it is necessary for man to ask, whether for time or eternity.

On the summit of the mount are many wheat fields, and it is crowned with a paltry village, a small mosque, and the ruined church of the Ascension. In the naked rock, which is the floor of the mosque, an indentation is shown as the foot print of the Messiah, when he ascended into Heaven. Apart from the rites of the temple of Calvary, and of the Holy Sepulchre, the assigned localities within the city walls, such as the Arch of the Ecce Homo, and the house of the rich man before whose gate Lazarus laid, are unworthy of credit. But those without the walls, like the three first named within them, are geographically defined, and of imperishable materials. While one, therefore, may not be convinced with regard to all, he feels that the traditions respecting them are not wholly improbable.

From the summit, the view was magnificent. On the one hand lay Jerusalem, with its yellow walls, its towers, its churches, its dome-roof houses, and its hills and valleys, covered with orchards and fields of green and golden grain, while beneath, distinct and near, the mosque of Omar, the Harem, (the Sacred,) lay exposed to our infidel gaze, with its verdant carpet and groves of cypress, beneath whose holy shade none but the faithful can seek repose. On the other hand was the valley of the Jordan, a barren plain, with a line of verdure marking the course of the sacred river, until it was lost in an expanse of sluggish water, which was recognized as the familiar scene of our recent labors. The rays of the descending sun shone upon the Arabian shore, and we could see the castle of Kerak, perched high up in the country of Moab, and the black chasm of Zerka, through which flows the hot and sulphureous stream of Callirohol.

No other spot in the world commands a view so desolate, and, at the same time, so interesting and impressive. The yawning ravine of Jehoshaphat, immediately beneath, was verdant with vegetation, which became less and less luxuriant, until a few miles below, it was lost in a huge torrent bed, its sides bare precipitous rock, and its bed covered with boulders,

whitened with saline deposit, and calcined by the heat of a Syrian sun. Beyond it, south, stretched the desert of Judea; and to the north, was the continuous chain of this almost barren mountain. These mountains were not always thus barren and unproductive. The remains of terraces yet upon their slopes, prove that the country, now almost depopulated, once maintained a numerous and industrious people.

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PRODIGALITY.—*Rambler.*

IT is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection; and too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardor takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus, extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes; Syrens that entice him to shipwreck; and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockies, vintners and attorneys; who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is yet not discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity

is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know, that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied: but the time is always hastening forward, when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround him with obsequiousness and compliments, from among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expenses, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be embittered. How can he, then, be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetite with more profuseness.

It appears evident, that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasures of expense; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expense there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it; or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavor at once to spend idly, and to save meanly; having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among those men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquility of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot; and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep, which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance,

and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications; and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance, or impotent desire.

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REFLECTIONS UPON SEEING MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT  
BINFIELD.—*Fitzosborne.*

YOUR letter found me just upon my return from an excursion into Berkshire, where I had been paying a visit to a friend, who is drinking the waters at Sunning-Hill. In one of my morning rides over that delightful country, I accidentally passed through a little village, which afforded me much agreeable meditation; as in time to come perhaps, it will be visited by the lovers of the polite arts, with as much veneration as Virgil's tomb, or any other celebrated spot of antiquity. The place I mean is Binfield, where the Poet, to whom I am indebted, in common with every reader of taste, for so much exquisite entertainment, spent the earliest part of his youth. I will not scruple to confess, that I looked upon the scene where he planned some of those beautiful performances, which first recommended him to the notice of the world, with a degree of enthusiasm; and could not but consider the ground as sacred, that was impressed with the footsteps of a genius that undoubtedly does the highest honor to our age and nation.

The situation of mind in which I found myself upon this occasion suggested to my remembrance a passage in Tully, which I thought I never so thoroughly entered into the spirit of before. That noble author, in one of his philosophical conversation-pieces, introduces his friend Atticus as observing the pleasing effect which scenes of this nature are wont to have upon one's mind: "We are affected," says that polite Roman, "I know not how, by those places in which we see the traces which we love or admire. Indeed I am not so much delighted at Athens by the magnificent works and the exquisite arts of antiquity, as by the recollection of her great men, where they used to live, sit, and dispute."

Thus you see I could defend myself by an example of great authority; were I in danger upon this occasion of being ridi-

culed as a romantic visionary. But I am too well acquainted with the refined sentiments of Orontes, to be under any apprehension he will condemn the impressions I have here acknowledged. On the contrary, I have often heard you mention with approbation, a circumstance of this kind which is related of Silius Italicus. The annual ceremonies which that poet performed at Virgil's sepulchre, gave you a more favorable opinion of his taste, you confessed, than anything in his works was able to raise.

It is certain, that some of the greatest names of antiquity have distinguished themselves, by the high reverence they showed to the poetical character. Scipio, you may remember, desired to be laid in the same tomb with Junius; and I am inclined to pardon that successful madman Alexander many of his extravagancies, for the generous regard he paid to the memory of Pindar, at the sacking of Thebes.

There seems, indeed, to be something in poetry that raises the professors of that very singular talent, far higher in the estimation of the world in general, than those who excel in any other of the refined arts. And accordingly we find that poets have been distinguished by antiquity with the most remarkable honors. Thus Homer, we are told, was deified at Smyrna; as the citizens of Mitylene stamped the image of Sappho upon their public coin: Anacreon received a solemn invitation to spend his days at Athens, and Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, fitted out a splendid vessel in order to transport him thither: and when Virgil came into the theatre at Rome, the whole audience rose up and saluted him, with the same respect as they would have paid to Augustus himself.

Painting, one would imagine, has the fairest pretensions of rivalling her sister art in the number of admirers; and yet, where Apelles is mentioned once, Homer is celebrated a thousand times. Nor can this be accounted for by urging that the works of the latter are still extant, while those of the former have perished long since; for is not Milton's *Paradise Lost* more universally esteemed than Raphaël's *Cartoons*?

The truth, I imagine, is, there are more who are natural judges of the harmony of numbers, than of the grace of proportions. One meets with but few who have not, in some degree at least, a tolerable ear; but a judicious eye is a far more uncommon possession. For as words are the universal medium, which all men employ in order to convey their sentiments to each other; it seems a just consequence, that they

should be more generally formed for relishing and judging of performances in that way : whereas the art of representing ideas by means of lines and colors, lies more out of the road of common use, and is therefore less adapted to the taste of the general run of mankind.

I hazard this observation in the hopes of drawing from you your sentiments upon a subject, in which no man is more qualified to decide ; as indeed it is to the conversation of *Orontes*, that I am indebted for the discovery of many refined delicacies in the imitative arts, which, without his judicious assistance, would have laid concealed to me with other common observers.

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HORACE—BOOK II.—ODE 10.—*Cowper*.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,  
So shalt thou live beyond the reach  
Of adverse fortune's pow'r :  
Nor always tempt the distant deep,  
Nor always timorously creep  
Along the treach'rous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,  
And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r  
Of wintry blast ; the loftiest tow'r  
Comes heaviest to the ground ;  
The bolts that spare the mountain's side  
His cloud-capt eminence divide,  
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher  
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,  
And hopes in spite of pain :  
If winter bellow from the north,  
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,  
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?  
 The dark appearance will not last;  
     Expect a brighter sky :  
 The god that strings the silver bow  
 Awakes sometimes to the muses too,  
     And lays his arrows by.

If hind'rances obstruct thy way,  
 Thy magnanimity display,  
     And let thy strength be seen:  
 But, oh! if fortune fill thy sail  
 With more than a propitious gale,  
     Take half thy canvass in

OPENING OF THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.—*Barlow.*

I sing the Mariner who first unfurl'd  
 An eastern banner o'er the western world,  
 And taught mankind where future empires lay  
 In these fair confines of descending day;  
 Who sway'd a moment with vicarious power,  
 Iberia's sceptre on the new-found shore;  
 Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod  
 Pursued by avarice and defiled with blood,  
 The tribes he foster'd with paternal toil  
 Snatch'd from his hand, and slaughter'd for their spoil  
 Slaves, kings, adventurers, envious of his name,  
 Enjoy'd his labors and purloin'd his fame,  
 And gave the Viceroy, from his high seat hurl'd,  
 Chains for a crown, a prison for a world!

Long overwhelm'd in woes, and sick'ning there,  
 He met the slow, still march of black despair,  
 Sought the last refuge from his hopeless doom,  
 And wish'd from thankless men a peaceful tomb:  
 Till vision'd ages, op'ning on his eyes,  
 Cheer'd his sad soul, and bade new nations rise;  
 He saw the Atlantic heaven with light o'ercast,  
 And freedom crown his glorious work at last.

Almighty freedom! give my vent'rous song  
 The force, the charm, that to thy voice belong,  
 'Tis thine to shape my course, to light my way,

To serve my country with the patriot lay,  
 To teach all men where all their int'rest lies,  
 How rulers may be just, and nations rise :  
 Strong in thy strength, I bend no suppliant knee,  
 Invoke no miracle, no Muse but thee.

Night held on old Castile her silent reign,  
 Her half-orb'd moon declining to the main ;  
 O'er Valladolid's regal turrets hazed,  
 The drizzly fogs from dull Pisuerga rais'd ;  
 Whose hov'ring sheets, along the welkin driven,  
 Thinn'd the pale stars, and shut the eye from heaven.  
 Cold-hearted Ferdinand his pillow press'd,  
 Nor dream'd of those his mandates robb'd of rest ;  
 Of him who gemm'd his crown, who stretch'd his reign  
 To realms that weigh'd the tenfold poise of Spain ;  
 Who now beneath his tower indungeon'd lies,  
 Sweats the chill sod, and breathes inclement skies.

His fev'rish pulse, slow lab'ring through his frame,  
 Feeds with scant force its fast expiring flame ;  
 A far, dim watch-lamp's thrice reflected beam  
 Throws through his grates a mist encumber'd gleam,  
 Paints the dun vapors that the cell invade,  
 And fills with spectred forms the midnight shade ;  
 When from a visionary, short repose  
 That nurs'd new cares, and temper'd keener woes,  
 Columbus woke, and to the walls address'd  
 The deep-felt sorrows bursting from his breast :

" Here lies the purchase, here the wretched spoil  
 Of painful years and persevering toil :  
 For these damp caves, this hideous haunt of pain,  
 I trac'd new regions o'er the chartless main,  
 Tam'd all the dangers of untravers'd waves,  
 Hung o'er their clefts, and topp'd their surging graves,  
 Saw trait'rous seas o'er coral mountains sweep,  
 Red thunders rock the pole and scorch the deep,  
 Death rear his front in ev'ry varying form,  
 Gape from the shoals, and ride the roaring storm,  
 My struggling bark her seamy planks disjoin,  
 Rake the rude rock, and drink the copious brine :  
 Till the tired elements are lull'd at last,  
 And milder suns allay the billowing blast,  
 Lead on the tradewinds with unvarying force,  
 And long and landless curve our constant course.



Our homeward heaven recoils; each night forlorn  
Calls up new stars, and backward rolls the morn :  
The boreal vault descends with Europe's shore,  
And bright Calisto shuns the wave no more ;  
The Dragon dips his fiery-foaming jole,  
The affrighted magnet flies the faithless pole ;  
Nature portends a gen'ral change of laws ;  
My daring deeds are deem'd the guilty cause ;  
The desperate crew, to insurrection driven,  
Devote their captain to the wrath of Heaven,  
Resolve at once to end the audacious strife,  
And buy their safety with his forfeit life.

In that sad hour, this feeble frame to save,  
Unblest reprieve! and rob the gaping wave,  
The morn broke forth, these fearful orbs descried  
The golden banks that bound the western tide.  
With full success I calm'd the clam'rous race,  
Bade heaven's blue arch a second earth embrace ;  
And gave the astonish'd age that bounteous shore,  
Their wealth to nations, and to kings their power.

Land of delights! ah, dear, delusive coast,  
No more thy glowing plain and hills I boast,  
No more, thy flow'ry vales I travel o'er,  
For me thy mountains rear the head no more ;  
For me thy rocks no sparkling gems unfold,  
Nor streams luxuriant wear their paths in gold ;  
From realms of promis'd peace for ever borne,  
I hail mute anguish, and in secret mourn.

But dangers past, a world explored in vain,  
And foes triumphant, show but half my pain :  
Dissembling friends, each early joy who gave,  
And fired my youth the storms of fate to brave,  
Swarm'd in the sunshine of my happier days,  
Pursued the fortune, and partook the praise,  
Now pass my cell with smiles of sour disdain,  
Insult my woes, and triumph in my pain.

One gentle guardian once could shield the brave ;  
But now that guardian slumbers in the grave.  
Hear from above, thou dear departed shade !  
As once my hopes, my present sorrows aid ;  
Burst my full heart, afford that last relief ;  
Breathe back my sighs, and reinspire my grief.  
Still in my sight thy royal form appears,

Reproves my silence, and demands my tears.  
 E'en on that hour no more I joy to dwell,  
 When thy protection bade the canvass swell;  
 When kings and churchmen found their factions vain,  
 Blind Superstition shrunk beneath her chain,  
 The sun's glad beam led on the circling way,  
 And isles rose beauteous in Atlantic day.  
 For on those silv'ry shores, that new domain,  
 What crowds of tyrants fix their murd'rous reign!  
 Her infant realm indignant Freedom flies,  
 Truth leaves the world and Isabella dies.

Ah, lend thy friendly shroud to veil my sight,  
 That these pain'd eyes may dread no more the light;  
 These welcome shades shall close my instant doom,  
 And this drear mansion moulder to a tomb."

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ENDEAVORS OF MANKIND TO GET RID OF THEIR BUR-  
 DENS.—*Addison.*

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further; he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe,

embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were numbers of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on the occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which, I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a shameful length. I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a secret proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation, with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself, and parcelled out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the Rheumatism, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been

thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father who came towards him with a fit of vertigo, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his Rheumatism; but they were incapable either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure united and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman who went off a very well shaped person, but suffering from some terrible malady; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clasped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent,

I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, having compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was seen in her place a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She, every now and then, cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, nor to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to think lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

WOODLARK LANE.—*Mary Russell Mitford.*

THERE are some places that seem formed by nature for doubling and redoubling the delight of reading and dreaming over the greater poets. Living in the country, one falls into the habit of choosing out a fitting nest for that enjoyment, and with Beaumont and Fletcher especially, to whose dramatic fascinations I have the happy knack of abandoning myself, without troubling myself in the least about their dramatic faults, (I do not speak here of graver sins, observe, gentle reader;) their works never seem to me half so delightful as when I pore over them in the silence and solitude of a certain green lane, about half a mile from home; sometimes seated on the roots of an old fantastic beech, sometimes on the trunk of a felled oak, or sometimes on the ground itself, with my back propped lazily against a rugged elm.

In that very lane am I writing on this sultry June day, luxuriating in the shade, the verdure, the fragrance of hay-field and of bean-field, and the absence of all noise, except the song of birds; and that strange mingling of many sounds, the whizz of a thousand forms of insect life, so often heard among the general hush of a summer noon.

Woodlark Lane is so called, not after the migratory bird so dear to sportsmen and epicure, but from the name of a family, who, three centuries ago, owned the old manor-house, a part of which still adjoins it, just as the neighboring eminence of Beech Hill is called after the ancient family of De la Beeche, rather than from the three splendored beech-trees that still crown its summit; and this lane would probably be accounted beautiful by any one who loved the close recesses of English scenery, even though the person in question should happen not to have haunted it these fifty years as I have done.

It is a grassy lane, edging off from the high road, nearly two miles in length, and varying from fifty to one hundred yards in width. The hedge rows on either side are so thickly planted with tall elms as almost to form a verdant wall, for the greater part doubly screened by rows of the same stately tree, the down-dropping branches forming close shady foot-paths on either side, and leaving in the centre a broad level strip of the finest turf, just broken, here and there, by cart tracks, and crossed by slender rills. The effect of these tall solemn trees, so equal in height, so unbroken, and so continuous, is quite grand and imposing as twilight comes on; especially when

some slight bend in the lane gives to the outline almost the look of an amphitheatre.

On the southern side, the fields slope with more or less abruptness to the higher lands above, and winding foot paths and close woody lanes lead up the hill to the breezy common. To the north, the fields are generally of pasture-land, broken by two or three picturesque farm-houses, with their gable ends, their tall chimneys, their trim gardens, and their flowery orchards; and varied by a short avenue, leading to the equally picturesque old manor-house, of darkest brick and quaintest architecture. Over the gates, too, we catch glimpses of more distant objects. The large white mansion where my youth was spent, rising from its plantations, and the small church, embowered in trees, whose bell is heard at the close of day, breathing of peace and holiness.

Toward the end of the laue, a bright clear brook comes dancing over a pebbly bed, bringing with it all that water is wont to bring of life, of music, of color. Gayly it bubbles through banks adorned by the yellow flag, the flowering rush, the willow-herb, the meadow-sweet, and the forget-me-not; now expanding into a wide quiet pool, now contracted into a mimic rapid between banks that almost meet; and so the little stream keeps us company, giving, on this sunny day, an indescribable feeling of refreshment and coolness, until we arrive at the end of the lane, where it slants away to the right amid a long stretch of water meadows; while we pause to gaze at the lovely scenery on the other hand, where a bit of marshy ground leads to the park paling and grand old trees of the Great House at Beech Hill, through an open grove of oaks, terminated by a piece of wild wood land, so wild, that Robin-hood might have taken it for a glade in his own Forest of Merry Sherwood.

Except about half a mile of gravelly road, leading from the gate of the manor-house to one of the smaller farms, and giving, by its warm orange tint, much of richness to the picture, there is nothing like a passable carriage way in the whole length of the lane, so that the quiet is perfect.

Occasional passengers there are, however, gentle and simple; my friend, Mr. B., for instance, has just cantered past on his blood-horse, with a nod and a smile, saying nothing, but apparently a good deal amused with my arrangements. And here comes a procession of cows going to milking, with an old attendant, still called the cow-boy, who, although they



have seen me often enough, one should think, sitting underneath a tree writing, with my little maid close by hemming flounces, and my dog, Fanchon, nestled at my feet—still *will* start, as if they had never seen a woman before in their lives. Back they start, and then they rush forward, and then the old drover emits certain sounds, which it is to be presumed the cows understand; sounds so horribly discordant that little Fanchon—although to her, too, they ought to be familiar, if not comprehensible—starts up in a fright on her feet, deranging all the economy of my extempore desk, and well-nigh upsetting the inkstand. Very much frightened is my pretty pet, the arrantest coward that ever walked upon four legs! And so she avenges herself, as cowards are wont to do, by following the cows, at a safe distance, as soon as they are fairly past, and beginning to bark amain when they are nearly out of sight. Then follows a motly group of the same nature, colts, yearlings, calves, heifers, with a shouting boy and his poor shabby mongrel cur for driver. The poor cur wants to play with Fanchon, but Fanchon, besides being a coward, is also a beauty, and holds her state; although, I think, if he could but stay long enough, that the good humor of the poor merry creature would prove infectious, and beguile the little lady into a game of romps. Lastly appears the most solemn troop of all, a grave company of geese and goslings, with the gander at their head, marching with the decorum and dignity proper to the birds who saved Rome. Fanchon, who once had an affair with a gander, in which she was notably worsted, retreats out of sight, and ensconces herself between me and the trees.

Besides these mere passing droves, we have a scattered little flock of ewes and lambs belonging to an industrious widow, on the hill, and tended by two sunburnt smiling children, her son and daughter; a pretty pair, as innocent as the poor sheep they watch beside, never seen apart. And peasants returning from their work, and a stray urchin bird's nesting; and that will make a complete catalogue of the frequenters of our lane—except, indeed, that now and then a village youth and village maiden will steal along the sheltered path. Perhaps they came to listen to the nightingales, for which the place is famous; perhaps they came to listen to the voice which each prefers to all the nightingales that ever sang—who knows?

Such are our passers-by. Sometimes, however, we have what I was about to call settled inhabitants, in the shape of a camp of gipsies.

Just where the lane, enlivened by a rustic bridge, suddenly expands to nearly double its proper width, a nook appears, so dry, so snug, so shady, so cozy, that it is almost worth while to be a gipsy to live in it. Here, at almost every season, between May and November, may be seen two or three low tents, with a cart or so drawn up under the hedge, an old horse and sundry donkeys grazing round about. At a safe distance from the encampment appears a fire, glimmering and vapory by day, glowing into an intensity of blaze and comfort in the twilight. Sometimes a pot is hung on by the primitive contrivance of three sticks united at the top; sometimes a copper kettle dazzling bright and clean, and around it the usual group of picturesque women and children. The men, who carry on a small trade in forest ponies, are seldom visible at the camp; the children make baskets, and the women sell them and tell fortunes; the former calling affording an excuse and an introduction to the less ostensible, but not less profitable craft.

Baskets they make, and baskets they sell, at about double the price at which they might be bought at the dearest shop in the good town of Belford Regis; of this I am myself a living instance, having been talked into buying a pair at that rate only the last Saturday that ever fell.

I confess to liking the gipsies; strange, wild, peculiar people, whose origin, whose history, whose very language is a mystery! I do not like them the less that I have never experienced at their hands the slightest incivility, or the most trifling wrong, for this affair of the baskets can hardly be called such, it being wholly at my option to buy or to refuse.

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THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.—Burns.

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays:

With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:

To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,

The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;

What Aitken in a cottage would have been;

Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sough;  
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;  
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:  
 The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,  
*This night* his weekly toil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
 Th' expectant children, toddlin, stacher thro'  
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.  
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *wife's* smile,  
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come dropping in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun',  
 Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town;  
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,  
 In youthful bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,  
 Comes home, perhaps, to show a bran new gown,  
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,  
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers:  
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;  
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
 Anticipation forward points the view.  
 The *mother*, wi' her needle an' her shears,  
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;  
 The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,  
 The younkers a' are warned to obey;  
 And mind their labors wi' an eyedent hand,  
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;

“An’ O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!  
 An’ mind your *duty*, duly, morn an’ night!  
 Lest in temptation’s path ye gang astray,  
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!”

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
*Jenny*, wha kens the meaning o’ the same,  
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o’er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in *Jenny’s* e’e, and flush her cheek;  
 Wi’ heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,  
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;  
 Weel pleas’d the mother hears it’s nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi’ kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben;  
 A strappin youth; he takes the mother’s eye:  
 Blithe *Jenny* sees the visit’s no ill ta’en;  
 The father cracks of horses, ploughs, and kye.  
 The youngster’s artless heart o’erflows wi’ joy,  
 But blate and laithfu’, scarce can weel behave;  
 The mother, wi’ a woman’s wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu’ an’ sae grave;  
 Weel pleas’d to think her *bairn’s* respected like the lave.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halsome *parritch*, chief o’ *Scotia’s* food:  
 The sowpe their only *Hawkie* does afford,  
 That ’yont the hallan snugly chews her cood:  
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain’d kebbuck fell,  
 An’ aft he’s prest, an’ aft he ca’s it guid:  
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,  
 How ’twas a towmond auld, sin’ lint was i’ the bell.

The cheerfu’ supper done, wi’ serious face,  
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
 The sire turns o’er, wi’ patriarchal grace,  
 The big *ha’-Bible*, ance his father’s pride:  
 His bonnet rev’rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an’ bare:  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care:  
 And “*Let us worship God!*” he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim.  
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise;  
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the dame;  
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heav'n-ward flame,  
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays:  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;  
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How *Abram* was the *friend of God* on high;  
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage  
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;  
 Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;  
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
 Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;  
 How *he*, who bore in Heaven the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;  
 How his first followers and servants sped;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:  
 How *He*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;  
 And heard great *Bablon's* doom pronounced by Heaven's  
 command.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,  
 The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide,

Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !  
 The *Pow'r*, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;  
 And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :  
 The parent pair their *secret homage* pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
 That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
 And decks the lilly fair in flow'ry pride,  
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide ;  
 But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 " An honest man's the noblest work of God !"  
 And *certainly*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,  
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind ;  
 What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of sin, in wickedness refined !

O *Scotia* ! dear, my own—my native soil !  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !  
 And, O ! may Heav'n their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,  
 A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around the much loved *Isle*.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide,  
 That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart ;  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's *God*, peculiarly *Thou* art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)  
 O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert ;

But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

## GLOSSARY.

*Sough*, a sigh.  
*Toddlin*, tottering.  
*Stacker*, stagger.  
*Flichtering*, fluttering.  
*Ingle*, fire-place.  
*Belyoe*, by and by.  
*Ca'*, drive.  
*Tentie*, cautious.  
*Spierz*, asks.  
*Uncos*, strange things.  
*Gars*, makes.  
*Clacs*, clothes.  
*Eyedent*, diligent.  
*Jauk*, trifle.  
*Kens*, knows.  
*Haffins*, half.  
*Ben*, into the parlor.

*Kye*, cows.  
*Blate*, bashful.  
*Laithful*, careful.  
*Lave*, the rest.  
*Halsome*, wholesome.  
*Parrich*, oatmeal pudding.  
*Sowpe*, spoonful.  
*Hawkie*, cow.  
*Hallan*, partition wall.  
*Kebbuck*, cheese.  
*Hain'd*, spared.  
*Towmond*, a twelvemonth.  
*Lint*, flax.  
*Ha'*, hall.  
*Lyart haffets*, grey locks.  
*Wales*, chooses.  
*Beet*, increase.

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 SPAIN.—*Longfellow*.

It is a beautiful morning in June; so beautiful that I almost fancy myself in Spain. The tessellated shadow of the honey-suckle lies motionless upon my floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet, and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild brier and the mock-orange reminding me of that soft sunny clime where the very air is laden, like the bee, with sweetness, and the south wind

"Comes over gardens, and the flowers  
That kissed it are betrayed."

The birds are carolling under the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine, while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of the doves from the eaves, and the whirling of a little humming-bird that has its nest in the honey-suckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun. How like the climate of the south! How like a summer morning in Spain!

My recollections of Spain are of the most lively and delightful kind. The character of the soil and of the inhabitants—the stormy mountains and free spirits of the north,—

the prodigal luxuriance and gay voluptuousness of the south,—the history and traditions of the past, resembling more the fables of romance than the solemn chronicle of events,—a soft, and yet majestic language that falls like martial music on the ear, and a literature rich in the attractive lore of poetry and fiction—these, but not these alone, are my reminiscences of Spain. With these I recall the thousand little circumstances and enjoyments which always give a coloring to our recollections of the past;—the clear sky—the pure balmy air—the delicious fruits and flowers—the wild fig and the aloe—the palm tree and the olive by the way side—all, all that makes existence so joyous, and renders the sons and daughters of that clime the children of impulse and sensation.

As I write these words, a shade of sadness steals over me. When I think what that glorious land might be, and what it is—what Nature intended it should be, and what man has made it—my very heart sinks within me. My mind instinctively reverts from the degradation of the present to the glory of the past; or, looking forward with strong misgivings, but with yet stronger hopes, interrogates the future.

The burnished armor of the Cid stands in the archives of the royal museum of Madrid, and there, too, is seen the armor of Ferdinand and Isabel, of Guzman the Good, and Gonzalo de Cordova, and of other early champions of Spain; but what hand shall now wield the sword of Campeador, or lift up the banner of Leon and Castile? The ruins of Christian castle and Moorish alcazar, still look forth from the hills of Spain; but where, O where is the spirit of freedom that once fired the children of the Goth? Where is the spirit of Bernardo del Carpio, and Perez de Largas, and Alonzo de Aguilar? Shall it forever sleep? Shall it never again beat high in the hearts of their degenerate sons? Shall the descendants of Palgyo bow forever beneath an iron yoke, “like the cattle whose despair is dumb?”

The dust of the Cid lies mingled with the dust of old Castile; but his spirit is not buried with his ashes. It sleeps, but is not dead. The day will come when the foot of the tyrant shall be shaken from the neck of Spain; when a brave and generous people, though now ignorant, degraded, and much abused, shall “know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them.”



ON THE STARRY HEAVENS.—*Hervey.*

To us who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold. It is also clothed with verdure; distinguished by trees; and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations. Whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect; looks luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears.

That which we call, alternately, the morning and evening star; as in one part of her orbit, she rides foremost in the procession of night; in the other, ushers in and anticipates the dawn, is a planetary world; which, with five others, that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be abodes of intellectual life. All which, together with this our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays; derive their comfort from his divine agency.

The sun is the great axle of heaven, about which, the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated course. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illustrates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth; on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line, extending through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles. A girdle, formed to surround it, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overpower our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express.

Are we startled at these reports of astronomy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, How mighty is the Being, who kindled such a prodigious fire, and who keeps alive, from age to age, such an enormous mass of flame! Let us attend our philosophical guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged, and more amazing.

This sun, with all attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe. Every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters on a lady's ring, is really a mighty globe; like the sun in size,

and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous than the radiant source of our day. So that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system: has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving around its attractive influence. All which are lost to our sight in immeasurable wilds of ether.

That the stars appear like so many diminutive, and scarcely distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Such a distance, that a cannon ball, could it continue its impetuous flight, with unabating rapidity, would not reach the nearest of those twinkling luminaries for more than five hundred thousand years!

Can any thing be more wonderful than these observations? Yes; there are truths far more stupendous; there are scenes far more extensive. As there is no end of the Almighty Maker's greatness, so no imagination can set limits to his creating hand. Could you soar beyond the moon, and pass through all the planetary choir; could you wing your way to the highest apparent star and take your stand on one of those lofty pinnacles of heaven, you would there see other skies expanded; another sun, distributing his inexhaustible beams by day; other stars which gild the horrors of the alternate night; and other, perhaps nobler, systems, established in unknown profusion, through the boundless dimensions of space. Nor do the dominions of the universal sovereign terminate there. Even at the end of this vast tour, you would find yourself advanced no farther than the suburbs of creation; arrived only at the frontiers of the great Jehovah's kingdom.

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THOUGHTS.—*Fichte.*

EXALTED and living Will, whom no name can express and no idea embrace, I yet may raise my heart to Thee! for Thou and I are not divided. Thy voice is audible within me. In Thee, the Incomprehensible, my own nature and the whole world become intelligible to me; every riddle of my existence is solved, and perfect harmony reigns in my soul. I veil my face before Thee, and lay my hands upon my lips. Such as Thou really art,—such as Thou appearest unto Thyself,—I can no more behold than I can become like Thee. After thousands of thousands of lives such as superior spirits live, I

should be as little able to understand Thee as in this house of clay. What I understand is, from my very understanding it, finite, and by no progression can ever be transformed into the infinite. Thou differest from the finite, not in degree, but in kind. I will not attempt that which my finite nature forbids. I will not seek to know the nature and essence of Thy being. But Thy relations to myself and to all that is finite lie open before my eyes. Thou createst in me the consciousness of my duty,—of my destination in the series of rational beings; how, I know not, nor need I know. Thou knowest my thoughts, and acceptest my intentions. In the contemplation of this Thy relation to my finite nature, I will be tranquil and happy. Of myself I know not what I ought to do. I will do it simply, joyfully, and without cavil, for it is Thy voice that commands me, and the strength with which I perform my duty is Thy strength. I am tranquil under every event of the world, for it is Thy world. Whatever happens forms part of the plan of the eternal world and of Thy goodness. What in this plan is positive good, and what only means of removing existing evil, I know not. In Thy world all will end in good,—this is enough for me, and in this faith I stand fast; but what in Thy world is mere germ, what blossom, and what the perfect fruit, I know not. The only thing which is important to me, is the progress of reason and morality through all the ranks of rational beings.

When my heart is closed to all earthly desires, the universe appears to my eye in a glorified aspect. The dead cumbrous masses which served only to fill space, disappear, and in their place the eternal stream of life and strength and action, flows on from its source,—primeval life, from THY life, thou Ever lasting One!

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THE HERMIT.—*Beattie.*

At the close of day, when the hamlet is still,—  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;—  
 'Twas then by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;—  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man;—

"Ah, why thus abandoned to darkness and wo,  
 Why lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthal.  
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew thy sad lay;  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn:  
 O soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine pass away—  
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon half extinguished, her crescent displays;  
 But lately I marked, when majestic on high,  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again,  
 But man's faded glory no change shall renew!  
 Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
 I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore,  
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew,  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!  
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

'Twas thus by the glare of false science betrayed,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
 Destruction before me and sorrow behind:  
 "O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,  
 Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee!  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:  
 From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away;  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,  
 Lo, breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending!  
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,  
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

THE BETTER LAND.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;  
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;  
 Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?—  
 Shall we not seek it and weep no more?—  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
 And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
 And the date grows ripe under the sunny skies?—  
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,  
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,  
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,  
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?  
 Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
 Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;  
 Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;  
 "It is there, it is there, my child!"

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 PERSEVERANCE.—*Shakspeare.*

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great sized monster of ingratitude's:  
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured  
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,

Keeps honor bright; to have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail,  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,  
 For honor travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path;  
 For emulation has a thousand sons,  
 That one by one pursue; if you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindermost.  
 Or, like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the object rear,  
 O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,  
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er top yours;  
 For time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.

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THE STEAMBOAT.—O. W. Holmes.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads  
 The ridged and rolling waves,  
 As crashing o'er their crested heads,  
 She bows her surly slaves!  
 With foam before and fire behind,  
 She rends the clinging sea,  
 That flies before the roaring wind,  
 Beneath her hissing lee  
 The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,  
 With heap'd and glistening bells  
 Falls round her fast in ringing showers,  
 With every wave that swells;  
 And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,  
 In lurid fringes thrown,  
 The living gems of ocean sweep  
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,  
And smoking torch on high,  
Where winds are loud, and billows reel,  
She thunders foaming by!  
Where seas are silent and serene,  
With even beam she glides,  
The sunshine glimmering through the green  
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart  
She veils her shadowy form,  
The beating of her restless heart  
Still sounding through the storm;  
Now answers, like a courtly dame,  
The reddening surges o'er,  
With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,  
Who trims his narrow'd sail;  
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep  
Her broad breast to the gale;  
And many a fore sail, scoop'd and strain'd,  
Shall break from yard and stay,  
Before this smoky wreath has stain'd  
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,  
I see yon quivering mast;  
The black throat of the hunted cloud  
Is panting forth the blast!  
An hour, and, whirl'd like winnowing chaff,  
The giant surge shall fling  
His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff  
White as the sea-bird's wing.

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep;  
No wind nor wave shall tire  
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses beat  
With floods of living fire;  
Sleep on—and when the morning light  
Streams o'er the shining bay,  
Oh, think of those for whom the night  
Shall never wake in day!

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—*Rumohr.*

"IN this secluded situation," said the mistress, "I have been obliged to dispense entirely with the instruction of masters."

"Perhaps," thought I, "because they insinuate themselves into the good graces of their unsuspecting pupils."

But the domina, who read this suspicion in my eyes, had totally other reasons in her mind.

"No," said she, "that excessive anxiety to keep young girls from the flatteries of men is far more dangerous than the most reprehensible heedlessness. It is as if one were reared in a hot house, plants which are afterwards to be exposed to the open air. As the vigorous plant can resist the assaults of the weather, so a sound judgment, and feelings not pampered into mawkish sensibility, can offer a steady resistance to the suggestions of folly or vice."

It was, therefore, not any moral timorousness which determined her to dispense with the lessons of masters, but the superficiality of their teaching, and the entire uselessness of the most of the so-called accomplishments, the only tendency of which is to rob young women of valuable time, and to inspire them with ludicrous and tiresome pretensions.

"The formation of moral character," she continued, "is the main thing in female education, and I have, therefore, to object to so-called accomplishments, that they afford dangerous food to vanity and egotism. But my chief objection to masters is their superficiality. If one finds in the world a half-honest teacher who has something of a profound and accurate knowledge of language and science, he will not devote himself to the instruction of women;—or, if wished to do so, people will not have him. The pride of men regards our sex as unworthy of serious and profound studies. But how does this determination to condemn us to indistinctness of ideas and frivolity of mind, avenge itself on them. Have you ever happened to be a witness of domestic brawls?—of genuine feminine altercations? Where do you hear a single argument? Where is a particle of reason evinced in the replies? Senseless contradictions, endless repetitions, are, to the despair of all belonging to them, the arguments of obstinate and shrewish women. Whence is this? It does not arise from the superficiality of their education? Believe me, if women were taught to think, reason would not be so entirely thrown away upon them.



"This tyrannical denial of solid instruction recoils, however, in various ways on men, with whom it originates. For the nature of the lot they draw when they marry, depends not on the principles of their wives, but solely on their temperament, which is very difficult to ascertain before hand. Now a man educates even his domestic animals; he will have his dog intelligent, his horse docile, his ox steady;—how can it then be a matter of such indifference to him, whether his wife, in the conduct of her household, in the early education of his children, in the intimate conversation of domestic life, displays reason, reflection, and clearness of mind? Married people want to think with each other in a reasonable manner on various subjects, and of these, many can only be brought to any conclusion by inferences clearly deduced from principles. Now talk of principles with women, as they are generally educated!

"And then domestic life,—what resources of happiness might it afford if women were capable of furnishing more food to the conversation of instructed men! Is it not melancholy to see that each sex has its own separate society? Really, as I have a taste for whatever is decided, I should prefer the harem of the Turks to these assemblies of both sexes, in which the women talk scandal in one corner and the men politics in another;—as if there could be no community of interests or pleasures between them.

"These things would arrange themselves naturally if the ground work were put upon a good footing. In order to accomplish this, I have devised a new system, in which the reason is constantly exercised. You will not deny, that without grammar there is no such thing as logic. Now let any one try to teach the grammar of the modern tongues without the help of the ancient. My young pupils certainly learned the most colloquial phrases of French, they tortured German after the fashion of our part of the country; but in all this there was no precision, clearness, nor coherence, any more than in the books which we are forced to use in education. But as I perceived the meaning of what learned men have more than once explained to me, as to the causes of the want of all distinctness and accuracy in women's language, I esteemed myself fortunate in the discovery that my excellent assistant is a schoolmaster's daughter, and a good Latin scholar. To avoid frightening my young girls with learning, or exciting the derision of men, I gave out that Latin was only

subsidiary to music,—for this too, we study fundamentally, or not at all, and therefore we sing the old corali with the Latin text. This pretext answers very well; and to give my young ladies courage, I put my own hand to the work, and learned my *musa, musae*, like the least of them.

“But you are going to ask what I mean to do as to Latin books, to most of which I believe some objections may be urged.

“I answer that the important matter for us women is not so much to read Latin books, as to learn a language which possesses so many forms, so much certainty and precision.”

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#### CLASSICAL STUDIES.—*Joseph Story.*

I PASS over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity, which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces of princes and of temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions, in which wisdom speaks, as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of poetical genius which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny: of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms, and chained senates to the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay, as one remembers the face of a dead friend by gathering up the broken fragments of his image—as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told—as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of the rivulet—as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight.

There is not a single nation from the North to the South of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated learning in her universities, and colleges, and grammar schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English litera-

ture without the lights of classical learning loses half the charms of its sentiments and styles, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful illusions, of its illustrative associations. Who, that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste, which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who, that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who, that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep at

"Siloa's brook, that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God"—

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

It is no exaggeration to declare that he who purposes to abolish classical studies purposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellencies which few may hope to equal and none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality as if they were in fact his own.

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CHANGE.—*J. J. Audubon.*

WHEN I think of the time, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that every where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any Aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less

covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses;—when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

Whether these changes are for the better or for the worse, I shall not pretend to say; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country, from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our IRVINGS and our COOPERS have proved themselves fully competent for the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity, as almost to rival the movements of the pen. However, it is not too late yet; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire under the influence of increasing population. Yes; I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts from those delightful writers of the progress of civilization in our western country. They will speak of the CLARKS, the CROGHANS, the BOONS, and many other men of great and daring enterprise. They will analyze, as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture as it ought to be, immortal.

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LIFE AND ETERNITY.—*Young.*

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn,  
The twilight of our day, the vestibule.  
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,

Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,  
This gross impediment of clay remove,  
And make us embryos of existence free.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts  
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:  
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,  
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heav'n  
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,  
Where seraphs gather immortality,  
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.  
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow  
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,  
Where momentary ages are no more!  
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire  
And is it in the flight of threescore years  
To push eternity from human thought,  
And smother souls immortal in the dust?  
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,  
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarm'd  
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,  
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,  
To wait a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself.  
How was my heart encrusted by the world!  
O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!  
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round  
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,  
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er  
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,  
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Bright visions may befriend (as sung above :)  
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt  
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)  
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!  
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!  
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!  
How richly were my noontide trances hung  
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys!  
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!  
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue  
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,  
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.

Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?  
 The cobwebb'd cottage, with its ragged wall  
 Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!  
 The spider's most attenuated thread  
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.



THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.—*Sandys*.—1600.

Thy beauty, Israel, is fled,  
 Sunk to the dead;  
 How are the valiant fallen! the slain  
 Thy mountains stain.  
 Oh! let it not in Gath be known,  
 Nor in the streets of Askelon.  
 Lest the sad story should excite  
 Their dire delight!  
 Lest in the torrent of our woe,  
 Their pleasure flow:  
 Lest their triumphant daughters ring  
 Their cymbals, and their pæans sing.  
 Yon hills of Gilboa, never may  
 You offerings pay;  
 No morning dew, for fruitful showers,  
 Clothe you with flowers:  
 Saul and his arms there made a spoil,  
 As if untouch'd with sacred oil.  
 The bow of noble Jonathan  
 Great battles won;  
 His arrows on the mighty fed,  
 With slaughter red.  
 Saul never raised his arm in vain,  
 His sword still glutted with the slain.  
 How lovely! O how pleasant! when  
 They lived with men!  
 Than eagles swifter; stronger far  
 Than lions are:  
 Whom love in life so strongly tied,  
 The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul ;  
Lament his fall,  
Who fed you with the earth's increase,  
And crown'd with peace ;  
With robes of Tyrian purple deck'd,  
And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword  
Of man devour'd !  
O Jonathan ! the better part  
Of my torn heart !  
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood ·  
My brother ! O how kind ! how good !

Thy love was great ; O never more  
To man, man bore !  
No woman, when most passionate,  
Loved at that rate !  
How are the mighty fallen in fight !  
They and their glory set in night !

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ODE TO INNOCENCE.—*Ogilvie.*

'Twas when the slow declining ray  
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold ;  
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,  
No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold :

When by a murm'ring rill reclin'd,  
Sat wrapt in thought, a wand'ring swain ;  
Calm peace compos'd his musing mind ;  
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain :

"Hail, Innocence ! Celestial Maid !  
What joys thy blushing charms reveal !  
Sweet as the arbor's cooling shade,  
And milder than the vernal gale.

"On Thee attends a radiant choir,  
Soft smiling Peace and downy rest ;  
With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre ;  
And Hope, that soothes the throbbing breast.

"Oh sent from heaven to haunt the grove,  
Where squinting Envy ne'er can come!  
Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,  
Nor anguish chills the living bloom.

"But spotless Beauty, rob'd in white,  
Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd:  
Serene as heaven's unsullied light,  
And pure as Delia's gentle mind.

"Grant, heavenly Pow'r thy peaceful sway  
May still my ruder thoughts control;  
Thy hand to point my dubious way,  
Thy voice to soothe the melting soul.

"Far in the shady, sweet retreat,  
Let thought beguile the ling'ring hour;  
Let Quiet court the mossy seat,  
And twining olives form the bow'r.

"Let dove-eyed Peace her wreath bestow,  
And oft sit list'ning in the dale,  
While Night's sweet warbler from the bough  
Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

"Soft as in Delia's snowy breast,  
Let each consenting passion move;  
Let Angels watch its silent rest,  
And all its blissful dreams be Love's."

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OUR COUNTRY.—*F. H. Davidge.*

In a country constituted like ours, as, properly speaking, there can be no sectional interests, so there should be no sectional prejudices. Members of one vast family of freemen, the only feeling cherished should be that of love for the country and the whole country. All local attachments and particular preferences should be merged in the feeling of nationality, and however natural it may be for us to entertain predilections for the district in which we may have been born, and the habits in which we may have been brought up, they should be treated as matters of secondary importance, unworthy to be weighed in the scale against universal patriotism.



The secret of our country's greatness is the happy combination of sectional peculiarities which, although taken separately, they may in some cases be deemed weaknesses, yet when combined, furnish so many additional characteristics to the body politic, and serve to impart greatness to the national character. The thriftiness and management of the North, or the want of care and indolence of the South, may be alleged, when carried to too great an extent, as foibles attaching to one or the other, and furnish a happy and just medium. So the fashionableness and ultra refinement of our Eastern cities, and the unpolished freedom of thought and action of the great West, may each be deemed subject to objection, but when brought into strong relief as constituting distinguishing traits in different portions of the same mighty people, they serve to give expression, if we may be allowed the phrase, to the physiognomy of our institutions.

There is one point of view in which sectional peculiarities and preferences may be brought to operate most favorably in promoting the welfare of the country. It is when they are placed in opposition, and act as stimulants to generous rivalry in striving which class of American citizens can make themselves most useful. So long as the contest between the North and the South or the East and the West, is which shall contribute most to the general good, so long is the contention an honorable and beneficial one. The North may be proud of its Webster, the South of its Calhoun, or its Hayne, and the West of its Clay, and so far from producing harm, the result must be eminently beneficial, for the contest here is not between them as to who is the most of a northern man, or western man, or southerner, but who is the best American. It is to the exclusiveness of sectional prejudice that we object—that feeling which admits of no excellence which does not belong to its own portion of the country,—that narrow-mindedness which limits approbation to a few square miles of territory, and regards every thing beyond its own confined region as unworthy of commendation or imitation.

As Americans, we should recognize with warm approval every thing which enhances the sum of national greatness, whether it be the close attention to business, prudent foresight, or pains taking, untiring industry of the North, the warm-hearted generosity and unbounded liberality of the South, or unshackled disregard to form and heedless exposure to danger of the West. When taken separately, all these qualities are

estimable in their way, but when acting in concert and aiding each other, they present a national character unrivalled in beauty as it is unsurpassed in practical utility. Then again, we say, let there be not sectional distinctions, or if there be, let them be so many motives of generous emulation in forming the vast and honorable distinction, the sphere of action which is the entire Union.

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GRANDEUR AND MORAL INTEREST OF AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—*T. Flint.*

( You will expect me to say something of the lonely records of the former races that inhabited this country. That there has, formerly, been a much more numerous population than exists here at present, I am fully impressed, from the result of my own personal observations. From the highest points of the Ohio, to where I am now writing,\* and far up the upper Mississippi and Missouri, the more the country is explored and peopled, and the more its surface is penetrated, not only are there more mounds brought to view, but more incontestable marks of a numerous population.

Wells, artificially walled, different structures of convenience or defence, have been found in such numbers, as no longer to excite curiosity. Ornaments of silver, and of copper, pottery, of which I have seen numberless specimens on all these waters,—not to mention the mounds themselves, and the still more tangible evidence of bodies found in a state of preservation, and of sepulchres full of bones,—are unquestionable demonstrations that this country was once possessed of a numerous population. The mounds themselves, though of earth, are not those rude and shapeless heaps, that they have been commonly represented to be. I have seen, for instance, in different parts of the Atlantic country, the breast-works and other defences of earth, that were thrown up by our people during the war of the revolution. None of those monuments date back more than fifty years. These mounds must date back to remote depths in the olden time.

From the ages of the trees on them, and from other data, we can trace them back six hundred years, leaving it entirely to the imagination to descend farther into the depths of time beyond. And yet, after the rains, the washing, and the crumb-

\*St. Charles on the Missouri.

ling of so many years, many of them are still twenty-five feet high. All of them are, incomparably, more conspicuous monuments than the marks which I just noticed. Some of them are spread over an extent of acres. I have seen, great and small, I should suppose, a hundred. Though diverse in position and form, they all have an uniform character.

They are, for the most part, in rich soils, and in conspicuous situations. Those on the Ohio are covered with very large trees. But in the prairie regions, where I have seen the greatest numbers, they are covered with tall grass, and generally near benches,—which indicate the former courses of the rivers,—in the finest situations for present culture; and the greatest population clearly has been in those very positions, where the dense future population will be.

The English, when they sneer at our country, speak of it as sterile in moral interest. "It has," say they, "no monuments, no ruins, none of the massive remains of former ages; no castles, no mouldering abbeys, no baronial towers and dungeons: nothing to connect the imagination and the heart with the past; no recollections of former ages, to associate the past with the future."

But I have been attempting sketches of the largest and most fertile valley in the world, larger, in fact, than half of Europe, all its remotest points being brought into proximity by a stream, which runs the length of that continent; and to which all but two or three of the rivers of Europe are but rivulets. Its forests make a respectable figure, even placed beside Blenheim park.

We have lakes which could find a place for the Cumberland lakes in the hollow of one of their islands. We have prairies, which have struck me as among the sublimest prospects in nature. There we see the rising sun over a boundless plain, where the blue of the heavens, in all directions, touches and mingles with the verdure of the flower. It is, to me a view far more glorious than that on which the sun rises over a barren and angry waste of sea. The one is soft, cheerful, associated with life, and requires an easier effort of the imagination to travel beyond the eye. The other is grand, but dreary, desolate, and always ready to destroy.

In the most pleasing position of these prairies, we have our Indian mounds, which proudly rise above the plain. At first the eye mistakes them for hills; but when it catches the regularity of their breast-works and ditches, it discovers at once that they are the labors of art and of men.

When the evidence<sup>s</sup> of the senses convinces us that human bones moulder in these masses; when you dig about them, and bring to light their domestic utensils; and are compelled to believe, that the busy tide of life once flowed here; when you see, at once, that these races were of a very different character from the present generation, you begin to inquire if any tradition, if any, the faintest records can throw any light upon these habitations of men of another age.

Is there no scope, besides these mounds for imagination, and for contemplation of the past? The men, their joys, their sorrows, their bones, are all buried together. But the grand features of nature remain. There is the beautiful prairie, over which they "strutted through life's poor play." The forests, the hills, the mounds, lift their heads in unalterable repose, and furnish the same sources of contemplation to us, that they did to those generations that have passed away.

It is true, we have little reason to suppose, that they were the guilty dens of petty tyrants, who let loose their half-savage vassals to burn, plunder, enslave, and despoil an adjoining den. There are no remains of vast and costly palaces, where men of pride and power dreamed over their lusts, or meditated their vile plans of acquisition and pleasure.

There must have been a race of men on these charming plains, that had every call from the scenes that surrounded them, to contented existence and tranquil meditation. Unfortunate, as men view the thing, they must have been. Innocent and peaceful they probably were; for had they been reared amidst wars and quarrels, like the present Indians, they would, doubtless, have maintained their ground, and their posterity would have remained to this day. Beside them moulder the huge bones of their contemporary beasts, which must have been thrice the size of the elephant.

I cannot judge of the recollections excited by castles and towers that I have not seen. But I have seen all of grandeur, which our cities can display. I have seen, too, these lonely tombs of the desert,—seen them rise from these boundless and unpeopled plains. My imagination and my heart have been full of the past. The nothingness of the brief dream of human life has forced itself upon my mind. The unknown race, to which these bones belonged, had, I doubt not, as many projects of ambition, and hoped, as sanguinely, to have their names survive, as the great ones of the present day.

PERMANENCE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.—*McDuffie*.

The election of a chief magistrate by the mass of the people of an extensive community, was, to the most enlightened nations of antiquity, a political impossibility. Destitute of the art of printing, they could not have introduced the representative principle into their political systems, even if they had understood it. In the very nature of things, that principle can only be co-extensive with popular intelligence. In this respect, the art of printing, more than any invention since the creation of man, is destined to change and elevate the political condition of society. It has given a new impulse to the energies of the human mind, and opens new and brilliant destinies to modern republics, which were utterly unattainable by the ancients. The existence of a country population, scattered over a vast extent of territory, as intelligent as the population of the cities, is a phenomenon which was utterly and necessarily unknown to the free states of antiquity. All the intelligence which controlled the destiny and upheld the dominion of Republican Rome, was confined to the walls of the great city. Even when her dominion extended beyond Italy to the utmost known limits of the inhabited world, the city was the exclusive seat both of intelligence and empire. Without the art of printing, and the consequent advantages of a free press, that habitual and incessant action of mind upon mind, which is essential to all human improvement, could no more exist, among a numerous and scattered population, than the commerce of disconnected continents could traverse the ocean without the art of navigation. Here, then, is the source of our superiority, and our just pride as a nation. The statesmen of the remotest extremes of the Union, can converse together, like the philosophers of Athens, in the same portico, or the politicians of Rome, in the same forum. Distance is overcome, and the citizens of Georgia and of Maine can be brought to co-operate in the same great object, with as perfect a community of views and feelings, as actuated the tribes of Rome, in the assemblies of the people. It is obvious that liberty has a more extensive and durable foundation in the United States, than it ever has had in any other age or country. By the representative principle—a principle unknown and impracticable among the ancients, the whole mass of society is brought to operate, in constraining the action of power, and in the conservation of public liberty.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.—*Longfellow.*

Under a spreading chesnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat;  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing a village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—  
 Onward through life he goes;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close;  
 Something attempted—something done,  
 Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught!  
 Thus at the flaming forge of Life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought,  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought.



REBELLION.—*Moore.*

YES EMIR! he who scal'd that tower,  
 And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,  
 Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power  
 How safe e'en tyrant's heads may rest—  
 Is one of many, brave as he,  
 Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;  
 Who, though they know the strife is vain—  
 Who, though they know the riven chain  
 Snaps but to enter into the heart  
 Of him who rends its links apart,  
 Yet dare the issue—blest to be  
 E'en for one bleeding moment free,  
 And die in pangs of liberty!  
 Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since  
 Thy turban's troops and blood-red flags,  
 Thou satrap of a bigot Prince!  
 Have swarm'd among these green sea crags,  
 Yet here, e'en here, a sacred band,  
 Ay, in the portal of that land  
 Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,  
 Their spears across thy path have thrown;  
 Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—  
 Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonoring word,  
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd

The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd,  
 How many a spirit, born to bless,  
 Hath sunk beneath thy withering name,  
 Whom but a day's, an hour's success,  
 Had waisted to eternal fame !  
 As exhalations, when they burst  
 From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,  
 If check'd in soaring from the plain,  
 Darken to fogs and sink again ;—  
 But if they once triumphant spread  
 Their wings above the mountain-head,  
 Become enthron'd in upper air,  
 And turn to sun-bright glories there !

And who is he, that wields the might  
 Of Freedom on the green sea brink,  
 Before whose sabre's dazzling bright  
 The eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink ?  
 Who comes embower'd in the spears  
 Of KERMAN's hearty mountaineers ?  
 Those mountaineers, that, truest, last,  
 Cling to their country's ancient rites  
 As if that God whose eyelids cast  
 Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,  
 Among her snowy mountains threw  
 The last light of his worship too !

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MERCY.—*Shakspeare.*

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd ;  
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown :  
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.  
 But mercy is above the scepter'd sway ;  
 It is enthroned above the hearts of kings ;



It is an attribute of God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.  
No ceremony to greatness that belongs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does. If he had been as you,  
And you as he, you would have slipt like him,  
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

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DISINTERESTEDNESS OF WASHINGTON.—*Robert T. Paine.*

To the pen of the historian must be resigned the more arduous and elaborate tribute of justice to those efforts of heroic and political virtue, which conducted the American people to peace and liberty. The vanquished foe retired from our shores, and left to the controlling genius who repelled them, the gratitude of his own country, and the admiration of the world. The time had now arrived which was to apply the touchstone to his integrity—which was to assay the affinity of his principles to the standard of immutable right. On the one hand, a realm, to which he was endeared by his services, almost invited him to empire; on the other, the liberty to whose protection his life had been devoted, was the ornament and boon of human nature. Washington could not depart from his own great self. His country was free—he was no longer a general. Sublime spectacle! more elevating to the pride of virtue than the sovereignty of the globe united to the sceptre of ages! Enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen, the gorgeous pageantry of prerogative was unworthy the majesty of his dominion. That effulgence of military character which in ancient states has blasted the rights of the people whose renown it had brightened, was not here permitted, by the hero from whom it emanated, to shine with so destructive a lustre. Its beams, though intensely resplendent,

did not wither the young blossoms of our independence; and liberty, like the burning bush, flourished unconsumed by the glory which surrounded it.

To the illustrious founder of our republic was it reserved to exhibit the example of a magnanimity that commanded victory—of a moderation that retired from triumph. Unlike the erratic meteors of ambition, whose flaming path sheds a disastrous light on the pages of history, his bright orb, eclipsing the luminaries among which it rolled, never portended “fearful change” to religion, nor from its “golden tresses” shook pestilence on empire. What to other heroes has been glory, would to him have been disgrace. To his intrepidity it would have added no honorary trophy, to have waded, like the conqueror of Peru, through the blood of credulous millions, to plant the standard of triumph at the burning mouth of a volcano. To his fame it would have created no auxiliary monuments, to have invaded, like the ravager of Egypt, an innocent though barbarous nation, to inscribe his name on the pillar of Pompey.

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THE WIFE OF WASHINGTON.—*L. H. Sigourney.*

AFTER the close of the war, a few years were devoted to the enjoyment and embellishment of their favorite Mount Vernon. The peace and returning prosperity of their country, gave pure and bright ingredients to their cup of happiness. Their mansion was thronged with guests of distinction; all of whom remarked with admiration, the energy of Mrs. Washington, in the complicated duties of a Virginia housewife, and the elegance and grace with which she presided at her noble board.

The voice of a free nation conferring on General Washington the highest honor in its power to bestow, was not obeyed without a sacrifice of feeling. It was in the spring of 1789, that with his lady, he bade adieu to his tranquil abode to assume the responsibilities of the first Presidency. In forming his domestic establishment, he mingled the simplicity of a republic with that degree of dignity, which he felt was necessary to insure the respect of older governments. The furniture of his house, the livery of his servants, the entertainments of his guests, displayed no elegance, while they re-

jected ostentation. In all these arrangements, Mrs. Washington was a second self. Her Friday evening levees, at which he always was present, exhibited that etiquette which marks the intercourse of the dignified and high bred. Commencing at seven and closing at ten, they lent no more sanction to late hours than to levity. The first lady of the nation still preserved the habits of early life. Indulging in no indolence, she left her pillow at dawn, and, after breakfast, she retired to her chamber an hour for the study of the scriptures and devotion. This practice, it is said, during the long period of half a century, she never omitted. The duties of the Sabbath were dear to her. The President and herself attended public worship with regularity, and in the evening he read to her, in her chamber, the scriptures and a sermon.

The spring of 1797, opened for them with the most pleasing anticipations. The cares of the high office were resigned; and they were about to retire for the remainder of their days, to the beloved shades of Mount Vernon. The new turf springing into fresh greenness wherever they trod, the vernal blossoms opening to receive them, the warbled welcome of the birds, were never more dear, than when wearied with the toils of life, and satiated with its honors, they returned to their rural retreat, hallowed by the recollection of earlier years, and by the consciousness of virtue.

But in two years Washington was no more. The shock of his death, after an illness of only twenty-four hours, fell like a thunder-bolt upon the bereaved widow. The piety which had long been her strength, continued its support, but her heart drooped; and, though her cheerfulness did not utterly forsake her, she discharged her habitual round of duties, as one who felt that the "glory had departed."

How beautiful and characteristic was her reply to the solicitation of the highest authority of the nation, that the remains of her illustrious husband might be removed to the seat of government and a marble monument erected to mark the spot of their repose.

"Taught by the great example which I have had so long before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the will of the country, I consent to the request of Congress; and in doing this I need not, I cannot say, what a sacrifice of private feeling I make to a sense of public duty."

The intention of Congress of 1799, has never been executed, nor the proposed monument erected. The enthusiasm

of the time passed away, and the many conflicting cares of the great nation turned its thoughts from thus perpetuating his memory, whose image, it trusted, would be forever embalmed in the hearts of a grateful people.

Scarcely two years of her lonely widowhood were accomplished ere the lady of Mount Vernon found death approaching. Gathering her family around her, she impressed on them the value of that religion which she had tested from her youth onward to hoary hairs. Then calmly resigned her soul into the hands of Him who gave it, at the age of seventy, full of years and full of honors. She was laid in the tomb of Washington.

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**THE VIRTUE OF GENTLENESS NOT TO BE CONFOUNDED WITH ARTIFICIAL AND INSINCERE POLITENESS.**

[*Blair.*]

GENTLENESS corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of human attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies: but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in our intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behavior.

I must warn you, however, not to confound this gentle wisdom which is from above, with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a snare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which, even in such instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat that which may at least carry its appearance; Virtue is the universal charm; even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting: the imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the man-

ners of candor, gentleness and humanity; but that gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart; and, let me add, nothing except what flows from it, can render even external manners truly pleasing; for no assumed behavior can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

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CAUSE OF OUR PLEASURE IN BEAUTY.—*Akenside.*

THEN tell me, for ye know,  
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health  
And active use are strangers? Is her charm  
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends  
Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean  
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;  
To hide the shame of discord and disease,  
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart  
Of idle faith? O no: with better cares  
Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm  
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,  
By this illustrious image, in each kind  
Still most illustrious where the object holds  
Its native powers most perfect, she by this  
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,  
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe,  
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract  
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,  
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,  
And every charm of animated things,  
Are only pledges of a state sincere,  
Th' integrity and order of their frame,  
When all is well within, and every end  
Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven,  
The lovely minister of truth and good  
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,  
And beauty dwells in them and they in her,  
With like participation. Wherefore, then,  
O son of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?  
O wherefore, with a rash, impetuous aim,

Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand  
 Of lavish fancy paints each fluttering scene  
 Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire  
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,  
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,  
 To save your search from folly! Wanting these,  
 Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,  
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy  
 Did fancy mock your vows.

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THE SLAVERY OF GREECE.—*Canning.*

UNRIVALL'D Greece! thou ever honored name,  
 Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!  
 Though now to worth, to honor all unknown,  
 Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown,  
 Yet still shall memory with reverted eye  
 Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.

Thee Freedom cherish'd once with fostering hand,  
 And breathed undaunted valor through the land.  
 Here the stern spirit of the spartan soil,  
 The child of poverty inured to toil.  
 Here, loved by Pallas and the sacred nine,  
 Once did fair Athens' towering glories shine.  
 To bend the bow, or the bright falchion wield,  
 To lift the bulwark of the brazen shield,  
 To toss the terror of the whizzing spear,  
 The conquering standard's glittering glories rear,  
 And join the maddening battle's loud career,  
 How skill'd the Greeks; confess what Persians slain  
 Were strew'd on Marathon's ensanguined plain;  
 When heaps on heaps the routed squadrons fell,  
 And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell.  
 What millions bold Leonidas withstood,  
 And sealed the Grecian freedom with his blood;  
 Witness Thermopylæ! how fierce he trod,  
 How spoke a hero, and how moved a god.  
 The rush of nations could alone sustain,  
 While half the ravaged globe was armed in vain.  
 Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,  
 How great Epaminondas fought and fell!

Nor war's vast art alone adorn'd thy fame  
 "But mild philosophy endear'd thy name."  
 Who knows not, sees not, with admiring eye,  
 How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?

To bend the arch, to bid the column rise,  
 And the tall pile aspiring pierce the skies,  
 The awful fane, magnificently great,  
 With pictured pomp to grace, and sculptured state.  
 This science taught; on Greece each science shone,  
 Here the bold statue started from the stone;  
 Here warm with life the swelling canvass glow'd;  
 Here big with thought the poet's raptures flow'd;  
 Here Homer's lip was touch'd with sacred fire,  
 And wanton Sappho tuned her amorous lyre;  
 Here bold Lyrtæus roused the enervate throng,  
 Awaked to glory by the aspiring song;  
 Here Pindar soar'd a noble, loftier way,  
 And brave Alcæus scorn'd a tyrant's sway;  
 Here gorgeous Tragedy, with great control,  
 Touch'd every feeling of the impassion'd soul;  
 While in soft measure tripping to the song  
 Her comic sister lightly danced along.

This was thy state! but oh! how changed thy fame,  
 And all thy glories fading into shame!  
 What! that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing land  
 Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command!  
 That servitude should bind in galling chain,  
 Whom Asia's millions once opposed in vain;  
 Who could have thought? who sees without a groan  
 Thy cities mouldering, and thy walls o'erthrown,  
 That where once tower'd the stately solemn fane,  
 Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravaged plain,  
 And unobserved but by the traveller's eye,  
 Proud vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie,  
 And the fallen column on the dusky ground  
 Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.

Thy sons (sad change!) in abject bondage sigh;  
 Unpitied toil, and unlamented die:  
 Groan at the labors of the galling oar,  
 Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.  
 The glittering tyranny of Othman's sons,

The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,  
 Has awed their servile spirits into fear,  
 Spurned by the foot they tremble and revere.  
 The day of labor, night's sad sleepless hour,  
 The inflictive scourge of arbitrary power,  
 The bloody terror of the pointed steel,  
 The murderous stake, the agonizing wheel,  
 And (dreadful choice!) the bowstring, or the bowl,  
 Damps their faint vigor and unmans their soul.  
 Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,  
 Still recollection prompt the mortal sigh;  
 When to the mind recurs thy former fame,  
 And all the horrors of thy present shame.

Like some tall rock, whose bare broad bosom high  
 Lowers from the earth, and braves the inclement sky;  
 On whose black top the black'ning deluge pours,  
 At whose wide base the thundering ocean roars;  
 In conscious pride its huge gigantic form  
 Surveys imperious and defies the storm.  
 Till worn by age, and mouldering to decay,  
 The insidious waters wash its base away,  
 It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,  
 And spreads the tempest of destruction round.

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#### DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY SEAT.—Pope.

PLINY was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay, two houses; as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet street; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into such a secret; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all; he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodging; neither



do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bed-fellow in it.

I believe with all the ostentation of Pliny he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your grace's one; which is a country house in the summer, and a town house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no comparison, I will try if it can be matched by the large country seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how that in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time; where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me if I say nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavored to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlor you think to step into the drawing room; but opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you will find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking; but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musket or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers 'scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight, whose iron armor is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster

nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights and courtly dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew thither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you, up and down, over a very high threshold into the great parlor. Its contents are a broken-body'd virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mill-dewed pictures of mouldy ancestors; these are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlor, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a battery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlor, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy: a little further, on the right, the servant's hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall. There are upon the ground floor, in all, twenty-six apartments; among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast chaldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country-people, that they believe the witches keep their sab-bath here.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms; you never pass out of one into another, but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In most of these rooms there

are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bosom. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flarr'd ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favorable shower, we may expect a crop of mushrooms, between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey; since these have not quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books in the library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starch'd grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar; he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts, in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This," says he, with tears, "was poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a broken heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to show us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. I need must have tired you with this long description; but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbors us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat from interrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine

with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it, will own, I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavor to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore, as soon as possible, tell you in person how much I have seen.

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PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC AND SHENANDOAH RIVERS THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.—*Jefferson.*

THE passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles, to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.

The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean, which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down, from its summit to its base. The piles of rocks on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrapture and avulsion from their beds, by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate this impression.

But the distant finishing, which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the fore-ground. That is, as placid and delightful, as this is wild and tremendous. For the mountain, being cloven asunder, presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult raving around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below.

Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too,

the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles; its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people, who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never yet been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

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WHALING.—*Wilkes.*

It is well known to whalers that the favorite and appropriate food of the sperm whale is a gelatinous medusa; which, however, has not as yet received from naturalists much attention. It may, however, be advanced as certain that this molluscous animal most abounds in the higher latitudes of both hemispheres, which would therefore seem to be the places in which it is produced, and to which its habits are best adapted. During our cruise in the higher southern latitudes, we saw vast numbers of these medusæ around and near the icebergs. The quantity was such as to prove conclusively, that it was in the waters of the temperature caused by the vicinity of these masses of ice, that they delight to dwell. Whales were also in abundance, and although of the fin-back species, sperm whales were not entirely wanting.

As regards the medusa, its powers of locomotion are feeble, and confined chiefly to the purpose of rising and sinking at pleasure. If polar currents exist, it must therefore be swept by them from the place of its nativity, and in its passage to lower latitudes, will by its locomotive power seek strata in the water of the low temperature to which its constitution is best adapted. My attention was drawn to the habits of the whales here in particular, from the novel manner they exhibited in feeding near the surface, instead of diving lower down, as they are usually seen to do in lower latitudes: they were constantly in sight, instead of being only seen at intervals.

It will be readily admitted that the medusa, like other animals, has its appropriate seasons of migration, and it will appear probable that the season at which we saw them in such numbers was that in which they are hurrying forth most numerously. So also, however low the temperature of the

water in which they delight, there is little probability that their increase goes forward when the regions in which we met them are locked up in ice, and the genial light and warmth of the sun is denied them.

The food of the sperm whale will therefore be borne off to lower latitudes by the polar streams in greater abundance at one season than another, and this former season corresponds with that in which these currents have their greatest force. The sperm whale, it must be expected will leave the higher latitudes and follow the currents which transport his food.

In conformity with this view, we find the habits of the sperm whale migratory. The polar currents, as has been seen, disappear from the surface in many cases, but do not cease to flow; and even when felt both at the surface and below, they will in approaching lower latitudes have their higher temperatures near the surface. The medusa will therefore descend in either case to greater depths, and the whale must dive in quest of the food which in higher latitudes he could find at the surface. We have seen in what a decided manner the polar currents become or continue superficial at the southern promontories of the continent. A singular cause, operating to a less extent, raises them, if submarine, when they are interrupted or impeded by islands, and spreads water of low temperature over the surface. Here, then, at the proper season, the food of the whale will be not only more accessible, but more abundant within a given space, in consequence of the check the velocity of the stream must experience.

So also in the gones of clams we have seen that the matter borne by the polar currents in all probability finds a resting place; and here also, at fit seasons, the food of the whale must be abundant. Points possessing either of these characteristics I have distinguished, as before stated, by the name of nuclei.

However satisfactory this theory may be in explaining the causes of the migratory habits of the sperm whale, it is obvious that we do not know enough of the natural history of his favorite food, nor of the rate and course of all the submarine polar currents, to enable us to predict with certainty the seasons at which he will be found in particular parts of the ocean. This can be learned by observation alone, and long experience has taught those who are skilful in the whale fishery the position of the favorite haunts of their prey, and the times at which they are most likely to be met with there. Comparing these points

and the nuclei of the currents, as observed and explained in the preceding pages, the coincidence will strike every one who will examine the subject; and when all the facts necessary to illustrate this subject shall be ascertained, theory may serve in some degree to shorten the apprenticeship which is now necessary in order to acquire the requisite knowledge of the places and seasons wherein to meet the game in this adventurous employment; the object therefore of this paper is to explain the pursuit of whaling, and to point out the results which our own observations, with the information derived from others, has afforded.

The whaling interest, taking into consideration the extent to which it has been carried by our countrymen, may be almost claimed as peculiarly American. There are few employments in which the enterprise and industry of our countrymen are so well developed as in this, or in which so much hardihood or so many resources are required to insure success.

Our whaling fleet may be said at this very day to whiten the Pacific ocean with its canvass, and the proceeds of this fishery give comfort and happiness to many thousands of our citizens. The ramifications of the business extend to all branches of trade, are spread through the whole Union, and its direct or secondary influence would seem to recommend it to the especial protection and fostering care of the government.

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PICTURE OF A FOP.—*Shakspeare.*

BUT I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed;  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reaped,  
Showest like a stubble land at harvest-home:  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held  
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,  
He gave his nose, (and took 't away again;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff.) And still he smiled and talked;  
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,

He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He questioned me; amongst the rest demanded  
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,  
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what;  
 He should, or should not: for he made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
 Of guns and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)  
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was permaceti for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This villanous saltpetre should be digged  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

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BLESSINGS OF SLEEP.—*Shakespeare*

SLEEP, gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse how have I frightened thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?  
 Oh, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case, or a common 'larm bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;



And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafning clamors in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, oh, partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

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BETH GELERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

*Spencer.*

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerily smiled the morn;  
And many a branch and many a hound  
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast  
And gave a lustier cheer:  
"Come, Gelert, come, wer't never last  
Llewelyn's horn to hear!

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,  
The flower of all his race;  
So true, so brave, a lamb at home  
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board  
The faithful Gelert fed;  
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,  
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John;  
But now no Gelert could be found,  
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells,  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowden's craggy chaos yells  
The many-mangled cries.

That day Llewelyn little loved  
The chase of hart and hare;  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied :  
When near the portal seat,  
His truant Gelert he espied  
Bounding his lord to meet.

But when he gained the castle door  
Aghast the chieftain stood ;  
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,  
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise ;  
Unused such looks to meet,  
His favorite checked his joyful guise,  
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,  
And on went Gelert too ;  
And still where'er his eyes he cast  
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,  
With blood-stained covert rent ;  
And all around the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—  
He searched with terror wild ;  
Blood, blood he found on every side,  
But no where found his child.

"Base hound ! my boy's by thee devoured !"  
The frantic father cried ;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell  
No pity could impart ;  
But still his Gelert's dying yell  
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell  
Some slumberer awakened nigh :  
What words the parent's joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had missed :  
All glowing from his rosy cheek  
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread :  
But the same couch beneath  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!  
For now the truth was clear,  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain  
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe :  
"Best of thy kind adieu !  
The frantic blow that laid thee low  
This heart shall ever rue !"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculptures decked,  
And marbles storied with his praise  
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,  
Or forester, unmoved ;  
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass  
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,  
And there, as evening fell,  
In fancy's ear he oft would hear  
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowden's rocks grow old,  
And cease the storm to brave,  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
The name of "Gelert's grave !"

RELIGION AND ART.—*Müller.*

THE Greeks were in a certain sense fortunate, that long before art had a visible existence, the genius of the people had prepared the way for the artist and had prefigured the whole world of art. That mystical element which is so essential a part of religion,—in which we dimly conceive and feel the divine nature as infinite and absolutely different from the human,—as incapable of all representation and the subject of only faint and imperfect suggestions,—this element was not wholly excluded indeed,—for that were impossible—but thrown into the back-ground, especially by poetry. The ancient legends which describe the secret influence of the universal powers of nature, had, even as early as the Homeric age, nearly lost all meaning to the Greeks; the festal rites which sprang from this root continued to be observed as venerable and traditional ceremonies; but poetry followed her inevitable course, to fashion every thing after the analogy of human life; and with this a simple piety, which conceived the Deity as a human protector and counsellor, a father and friend in every time of need, was perfectly consistent. The bards, who were themselves only the organs of the universal sentiment, gradually rendered their descriptions more individual and precise; as we see that Homer did not attain to the same degree of sensible distinctness which characterized the poets of the most flourishing of plastic art. When, however, plastic art had succeeded in representing the outward forms of life in all their truth and significancy, there remained only for her to give substance to the ideal images which the imagination had already individualized. And although this could never be done without an entirely original conception, without inspiration, and an exertion of genius on the part of the artist, yet the general conception of the god entertained by the whole nation was there, and served as a criterion of the accuracy of the representation. If the established and distinct conception of the god, and the exquisite sense of the Greeks for the character of forms, were completely satisfied, a normal image arose, to which all succeeding artists conformed, though with the living freedom of genius, evincing that peculiar taste and judgment of the Hellenic nations, equally removed from oriental stiffness and servility, and from the modern rage for originality, which is the mere offspring of vanity. Statues of gods and heroes were produced, which possessed not less internal

truth and distinctness than if the gods and heroes had actually set to the artists. This state of things the world has beheld but once, because it was only in Greece that art was the business of the nation.

The foregoing remarks are illustrated chiefly by the statues of those gods who were in the highest degree individualized; that is, whose nature was least susceptible of being reduced to an elemental idea. It is not as significant symbols, but as actual existences, that we consider them; which arises not from their having been the objects of outward perception, but from their ideal character having lived through the whole history of the Greek races by which they were worshipped, and received a thousand impressions from it. Hence they are in the highest degree corporeal,—they possess the most intense personality.

They are, the gods of Olympus; the supreme Zeus, with his children and kindred.

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REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.—*M. Topham Evans.*

THE ancients were wont to describe and to figure death in the guise of a lovely boy—a being of immortal sweetness; the placidity of whose brow and the calm repose of whose seeming nature invited the weary traveller to lay aside his way-worn weeds, and to sink gently and imperceptibly into the quiet arms of a guardian angel, ready to receive him into his last rest. And, surely, far better were it to look upon the advent of this dissolution with a calm and unmoved eye—to view all the advantages—all the beauties—all the enticements of this world as the fleeting shadows of a fevered dream—as the vanishing and evanescent magnificence of the rainbow, which fades into thin and dull mists even while the eyes gaze upon its splendor—as the imaginary palaces and glories of the brilliant yet dying Fertel Morgana—than to be torn away by a violence self-imposed and self-imagined, as though one were to quit the scenes of magical loveliness, power and glory, for the damps of a dungeon, or the tortures of an Asiatic tyrant.

But, at the same time, we should never cease to look upon death as the great solemnity—as the sacrificial conclusion of a high ceremony—as the unerring end of a mighty work. The thought need carry no dread with it; but should always be looked upon with a submissive solemnity. What is death,

is a question often asked: but who shall answer it? Can a voice from the recess of the grave reach the ears of the living to describe its influence? Can a mortal grasp at immortal knowledge? Have any, who have been borne along to the last calm home, ever returned to gladden the eyes of bereaved friends? Nay; that last question were superfluous, for who would exchange that quietude—that repose, for the aching uncertainties—the jealous pangs—the swelling desires—the uncompleted wishes of another term of probation? The living should rather desire than avoid it; for to him who hath quitted this deceiving globe, who hath forgotten “all things that are behind,” and who hath perfected the “course of his high calling,” a lasting rest is ensured—a secure abiding place is provided.

But should we look upon death in the perfect light of a dissolution? Is the shell which encloses the spirit, the great object for which the spirit itself should be sacrificed? The approach of death—the consummation of the offering, do but detach the immortal soul from the corruptive mass which hath clogged its energies, and where, dormant and inert it hath laid, until the final scene. As the body, worn out and exhausted with toil, with sickness and with suffering, sinks back upon the pillow, inanimate and irreprehensible; the soul mounts into nobler spheres—ascends into the creative presence, and emancipated from its chains, assumes its proud place among the children of light.

But these remarks can never apply to those into whose souls the light of philosophy and of truth has never entered. To the man whose whole body and mind—whose entire intellect has been devoted, and is devoted to the pursuit of lucre; to the vortex of gain; unmindful of the nobler end to which he is destined, and to the enjoyment of which he should be every day, drawing more near,—deaf to the calls of reason—unmoved and unconvinced by the voice of truth, these reflections will have but little consolation. The being who could devote years of ceaseless toil—who could exhaust his faculties and wear out his mental endowments in pursuing the unreal mockeries which the world presents to his eager eye, may well dread the approach of that event which will separate him from the gods to whose altars he has sacrificed his all, and plunge him, without a compass—without a pilot—nay, without a guiding star, into an unknown, and, to him, dreary ocean, where shipwreck and storm await to overwhelm him.

What sacrifice of worldly honors and of worldly estate would be too great in exchange for the noble fortitude and unshrinking courage of the virtuous philosopher and the refined sage? When one is able to exclaim, in the nervous language of the elder Cato, as delivered by Cicero—that “he regretted not that he had lived; feared not the approach of death”—“that should some god grant him the faculty of renewing his youth, as did Medea to the father of Jason, and allow him once more, to return to his cradle; he would refuse, nor would he, after so much of his course was run, be forced to retrace his steps and begin anew the race”—then may one safely say, that he possesses that which the world can never give—a clear conscience—a pure reason—an undefiled hope which the “carking cares” of the world can never destroy.

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#### SCANDINAVIAN CHARACTER.—*Henry Wheaton.*

RELIGION had its influence in promoting this spirit of adventurous enterprise. That professed by the people of the north bore the impress of a wild and audacious spirit—such as according to tradition, marked the character of its founder. Whatever distinction of sects may have existed among the northern pagans, and however various the objects of their worship, the favorite god of the Vikingar was a Mars and a Moloch. The religion of Odin stimulated the desire of martial renown and the thirst of blood, by promising the joys of Valhall as the reward of those who fell gloriously in battle. His ministering spirits, the Valkyria, hovered over the bloody field, watched the fortune of battle, and snatching the souls of those who were doomed to fall, bore them away to the blissful presence of the god of war. Those who adhered to the more ancient deities of the north, or rejected indiscriminately all the national objects of religious worship, were animated by a still wider and more lawless spirit. Some of these chieftains carried their audacity so far as to defy the gods themselves.

Their national freedom, and that proud and independent feeling which always marks the barbarian character, contributed to swell this lofty spirit, which was always fomented by the songs extemporized or recited by the Skalds in praise

of martial renown, or the glorious exploits of their ancestors. The kings and other chieftains were surrounded by champions who were devoted to their fortunes, and dependent upon their favor for advancement. These warriors were sometimes seized with a sort of phrensy—a *furor martis*, produced by their excited imaginations dwelling upon the images of war and glory,—and perhaps increased by those potations of stimulating liquors, in which the people of the north, like other uncivilized tribes, indulged to great excess. When this madness was upon them, these Orlanders committed the wildest extravagances, attacked indiscriminately friends and foes, and even waged war against inanimate nature—the trees and rocks. At other times, they defied each other to mortal combat in some lonely and desert isle. The ancient language of the north had a particular term appropriated to distinguish the champions who were subject to this species of martial insanity. They were called *Bersærker*, and the name occurs so frequently in the Sagas, that we must conclude that the disease prevailed generally among the Vikings, who passed their lives in roving the seas in search of spoil and adventures.

Even the female sex did not escape this wide spread contagion of martial fury, and the love of wild and perilous adventure. Women of illustrious birth sometimes became pirates and roved the seas. More frequently however, they shared the toils and dangers of land battles. These Amazons were called *Skjöletmeyar*, or virgins of the shield. The romantic Sagas are filled with the most striking traits of their heroic bearing. In the *Völsungasaga* we have the romantic tale of Alfhilda, daughter of Sigurdr, king of the Ostrogoths, who was chaste, brave, and fair. She was always veiled from the gaze of vulgar curiosity, and lived in a secluded bower, where she was guarded by two champions of prodigious strength and valor. Sigurdr had proclaimed that whoever aspired to his daughter's hand, must vanquish the two gigantic champions, his own life to be the forfeit if he failed in the perilous enterprise. Alf, a young sea-king, who had already signalized himself by his heroic exploits, encountered and slew the two champions; but Alfhilda herself was not disposed to surrender herself tamely. She boldly put to sea with her female companions, all clothed, like herself, in male attire, and completely armed for war. They fell in with a fleet of Vikings, who having just lost their chieftain, elected



the intrepid heroine for his successor. She continued thus to rove the Baltic sea, at the head of this band of pirates, until the wide spread fame of her exploits came to the ear of Alf, her suitor, who gave chase to her squadron, and pursued it into the Gulf of Finland. The brave Alfhilda gave battle. Alf boarded the bark of the princess, who made a gallant and obstinate resistance, until her helmet being cloven open by one of his champions, disclosed to their astonished view the fair face and lovely locks of his coy mistress, who, being thus vanquished by her magnanimous lover, no longer refused him the hand he had sought, whilst his gallant champion espouses one of her fair companions.

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ICE-BLINK AND AURORA BOREALIS.—*Montgomery.*

'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene  
 The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene:  
 Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold,  
 Girds the blue hemisphere; above unroll'd  
 The keen, the clear air grows palpable to sight,  
 Imbodied in a flash of crimson light,  
 Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,  
 Descends to meet her image in the stream.  
 Far in the east, what spectacle unknown  
 Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?  
 Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand  
 Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;  
 Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,  
 That shine around the arctic Cyclades;  
 Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,  
 In many a shapeless promontory rent;  
 O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories, spread,—  
 The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,  
 On which the sun, behind th' horizon shrined,  
 Hath left its richest garniture behind;  
 Piled on a hundred angles, ridge by ridge,  
 O'er fixed and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,  
 Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye  
 Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;  
 With glacier-battlements, that crowd the spheres,

The slow creation of six thousand years,  
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,—  
Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:  
All human structures by his touch are borne  
Down to the dust;—mountains themselves are worn  
With his light footsteps; here forever grows,  
Amid the region of unmelting snows,  
A monument; where every flake that falls  
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.  
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,  
That shows a brighter image of his face;  
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest,  
Like signal fires, on its illumined crest;  
The glided moon around the ramparts wheels,  
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;  
Beneath the tide with idle fury raves  
To undermine it through a thousand caves;  
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft  
Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,  
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land  
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.  
Midnight hath told his hour; the moon, yet young,  
Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung;  
Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,  
Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades;  
Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem  
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem;  
Like a new moon from orient darkness, there  
Phosphoric splendors kindle in mid air,  
As though from heaven's self-opening portals came  
Legions of spirits in an orb of flame—  
Flame, that from every point an arrow sends,  
Far as the concave firmament extends;  
Spun with the tisse of a million lines,  
Glittering like gossamer, the welkin shines;  
The constellations in their pride look pale  
Through the quick trembling brilliance of that veil:  
Then, suddenly converged the meteors rush  
O'er the wide south; one deep vermillion blush  
O'erspreads Orion, glaring on the flood;  
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood;  
Again the circuit of the pole they range,  
Motion and figure every moment change,

Through all the colors of the rainbow run,  
Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun;  
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight,  
And the glad ocean dances in the light.

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THE LOGICIAN.—*Samuel Butler*, 1670.

He was in logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skill'd in analytic:  
He could distinguish and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;  
On either which he would dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute:  
He'd undertake to prove by force  
Of argument, a man's no horse;  
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
And that a lord may be an owl;  
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
And rooks committee-men and trustees.  
He'd run in debt by disputation,  
And pay with ratiocination:  
All this by syllogism true,  
In mood and figure he would do.  
For rhetoric he would not ope  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;  
And when he happen'd to break off  
In th' middle of his speech, or cough,  
He'd hard words ready to show why,  
And tell what rules he did it by;  
Else when with greatest art he spoke,  
You'd think he talked like other folk;  
For all a rhetorician's rules  
Teach nothing but to name his tools.  
But when he pleased to show 't, his speech,  
In loftiness of sound, was rich;  
A Babylonish dialect,  
Which learned pedants much affect;  
It was a party-color'd dress  
Of patch'd and piebald languages;  
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
Like fustian heretofore on satin;  
It had an odd promiscuous tone,

As if he'd talk'd three parts in one;  
Which made some think, when he did gabble.  
They'd heard three laborers of Babel,  
Or Ceberus himself pronounce  
A leash of languages at once.

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THE MUSIC OF THE HEART.—*W. D. Gallagher.*

THE music of the heart is deep—  
And when once turned to wild romancing,  
In vain you bid the visions sleep  
That o'er its trembling wires are dancing;  
Bright dreams of childhood's yesterday  
Are mingling with the dark to-morrow,  
Lending a pale, a transient ray  
Of joy, to light that page of sorrow.

Affection's impulse, and the gush  
Of holy and of fervid feeling,  
Upon the wildered senses rush,  
Like music from a wind-harp stealing:  
The voices of the cherish'd dead  
The silentless of death are breaking,  
And from Oblivion's gelid bed  
The mildewed hopes of youth are waking.

The music of the heart is deep,  
Too often breathing notes of sadness,  
That win the wearied eye from sleep,  
And turn delicious thought to madness.  
It comes! 'tis strange that it should throw  
So much of gloom upon the morrow,  
As if that after time of woe  
Had not, itself, enough of sorrow.

It comes!—it comes—that sorrowing strain  
Rolls heavily; and Lethe's waters  
Are heaving, like the mighty main  
When sea-gods war for Ocean's daughters.  
It comes—the voice of other years,  
Whose passing joys have all departed,  
To commune with a child of tears,  
And with the sear'd and weary hearted.

JUSTINIAN'S ATTEMPT TO PREVENT COMMENTS ON  
HIS COMPILATIONS.—*Von Savigny.*

THE means resorted to by Justinian with a view to put an end to all the difficulties and controversies arising on the application of scientific law, were as new as they were arbitrary. He caused all that was necessary to a complete view of the existing law, and especially to the administration of the law, to be extracted from the whole mass of jurisprudential literature, without reference to the limits prescribed by Valentinian the Third. The matter so extracted was collected in a book and promulgated as law, while all the rest was abrogated. But he entirely forbade the rise of jurisprudential literature for the future. Only Greek translations of the Latin text, and, (by way of mechanical aid) short sketches of the contents of the title were to be allowed; if any book properly so called, any commentary on these laws, were written, it was to be destroyed, and the author subjected to the punishment inflicted on forgery.

The only means of insuring the maintenance and propagation of legal knowledge, was therefore oral teaching in the schools of law, which were consequently provided with a new plan of instruction. If, however, we consider this plan in conjunction with the above mentioned prohibition, the design of it cannot be doubtful. It was unquestionably not intended as a means of subjecting those books to the free investigation and discussion of the teachers, which would have excited a kindred activity of mind in the learner, and thus have perpetuated a science of law independent of the matter they contained; for such a proceeding would have been obviously at variance with the purpose of the prohibition. The instruction must, on the contrary, have consisted in a mechanical learning by rote, and the functions of the teacher must have been restricted to helping the learner over these difficulties which are inherent in new matter of such enormous extent. One thought, therefore, lay at the bottom of all these edicts, viz., that this selection from legal science and wisdom of former ages was adequate to all the wants of society, and could only be impaired by any new works.

To many, such a thought, thus literally expressed, may appear extravagant, and they may therefore seek to give it a figurative or milder interpretation;—erroneously, as I think.

When Justinian came to the throne, he probably heard as loud complaints of the disastrous confusion of the law, and the urgent need for a thorough reform, as Frederick the Second of Prussia, in the year 1740. A happy accident surrounded him with jurists of such perspicuity as had not appeared for more than a century, nor was he himself deficient either in legal knowledge, or in energy and desire for fame. He endeavored, therefore, to apply a remedy to the evil which was felt to be most pressing—the unmanageable mass of jurisprudential literature and the numerous contradictions it contained. There was no example of any undertaking of a similar nature by which to measure that now contemplated, and hence the opinion might honestly be entertained at the imperial court, that an admirable state of the law might thus be produced, and that there was no other way of effectually preventing a relapse into the old evil, but by legal prohibition. Nor was there the smallest ground for fearing that any existing intellectual activity would be crushed by this prohibition, (as was the case when Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius entertained a similar project;) for the degree of vigor and intelligence which the present time had to offer were obvious to every one, and were manifestly little susceptible of deterioration. The threat of criminal punishment, and even the prohibition to write books, is indeed wholly alien from our manners: and, since the invention of printing, and the active intercourse of the several states of Europe, all such schemes would be absurd and extravagant. But if we pass over this despotical manner of executing the project, as merely accidental, the fundamental idea which prompted it is, in fact, the same self-delusion which, deeply rooted in human nature, is continually recurring in every part of the domain of opinion, and especially in the religious part: that is, we believe ourselves permitted to impose on others, as exclusively right and authoritative, that particular formula of thought which we have constructed by the honest and conscientious exertion of our own powers, thus (as we think) for ever banishing error;—and with it, it is true, freedom of thought.

Justinian established this sort of jurisprudential concordat, and no one was to dare to disturb the peace which it was intended to secure. Shall we judge him severely for this? Our mental horizon is extended by the experience of nearly two thousand years, and yet the essence of this idea of Justinian's still dwells in those who entertain visionary hopes for the

construction of new codes ; though they are without power, and indeed without the will, to execute their project by the stern compulsion resorted to by Justinian.

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THE GLADIATOR.—*Milford Bard.*

"I see before me the gladiator lie ;  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his drooped head sinks gradually low.

The arena swims around him—he is gone."—*Byron.*

THOUSANDS were seated around the spacious arena, waiting for the coming sport. Suddenly was heard the clarion's blast, and in a moment, every tongue was hushed. One by one—according to the custom of the times—the gladiators were paraded :—with slow and solemn steps, they paced the sanded floor of the amphitheatre, in the dreadful anticipation of certain death, by slow and lingering tortures. Their features bore the impress of their inward feelings : on one was pictured the blackness of despair ; the smiles of hope faintly lighted up the countenance of another ; and impatience to revenge the wrongs he had suffered, characterized a third. But there was one among them, who almost baffles the power of description. The changes of his countenance told the workings of a restless spirit at war with itself : his haughty carriage bespoke him higher—nobler than the rest ; and in his pride he seemed to spurn the ground on which he trod. It was Icena, a leader of the barbarian hosts of Britain. The chances of war had proved unfortunate to him ; the superior valor of his enemies had prevailed, and he was compelled to acknowledge them as masters. But, though his body did their bidding, by administering to the pleasure of a remorseless crowd, yet this spirit was unfettered. He might have *lived*—a slave ! but would not. His was not a spirit that would tamely brook the insults of a being like himself, even though that being was robed with unlimited power, and possessed of the highest station on earth. What Lucifer was among the stars of the morning, such was Icena among the sons of men. He would not *live*—a slave—to crouch beneath

the glance of the imperious Roman, or bow in meek submission before the proud oppressors of his race.

He turned his thoughts, for a moment, upon the character of the inhabitants of Rome. At that time they were deemed the most polished and enlightened nation on the face of the earth; yet, civilized as they were, they could find much pleasure in the mortal combat of man with man; and still greater in his encounter with the wild beasts of the forest: they witnessed with shouts of delight the agony of the combatant, treated with levity his misery and groans, and compelled him to fight until death's cold impress had sealed the fate of the miserable victim.

Not so with the Britons. Rude as they were, clemency and hospitality characterized their conduct towards their foes. Cruelty, with them, was not yet so refined, as to cause themselves, their wives, and their children, to view with any other feelings, than those of horror and disgust, the gladiatorial shows and combats which afforded so much pleasure to their conquerors. It is true, they immolated human victims upon their altars; but this was in accordance with their religious rites—in celebrating the worship of God the Creator, and upon altars dedicated solely to that service. The Romans sacrificed their victims on the altar of cruelty, and their own guilty passions were the gods they worshipped.

But this was not the time for reflections like these. He thought of his wife, his children, and the home of his early youth; but they soothed not the hour of his despair; they were like burning coals to his seared and desolated heart. The scenes which he once loved, were now like a dream that was past; and the bright hopes which were once inmates of his breast, had vanished like a meteor of the night. A curse as deep, dark and deadly as the malediction of a fiend, was burning on his lips; but with almost superhuman power he suppressed it. It would have been too great a triumph to the conqueror, to have known that he had power to disturb the self-possession and equanimity of his mind. It was a trying moment; the lion heart of the warrior was faint; his eagle eye grew dim, and his noble and athletic frame was moved through all the springs of life, by the mental conflict. The clashing of the most powerful passions of the human heart, proved fatal to him—it was the war of death. He bowed his head in silence—his heart was broken!

How different would have been his fate had he been a Ro-



man! He might have lived to gladden the days of affectionate parents, or a much loved wife, and beheld his children springing up in beauty around him. Had his feats of valor been performed under the extended wings of the Roman eagle, the laurel wreaths of victory would have been bound around his throbbing temples, and the trumpet of fame would have sounded, loud and long, the pæans of praise, to celebrate his triumph.

The inhuman audience gave one shout as Icena fell—it was a shout of revengeful malice, at being disappointed of their expected prey—but he heard it not; the silence of the grave was around him, and “he slept in peace.”

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LIFE AND DEATH WEIGHED.—*Shakespeare.*

To be, or not to be, that is the question :  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—  
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—  
 To sleep!—perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause:—There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long a life:  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 The undiscovered country from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn away,  
 And lose the name of action.

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THE DEATH OF HEMANS.—*L. H. Sigourney.*

How tenderly  
 Doth nature draw her curtain round thy rest,  
 And like a nurse, with finger on her lip,  
 Watch lest some step disturb thee,—striving still  
 From other hands thy sacred harp to guard,—  
 Waits she thy waking, as some mother waits  
 The babe, whose gentle spirit sleep hath stolen,  
 And laid it dreaming, on the lap of Heaven?  
 We say not thou art dead. We dare not. No,  
 For every mountain stream and shadowy dell  
 Where thy rich harpings linger, would hurl back  
 The falsehood on our souls. Thou speak'st alike  
 The simple language of the speckled flower,  
 And of the glorious stars. God taught it thee.  
 And from thy living intercourse with man,  
 Thou shalt not pass away, until this earth  
 Drop her last gem into the doom's-day flame.  
 Thou hast but taken thy seat with that blest choir  
 Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learn'd so well  
 From this sublunar terrace, and so long  
 Interpreted. Therefore, we will not say  
 Farewell to thee:—for every unborn age  
 Shall mix thee with its household charities,  
 The sage shall meet thee with his benison,  
 And the woman shrine thee as a vestal flame  
 In all the temples of her sanctity,—  
 And the young child shall take thee by the hand,  
 And travel with a surer step to Heaven.

KINGDOM COME.—*Ottway Curry.*

I do not believe the sad story  
 Of ages of sleep in the tomb;  
 I shall pass far away to the glory  
 And grandeur of kingdom come.  
 The pleasures of death and its stillness,  
 May rest on my brow for awhile;  
 And my spirit may lose in its chillness  
 The splendor of hope's happy smile.

But the gloom of the grave will be transient  
 And light as the sleep of my bed;  
 And then I shall blend with the ancient  
 And beautiful forms of the dead.  
 Through the climes of the sky, and the bowers  
 Of bliss, evermore I shall roam;  
 Wearing crowns of the stars and the flowers  
 That glitter in kingdom come.

The friends who have parted before me,  
 From life's gloomy passion and pain,  
 When the last shadow passes o'er me,  
 Will smile on me fondly again.  
 Their voices are lost in the soundless  
 Retreats of their endless home;  
 But soon we shall meet in the boundless  
 Effulgence of kingdom come.

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 THE VISION OF MIRZA—A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.—*Addison.*

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was refreshing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, but who was in

reality a being of superior nature. I drew near with profound reverence, and fell down at his feet. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my inspiration, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock; and placing me on the top of it, "cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see, rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it: and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, than many fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very

small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them: but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urns, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "what mean," said I, "those flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and setting upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or not the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farthest end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge rock of adamant running

through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not that man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.—*Swift.*

UPON the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to rally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavored to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the rugged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the mines, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, for they knew each other by sight, "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy thing, is it you with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could you not look before? do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?" "Good words, friend," said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll: "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel

no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favor to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this, the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle, to show my improvement in the mathematics, is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I came honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence, enriches myself without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labor and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take



warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that in short, the question comes to all this: whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into extremest and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

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#### FALSE AND TRUE PLEASURE.—*Tillotson.*

NOTHING is more certain in reason and experience, than that every inordinate appetite and affection is a punishment to itself; and is perpetually crossing its own pleasure, and defeating its own satisfaction, by overshooting the mark it aims at. For instance, *intemperance* in eating and drinking, instead of delighting and satisfying nature, doth but load and clog it; and instead of quenching a natural thirst, which it is extremely pleasant to do, creates an unnatural one, which is troublesome and endless. The pleasure of *revenge*, as soon as it is executed, turns into grief and pity, guilt and remorse, and a thousand melancholy wishes that we had restrained ourselves from so unreasonable an act. And the same is as evident in other sensual excesses, not so fit to be described. We may trust Epicurus, for this, that there can be no true pleasure without temperance in the use of pleasure. And God and reason hath set us no other bounds concerning the use of sensual pleasures, but that we take care not to be injurious to ourselves, or others, in the kind or degree of them. And it is very visible, that all sensual excess is naturally attended with a

double inconvenience; as it goes beyond the limits of nature, it begets bodily inconvenience: as it goes beyond the limits of nature, it begets bodily pain and diseases: as it transgresseth the rules of reason and religion, it breeds guilt and remorse in the mind. And these are, beyond comparison, the two greatest evils in this world; a diseased body, and a discontented mind; and in this I am sure I speak to the inward feeling and experience of men; and say nothing but what every vicious man finds, and hath a more lively sense of, than is to be expressed by words.

When all is done, there is no pleasure comparable to that of innocency, and freedom from the stings of a guilty conscience; this is a pure and spiritual pleasure, much above any sensual delight. And yet among all the delights of sense, that of health (which is the natural consequent of a sober, and chaste, and regular life) is a sensual pleasure far beyond that of any vice. For it is the life of life, and that which gives a grateful relish to all our other enjoyments. It is not indeed so violent and transporting a pleasure, but it is pure, and even, and lasting, and hath no guilt or regret, no sorrow nor trouble in it, or after it: which is a worm that infallibly breeds in all vicious and unlawful pleasures, and makes them to be bitterness in the end.

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#### THE BATTLE OF IVRY.—*Macaulay.*

HENRY the fourth, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects, under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle he addressed his troops, "My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume—you will always find it in the path to honor and glory." His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, "Save the French!" and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army.—*Aikin's Biographical Dictionary.*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,  
Through thy cornfields green, and running vines, oh pleasant  
land of France,

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls  
annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day  
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;  
With all its angry citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears,  
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;  
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled  
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest,  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all the line, in deaf'ning shout, "God save our lord,  
the King."

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—  
Press where ye may see my white plume shine, amidst the  
ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!  
The fiery Duke is flying fast across Saint Andre's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Amayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snowy crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned  
his rein—

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish count is slain,  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven  
mail;

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,  
The watchword of the bloody day was passed from man to man;  
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;  
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."  
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall  
return:

Ho! Philip send for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp's men may sing their songs o'er thy poor spears-  
men's souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be  
bright!

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night  
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the  
slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and valor of the brave.  
Then glory to His Holy name, from whom all glories are;  
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

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LIBERTY TO ATHENS.—*Percival*.

THE flag of freedom floats once more  
Around the lofty Parthenon;  
It waves as waved the palm of yore,  
In days departed long and gone;  
As bright a glory, from the skies,  
Pours down its light around these towers,  
And once again the Greeks arise,  
As in their country's noblest hours:  
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,

Minerva's sacred hill is free.  
O! may she keep her equal laws,  
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;  
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft  
The laurel from her civic crown;  
Her helm by many a sword was cleft;  
She lay among her ruins low;  
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose;  
And, crushed and bruised by many a blow.  
She cowered beneath her savage foes;  
But now again she springs from earth,  
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;  
She rises in a brighter birth,  
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee;  
Their servile years have rolled away;  
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee;  
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;  
From heaven the golden light descends,  
The times of old are on the wing,  
And glory there his pinion bends,  
And beauty makes a fairer spring;  
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,  
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed;  
A light, that points their tyrants' graves,  
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,  
Where wisdom held her pure abode;  
The hills of Mars, where light divine  
Proclaimed the true, but unknown God;  
Where justice held unyielding sway,  
And trampled all corruption down,  
And onward took her lofty way  
To reach at truth's unfading crown:  
The rock, where liberty was full,  
Where eloquence her torrents rolled,  
And loud, against the despot's rule,  
A knell the patriot's fury tolled:  
The stage, whereon the drama spake,  
In tones that seemed the words of heaven,

Which made the wretch in terror shake,  
 As by avenging furies driven :  
 The groves and gardens, where the fire  
 Of wisdom, as a fountain, burned,  
 And every eye, that dared aspire  
 To truth, has long in worship turned :  
 The halls and porticoes, where trod  
 The moral sage, severe, unstained,  
 And where the intellectual god  
 In all the light of science reigned :  
 The schools, where rose in symmetry  
 The simple, but majestic pile,  
 Where marble threw its roughness by,  
 To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,  
 Where colors made the canvass live,  
 Where music rolled her flood along,  
 And all the charms that art can give,  
 Were blent with beauty, love, and song,  
 The port, from whose capacious womb  
 Her navies took their conquering road,  
 The herald of an awful doom  
 To all, who would not kiss her rod :—  
 On these a dawn of glory springs,  
 These trophies of her brighter fame ;  
 Away the long-chained city flings  
 Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame ;  
 Again her ancient souls awake,  
 Harmodius bares anew his sword ;  
 Her sons in wrath their fetters break,  
 And freedom is their only lord.

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USES OF KNOWLEDGE.—*Bacon.*

LEARNING taketh away the wildness, and barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds : though a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the kind, and to accept of nothing but the examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of any thing, which is the root

of all weakness: for all things are admired, either because they are new, or because they are great. For novelty, no man wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find printed in his heart, "I know nothing." Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain, and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies, and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece, of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage, or a fort, or some walled town at the most, he said, "It seemed to him, that he was advertised of the battle of the frogs and the mice, that the old tales went off." So certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it, the divineness of souls excepted, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune; which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue, and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day, and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day, and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and thereupon said, "*Yesterday I saw a fragile thing broken, to-day I have seen a mortal thing die.*" And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes, and the conquest of all fears together.

It were too long to go over particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind, sometimes purging the ill humors, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping the digestion, sometimes increasing the appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and the ulcerations thereof, and the life; and therefore I will conclude with the chief reason of all, which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that most pleasant life, which consists in our daily feeling ourselves to become better. The good parts he hath, he will learn to show to the full, and use them dexterously,

but not much to increase them: the faults he hath, he will learn how to hide and color them, but not much to amend them: like an ill mower, that mows on still and never whets his scythe. Whereas, with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof.

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#### THE END OF KNOWLEDGE.—*Bacon.*

It is an assured truth, and a conclusion of experience, that a little or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism; but a further proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion: for in the entrance of philosophy, when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause; but when a man passeth on farther, and seeth the dependence of causes, and the works of Providence, then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair. To conclude therefore, let no man, upon a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain, that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the *Book of God's word*, or in the *Book of God's works*; divinity or philosophy; but rather let men endeavor an endless progress, or proficiency in both: only let men beware that they apply both to charity, and not to swelling; to use, and not to ostentation; and again, that they do not unwisely mingle, or confound these learnings together.

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#### DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING WELL.—*Jonson.*

For a man to write well, there are required necessities:—to read the best authors; observe the best speakers; and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner; he must first think, and ex-cogitate his matter; then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the



style be at first, so it be labored and accurate; seek the best and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us, but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which besides that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of sitting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms, to make our loose the stronger. Yet if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception or birth; else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things, the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings. They imposed upon themselves care and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little, their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing.

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#### NECESSITY OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.—*Felton.*

THE fairest diamonds are rough till they are polished, and the purest gold must be run and washed, and sifted in the ore. We are untaught by nature; and the finest qualities will grow wild and degenerate, if the mind is not formed by discipline, and cultivated with an early care. In some persons who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may observe many great qualities darkened and eclipsed; their minds are crusted over like diamonds in the rock, they flash out sometimes into an irregular greatness of thought, and betray in their actions an unguided force, and unmanaged virtue; something very great and very noble may be discerned, but it looks cumbersome and awkward, and is alone of all things the worse for being natural. Nature is undoubtedly the best

mistress and aptest scholar; but nature herself must be civilized, or she will look savage, as she appears in the Indian princes, who are vested with a native majesty, a surprising greatness and generosity of soul, and discover what we always regret, fine parts, and excellent natural endowments, without improvements. In those countries which we call barbarous, where art and politeness are not understood, nature hath the greater advantage in this, that simplicity of manners often secures the innocence of the mind; and as virtue is not, so neither is vice, civilized and refined: but in these politer parts of the world, where virtue excels by rules and discipline, vice also is more instructed, and with us good qualities will not spring up alone: many hurtful weeds will rise with them, and choke them in their growth, unless removed by some skilful hand; nor will the mind be brought to a just perfection without cherishing every hopeful seed, and repressing every superfluous humor: the mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a decent and easy carriage, unless it be fashioned in time; an untaught behaviour is like the people that use it, truly rustic, forced, and uncouth, and art must be applied to make it natural.

Knowledge will not be won without pains and application; some parts of it are easier, some more difficult of access: we must proceed at once by sap and battery; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do but to press boldly on and enter: it is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when you once come to the spring, they rise and meet you; the entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark, and tiresome, but the rooms are spacious, and gloriously furnished; the country is admirable, and every prospect entertaining. You need not wonder, that fine countries have straight avenues, when the regions of happiness, like those of knowledge, are impervious and shut to lazy travellers; and the way to heaven itself is narrow.

Common things are easily attained, and no body values what lies in every body's way: what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will easily be persuaded to put forth your hand to the utmost stretch, and reach whatever you aspire at.

Many are the subjects which will invite and deserve the steadiest application from those who would excel, and be distinguished in them. Human learning in general; natural philosophy, mathematics and the whole circle of science. But

there is no necessity of leading you through these several fields of knowledge: it will be most commendable for you to gather some of the fairest fruit from them all, and to lay up a store of good sense, and sound reason, of great probity, and solid virtue. This is the true use of knowledge, to make subservient to the great duties of our most holy religion, that as you are daily grounded in the true and saving knowledge of a Christian, you may use the helps of human learning, and direct them to their proper end. You will meet with great and wonderful examples of an irregular and mistaken virtue in the Greeks and Romans, with many instances of greatness of mind, of unshaken fidelity, contempt of human grandeur, a most passionate love of their country, prodigality of life, disdain of servitude, inviolable truth, and the most public disinterested souls, that ever threw off all regards in comparison with their country's good: you will discern the flaws and blemishes of their fairest actions, see the wrong apprehensions they had of virtue, and be able to point them right, and keep them within their proper bounds. Under this correction you may extract a generous and noble spirit from the writings and histories of the ancients. And I would in a particular manner recommend the classic authors to your favor, and they will recommend themselves to your approbation. If you would resolve to master the Greek as well as the Latin tongue, you will find that the one is the source and original of all that is most excellent in the other: I do not mean so much for expression as thought, though some of the most beautiful strokes of the Latin tongue are drawn from the lines of the Grecian orators and poets; but for thought and fancy, for the very foundation and embellishment of their works, you will see, the Latins have ransacked the Grecian store, and as Horace advises all who would succeed in writing well, to have their authors night and morning in their hands.

And they have been such happy imitators, that the copies have proved more exact than the originals; and Rome has triumphed over Athens, as well in wit as arms; for though Greece may have the honor of invention, yet it is easier to strike out a new course of thought than to equal old originals; and therefore it is more honor to surpass, than to invent anew. Verrio is a great man from his own designs; but if he had attempted upon the Cartoons, and outdone Raphael Urbin in life and colors, he had been acknowledged greater than that celebrated master, but now we must think him less.

PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.—*S. T. Wallis.*

THE Philosopher of History looks upon human nature as vast science, of which the world furnishes and has furnished, in the action of nations and individuals, but a series of protracted experiments. He endeavors, and in his theory professes, to place himself upon an elevation above humanity, calmly looking down upon its movements throughout all time, as if he were beyond the sphere of its revolutions, and the influence of its gravitation. He takes mankind from their earliest recorded or imagined actions, down to the living present, tracing in their career, what seems to him to be the continuous outline of the world's life, and the progression, relation and law of the principles set forth in it. In the past and the present he finds sown the seeds of the future, and looking upon humanity as one great problem, he solves the mystery of destiny, by applying the axioms of history to their elucidation.

It will be seen, from this faint general notion, that the duty which the Philosopher of History assumes, is one, which must task, to their utmost limit, the highest faculties of the brightest intellect. Men, of prominent abilities, have devoted years of arduous and patient labor to the illustration of the wonders of Providence, in the minutest, and, apparently, the most trivial of his works. Yet, after all those years, they have left their subjects still unexhausted, and the toil of each succeeding student has but served to open new vistas of wonder and wisdom, for still succeeding laborers to explore.† The extraordinary muscular adaptations which the human hand displays, the miraculous combinations which are involved in the organs of vision, the mysteries which still slumber, unexplained, in the nervous system, the phenomena which attend the planting, the growth, the blossoming, the reproduction of the little wayside flower, all these things have, in their turn, pointed the studies of long life-times, and are full of unintelligible wonders still. What then, is the interminable distance which he must travel, who begins the journey of thought with the creation of man, who strives to trace, through all the developments of human conduct, through all the countless revolutions, contradictions, conflicts, confusion of rolling ages, the ebbing and flowing of that measureless ocean, the providence of God! Ocean did I call it? Rather let it be counted as a mighty wind, which has passed over human existence, unseen,

the direction and impetus whereof are to be gathered, only, from the marks of its progress which have survived through time.

Not only is the subject, in itself, a vast one, but many of the data, on which its scientific conclusions are to rest, have their basis upon very clouds. Mutable as even the face of nature is, through a succession of long ages, it is permanence itself, to the changing fate of man. Let history be as busy as she may, she is but a gatherer of fragments. She is a chronicler, that tells scarce half the incidents of human existence; of man's national, not less than his individual career, what security have they of perpetuation, or, if they be treasured, dimly in memory, what security have they that they will be above the frailties of recollection, the metamorphoses of tradition, the chances of perversion, by ignorance or wilful falsehood? Recent travellers inform us that the honey of Morrat Hymettus, in Attica, famous for its excellence in Grecian song, is still as sweetly gathered from the same fragrant thyme, as when the bards of Greece were there to taste and praise it. Nature, here, proves to us, that the poet's tale was truth. She is his witness, after two thousand years. But who shall say of the men who lived in the shadow of that classic hill, that their story, solemn, grave, eloquent as it may be, is as free from peradventure, as is that of the little insect that buzzed among their gardens? Who shall say that their good deeds and their evil, national and individual, their political movements and the spring and principles thereof, have come down to us, all or one half of them, faithfully as they were? Who shall tell, that facts, which were but trifles, have not been made the foundation of whole historic systems, while others have gone into oblivion, lost or hidden, which would have made sun-light, all over the dark places of their individual or national progress? Over how many of the best landmarks, by which historical philosophy might have been guided, may not the sands of ages have drifted altogether? The researches of antiquarians have discovered and are discovering, yearly, in the southern portions of our own continent, traces of mighty nations, whose arts, and sciences, and civil polity, had reached, in many particulars, as high a point, as modern intellect has been able to attain. The elaborate history of Mr. Prescott, and the instructive productions of Stephens, Norman, and Mayer, have but recently placed the English reader in possession of facts, as to the former inhabitants of Mexico, which

astound us by the wonders they disclose. Each succeeding step, which oriental learning takes, among the chronicles of Egypt and Asia, reveals some mighty fragment of a system, before untold of; and leaves us at sea, as to the probable extent of social progress, which, mighty as it was, had sunk out of human memory.

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DEATH OF MACDONOUGH.—*Milford Bard.*

He sleeps in the cradle of freedom and glory,  
And the wings of the eagle o'ershadow his grave;  
His deeds are renowned on the pages of story,  
Co-equal with fame, and the fate of the brave.

While the surge of Champlain, in its wild murmur roaring,  
Shall continue to sparkle and foam in the sun,  
So long shall his fame, still exalted be soaring,  
And brighten still brighter as ages shall run.

At his shrine shall the hero bow down in devotion,  
When the tempests of war in destruction shall rave;  
When the cannon of carnage shall wake the deep ocean,  
And the flags of America's triumph shall wave.

From his ashes shall rise, like a new born creation,  
The heirs of true valor and virtue alone;  
The heroes that shine in the lists of a nation,  
Like Macdonough in peace and in war ever shone.

He sleeps on the cold and comfortless pillow,  
Where silence and darkness their vigils long hold;  
On the trident of Neptune beneath the dark billow,  
His name is inscribed in bright letters of gold.

In the hearts of his countrymen long, long shall linger,  
The memory of him who has fought for their fame;  
The poet shall lend to the harp the soft finger,  
And Delaware boast of his generous name.

He has gone to the land of the saints and the sages,  
The land of the good, and the blest, and the brave;  
His fame is inscribed on eternity's pages,  
And day brightly dawns on the gloom of the grave.

NORA'S VOW.—*Walter Scott.*

HEAR what the Highland Nora said—  
 "The Erlie's son I will not wed,  
 Should all the race of nature die,  
 And none be left but he and I;  
 For all the gold, for all the gear,  
 For all the lands, both far and near,  
 That ever valor lost or won,  
 I would not wed the Erlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,  
 "Are lightly made and lightly broke:  
 The heather on the mountain's height,  
 Begins to bloom in purple light;  
 The frost wind soon shall sweep away  
 The lustre deep from glen and brae;  
 Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,  
 May blithely wed the Erlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast,  
 May barter for the eagle's nest;  
 The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn;  
 Ben Cruaihan fall and crush Kilchurn;  
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,  
 Before their foes may turn and fly;  
 But I, were all these marvels done,  
 Would never wed the Erlie's son."

Still in the water lilly's shade,  
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made;  
 Ben Cruaihan stands as fast as ever;  
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river,  
 To shun the clash of foeman's steel,  
 No highland brogue has turned the heel;  
 But Nora's heart is lost and won,  
 She's wedded to the Erlie's son!

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 MY MIND MY KINGDOM.—*Shenstone.*

My mind to me a kingdom is;  
 Such perfect joy therein I find,  
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss,

That God or nature hath assign'd :  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
I seek no more than may suffice :  
I press to bear no haughty sway ;  
Look ; what I lack, my mind supplies.  
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
And hasty climbers soonest fall :  
I see that such as sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all :  
These get with toil, and keep with fear :  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,  
No force to win a victory,  
No wily wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to win a lover's eye :  
To none of these I yield as thrall,  
For why ? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, and still they crave ;  
I little have, yet seek no more ;  
They are but poor, though much they have ;  
And I am rich with little store :  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
I grudge not at another's gain ;  
No worldly wave my mind can toss,  
I brook that is another's bane  
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend ;  
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease,  
My conscience clear my chief defence :  
I never seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence :  
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
Would all do so, as well as I !



I take no joy in earthly bliss;  
 I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw,  
 For care, I know not what it is;  
 I fear not Fortune's fatal law.  
 My mind is such as may not move  
 For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;  
 I wander not to seek for more;  
 I like the plain, I climb no hill;  
 In greatest storms I sit on shore,  
 And laugh at them that toil in vain  
 To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;  
 I feign not love where most I hate;  
 I break no sleep to win my will;  
 I wait not at the mighty's gate;  
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;  
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

I court no cast, I like no loathe:  
 Extremes are counted worst of all;  
 The golden mean betwixt them both  
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;  
 This is my choice; for why? I find  
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

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THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.—*Chateaubriand.*

THE Valley of Jehoshaphat has in all ages seemed as the burying-place to Jerusalem: you meet there, side by side, monuments of the most distant times and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die, from all the corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers. Solomon planted that valley: the shadow of the Temple by which it was overhung—the torrent, called after grief, which traversed it—the Psalms which David there composed—the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which its rocks re-echoed, render it the fitting abode of the tomb. The Saviour of the world, commenced his passion in the same place: that innocent

David there shed, for the expiation of our sins, those tears which the guilty David let fall for his own transgressions. Few names awaken in our minds recollections so solemn as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is so full of mysteries, that, according to the Prophet Joel, all mankind will be assembled there before the Eternal Judge.

The aspect of this celebrated valley is desolate; the western side is bounded by a ridge of lofty rocks which support the walls of Jerusalem, above which the towers of the city appear. The eastern is formed by the Mount of Olives, and another eminence called the Mount of Scandal, from the idolatry of Solomon. These two mountains, which adjoin each other, are almost bare, and of a red and sombre hue; on their desert side you see here and there, some black and withered vineyards, some wild olives, some ploughed land, covered with hyssop, and a few ruined chapels. At the bottom of the valley, you perceive a torrent traversed by a single arch, which appears of great antiquity. The stones of the Jewish cemetery appear like a mass of ruins at the foot of the mountain of Scandal, under the village of Siloam. You can hardly distinguish the buildings of the village from the ruins with which they are surrounded. Three ancient monuments are particularly conspicuous; those of Zachariah, Jehoshaphat, and Absalom. The sadness of Jerusalem, from which no smoke ascends, and in which no sound is to be heard; the solitude of the surrounding mountains, where not a living creature is to be seen; the disorder of those tombs, ruined, ransacked, and half exposed to view, would almost induce one to believe that the last trump had been heard, and that the dead were about to rise in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

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THE STORM.—*John Inman.*

THERE is a storm brewing among the hills. The faint breeze that was welcomed so lately, as it came stealing at intervals over the water whose bosom it scarcely had power to ruffle, sweeps through the forest now, in short, fitful gusts, tossing the long slender branches in wild confusion, and whirling up the dead leaves from the earth upon which they are thickly strewn, yellow and whitened, as if for an emblem of that certain doom to which all earthly things are subject.

In the pauses between, there is a fearful and ominous stillness, and the heat, which, intense as it was until now, has been tempered by the elastic freshness and purity of the atmosphere, is becoming close, heavy, and oppressive; thick black clouds are gathering over the mountain; and from the ancient trees issue a dismal and indescribable sound, that to the ear of fancy seems like a groan of lamentation for the wrath of the expected tempest. It comes, at last in its fury; the leaves are torn from their branches, and scattered aloft by thousands upon the wing of the storm; sudden darkness, like that of midnight, broods over the earth; a few big drops of rain come flashing upon the thick masses of foliage, soon to be followed by a descending torrent; and the river's bosom, so calm and waveless but a few moments since, is lashed into foam, and ploughed up in huge heaving furrows by the rush of the hurricane. Hark to the roar of the thunder; the voice of Omnipotence calling the elements to battle! The lightning flashes, and all around is a blaze of fearful and unendurable splendor; millions of torches could not dispel the gloom of this old forest, overshadowed by the black storm-bearing clouds, with a more dazzling and intolerable radiance. Again and again it illuminates all the firmament, and see, how the forked streams play round the brow of the precipice? Heavens, what a terrific peal! Beginning with a sharp and sudden crash, succeeded by a continuous rattle, alike in sound, but louder than the vollied ringing of ten thousand muskets, and ending with a roar, compared to which the most appalling noises of human invention are but the distant murmur of a gentle stream, in contrast with the booming of an angry sea against the rocks of some bold headland. Another peal, and yet more awful! It is the day of doom! Down to your knees and pray, for surely the last trump is sounding to announce the awful moment in which the earth shall pass away, and all that it contains be wrapt in one complete and terrible destruction. Impending ruin overhangs the bright and beautiful creation; but the Almighty hand controls the raging elements, and his bidding has already gone forth to put a limit to their fury. The rain descends with tenfold violence; no longer in streams, but as it were in floods, that break not in their fall; yet is the howling of the wind less fierce and dreadful, and each succeeding thunder-peal is shorter and more distinct than the last. The intervals between the flashes of the lightning are longer in duration, and faint gleams of day are breaking through the

gloom that overspreads the firmament. Hail to the first joyful sunbeam, piercing through the riven clouds! And now how fast they roll away, and leave the brilliant blue of the clear skies unshrouded! The rain drops pendant from the leaves, and from the tendrils of the vines, and resting in the bosom of the flowers, sparkle like countless diamonds in the sunlight; the air is cooled, and the hot earth refreshed, and the birds are again darting and pouring forth their melody among the foliage.

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AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JOHN RANDOLPH A  
FEW DAYS PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.—*Garland.*

MR. RANDOLPH reached the landing at Potomac creek, before the arrival of the steamboat, and considerably in advance of the Fredericksburg stage coaches, which could not keep pace with his fleet horses.

When the approach of the boat was announced, he was brought out of the room by his servants, on a chair, and seated in the porch, where most of the stage passengers were assembled. His presence seemed to produce considerable restraint on the company; and though he appeared to solicit it, none were willing to enter into conversation; one gentleman only, who was a former acquaintance, passed a few words with him; and so soon as the boat reached the landing, all hurried off, and left him nearly alone, with his awkward servants as his only attendants. An Irish porter, who seemed to be very careless and awkward in his movements, slung a trunk round and struck Mr. Randolph with considerable force against the knee. He uttered an exclamation of great suffering. The poor Irishman was much terrified, and made the most humble apology, but Mr. Randolph stormed at him—would listen to no excuse, and drove him from his presence. This incident increased the speed of the by-standers, and in a few minutes not one was left to assist the dying man.

Dr. Dunbar, an eminent physician, of Baltimore, witnessing what happened, and feeling his sympathies awakened towards a man so feeble, and apparently so near his end, walked up to the chair, as the servants were about to remove their master, and said, "Mr. Randolph, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I have known your brother from my child-

hood; and as I see you have no one with you but your servants—you appear to require a friend, I will be happy to render you any assistance in my power, while we are together on the boat.” He looked up, and fixed such a searching gaze on the doctor as he never encountered before. But having no other motive but kindness for a suffering fellow man, he returned the scrutinizing look with steadiness. As Mr. Randolph read the countenance of the stranger who had thus unexpectedly proffered his friendship, his face suddenly cleared up, and with a most winning smile, and real politeness, and with a touching tone of voice, grasping the Doctor’s hand, he said, “I am most thankful to you, sir, for your kindness, for I do, indeed, want a friend.”

He was now, with the Doctor’s assistance, carefully carried on board, and set down in the most eligible part of the cabin. He seemed to be gasping for breath, as he sat up in the chair; having recovered a little, he turned to the Doctor, and said, “Be so good, sir, if you please, as to give me your name.” The Doctor gave him his name, his profession, and place of residence.

“Ah! Doctor,” he said, “I am passed surgery—passed surgery!” “I hope not, sir,” the Doctor replied. With a deeper and more pathetic tone, he repeated, “I am passed surgery.”

He was removed to a side berth, and laid in a position where he could get air; the Doctor also commenced fanning him. His face was wrinkled, and of a parched yellow, like a female of advanced age. He seemed to repose for a moment, but presently he roused up, throwing round an intense and searching gaze. The Doctor was reading a newspaper.

“What paper is that, Doctor?”

“The ——— Gazette, sir.”

“A very scurrilous paper, sir—a very scurrilous paper.”

After a short pause, he continued, “Be so good, sir, as to read the foreign news for me—the debates in Parliament, if you please.”

As the names of the speakers were mentioned, he commented on each; “Yes,” said he, “I knew him when I was in England;” then went on to make characteristic remarks on each person.

In reading, the Doctor fell upon the word budget; he pronounced the letter *u* short, as in *bud*—budget. Mr. Randolph said quickly, but with great mildness and courtesy “Permit me to interrupt you for a moment, Doctor; I would pronounce

that word bûdget;—like *oo* in book.” “Very well, sir,” said the Doctor, pleasantly, and continued the reading, to which Mr. Randolph listened with great attention. Mr. Randolph now commenced a conversation about his horses, which he seemed to enjoy very much; Gracchus particularly, he spoke of with evident delight. As he lay in his berth, he showed his limbs to the Doctor, which were much emaciated. He looked at them mournfully, and expressed his opinion of the hopelessness of his condition. The Doctor endeavored to cheer him with more hopeful views. He listened politely, but evidently derived no consolation from the remarks. Supper was now announced; the captain and the steward were very attentive, in carrying such dishes to Mr. Randolph as they thought would be pleasing to him. He was plentifully supplied with fried clams, which he ate with a good deal of relish. The steward asked him if he would have some more clams. “I do not know,” he replied; “Doctor, do you think I could take some more clams?” “No, Mr. Randolph; had you asked me earlier, I would have advised against taking any, for they are very injurious; but I did not conceive it my right to advise you.” “Yes you had, Doctor; and I would have been much obliged to you for doing so. Steward, I can’t take any more; the Doctor thinks they are not good for me.”

After the table was cleared off, one of the gentlemen—the one referred to as a former acquaintance of Mr. Randolph’s—observed that he should like to get some information about the boats north of Baltimore. “I can get it for you, sir,” replied Mr. Randolph. “Doctor, do me the favor to hand me a little wicker-basket, among my things in the berth below.” The basket was handed to him; it was full of clippings from newspapers. He could not find the advertisement he sought for. The gentleman, with great politeness, said “Don’t trouble yourself, Mr. Randolph.” Several times he repeated, “Don’t trouble yourself, sir.” At length Randolph became impatient, and looking up at him with an angry expression of countenance, said, “I do hate to be interrupted!” The gentleman, thus rebuked, immediately left him.

Mr. Randolph then showed another basket of the same kind, filled with similar scraps from newspapers, and observed that he was always in the habit when any thing struck him in his reading, as likely to be useful for future reference, to cut it out and preserve it in books, which he had for that purpose; and that he had at home several volumes of that kind. He

showed his arrangements for travelling in Europe; and after a while, seeing the Doctor writing, he said, "Doctor, I see you are writing; will you do me the favor to write a letter for me, to a friend in Richmond?" "Certainly, sir." "The gentleman," he continued, "stands A No. 1, among men—Dr. Brokenbough, of Richmond." The letter gave directions about business matters, principally, but it contained some characteristic remarks about his horses. He exulted in their beating the stage; and concluded, "so much for blood. Now," said he, "sign it Doctor."

"How shall I sign it, Mr. Randolph?" "Shall I sign it John Randolph of Roanoke?"

"No, sir, sign it Randolph of Roanoke."

It was done accordingly. "Now, Doctor," said he, "do me the favor to add a postscript." The postscript was added. "I have been so fortunate as to meet with Dr. Dunbar, of Baltimore, on board this boat, and to form his acquaintance, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for his kind attention to me."

So soon as the letter was concluded, Mr. Randolph drew together the curtains of his berth; the Doctor frequently heard him groaning heavily, and breathing so laboriously, that several times he approached the side of the berth to listen if it were not the beginning of the death-struggle. He often heard him, also, exclaiming, in agonizing tones "Oh God! Oh Christ!" while he was engaged in ejaculatory prayer.

He now became very restless, was impatient and irascible with his servants, but continued to manifest the utmost kindness and courtesy towards Dr. Dunbar.

When the boat reached the wharf at Alexandria, where the Doctor was to leave, he approached the side of the berth, and said, "Mr. Randolph, I must now take leave of you." He begged the Doctor to come and see him, at Gadsby's, then, grasping his hand, he said, "God bless you, Doctor; I never can forget your kind attentions to me."

Next day he went into the Senate chamber, and took his seat in rear of Mr. Clay. That gentleman happened to be on his feet, addressing the Senate. "Raise me up," said Mr. Randolph, "I want to hear that voice again." When Mr. Clay had concluded his remarks, which were very few, he turned round to see from what quarter that singular voice proceeded. Seeing Mr. Randolph, and that he was in a dying condition, he left his place and went to speak to him; as he approached,

Mr. Randolph said to the gentleman with him, "Raise me up." As Mr. Clay offered his hand, he said, "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir." "No, sir," replied Mr. Randolph, "I am a dying man, and I came here expressly to have this interview with you."

They grasped hands and parted, never to meet more.

Having accomplished the only thing that weighed on his mind, having satisfied Mr. Clay, and the world, that, notwithstanding a long life of political hostility, no personal animosity rankled in his heart, he was now ready to continue on his journey, or to meet, with a lighter conscience, any fate that might befall him.

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THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.—*Jean Paul.*

In a sort of mental death, Firmian seated himself in the old chair, and covered his eyes with his hands. The mist was now withdrawn from the future, and discovered a long arid track covered with the traces and ashes of burnt-out fires; full of sear and withered bushes, and scattered with bones whitening in the sand. He saw the chasm which divided his heart from Tiecke's would become wider and wider;—he saw it distinctly and desolately; his old, beautiful love would never return. Tiecke would never lay aside his obstinacy, his sullenness, his habits; the narrow enclosures of his heart and of his head would remain impenetrably shut; he could learn as little to understand him as to love him. On the other hand, the absence of his friend aggravated the bitterness of his coldness; he looked mournfully along the dreary vista of long silent days, full of stifled sighs and mute accusations.

Tiecke sat silently at work in the chamber, for his wounded heart shrank from words and looks as from chill and cutting winds. It was already very dark,—but he needed no light.

All at once a wandering ballad-singer with a harp, and a little boy with a flute, began to play under the window.

It was with our friends as if their swollen and tightened hearts received a thousand punctures, and then gently collapsed. As nightingales sing sweetest where there is an echo, so do our hearts speak most audibly where music is around them. O! as the many-stringed tones brought back to him his old hopes,—hopes, the very aspect of which he could



scarcely recognise; as he looked down into the Acadia now lying deep, deep beneath the stream of years, and saw himself there with his young fresh wishes, his long-lost joys, his glad eyes which gazed around full of confidence, and his expanding heart which husbanded and fostered all its love and truth for some future loving one; and as he now cried in a deep inward discord, "And such an one have I *not* found, and all is over; and as the sounds passed like the shifting pictures of gay meadows, flowery thickets and loving groups in a camera obscura, before this lonely one who had nothing,—not one soul in this land that loved him;—his firm spirit fell prostrate within him, and laid itself down upon the earth as if to its eternal rest,—and now nothing had power to heal or to soothe it but its own sorrow.

Suddenly the tones, wandering on the night wind, died away, and the pauses, like a burial in silence and darkness, struck deeper into the heart. In this melodious stillness he went into the chamber, and said to Tiecke, "Take this trifle down to them." But he could only falter out the last words, for in the light reflected from the opposite house, he saw his flushed face streaming unregarded tears: at his entrance he had affected to be busied in wiping off the mist which his warm breath had left upon the window pane.

He said, in a still softer tone, "Tiecke, take it directly, or they will be gone." He took it; his heavy eyes turned away as they met his, no less tear-swollen than his own, yet they met dry and tearless,—so severed, so estranged were their souls already. They had reached that wretched state in which the hour of common emotion no longer reconciles or warms. His whole breast swelled with a torrent of love, but Tiecke's no longer belonged to him; he was oppressed at the same moment by the wish and the impossibility of loving him,—by the certainty of the barrenness and coldness of his nature. He seated himself in a window recess, and leaned down his head and touched, by chance, the pocket handkerchief he had left. The afflicted creature, after the long constraint of a whole day, had refreshed himself by this gentle overflowing,—as a hurt by pressure is relieved by opening a vein.

At the touch of the handkerchief a cold shudder ran through his frame, like a sting of conscience. And now the voice and the flute without the harp were heard again, and flowed on together in a slow mournful ditty, every verse of which ended,

"Gone is gone, dead is dead!" Grief clasped him round like the mantle-fish in its dark stifling shroud. He pressed Tiecke's tear-steeped handkerchief hard upon his eye balls, and in darkness he felt, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!" Then suddenly his noble spirit melted within him at the thought that his throbbing heart would perhaps be at rest before the entrance of any other year than that which was to break upon him on the morrow; and he fancied himself departing, and the cold handkerchief lay steeped in double tears on his burning face; and the notes marked every point of time, like the beats of a clock, and he felt, sensibly, the passage and motion of time, and he saw himself at length sleeping in the quiet grave.

The music ceased. He heard Tiecke go into the room and light a candle. He went to him and gave him the handkerchief. But his inner man was so bruised and bleeding that he felt as if he longed to embrace any outward being,—be it what it would. He felt as if he must press, if not his present, yet his former,—if not his loving, yet his suffering Tiecke to his fainting, famished heart. But he neither wished nor tried to utter the word love. Slowly, and without bending down, he folded his arms around him, and drew him to his heart; but he turned his head coldly and abruptly from his offered kiss. This pained him acutely, and he said, "Am I happier than thou?" and he laid his face down on Tiecke's averted head, and pressed him once more to his heart, and then released him. And as the vain embrace was over, his whole heart exclaimed, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!"

As he laid himself down to rest, he thought, the old year closes, as if forever, in sleep; out of sleep the new one arises, like the beginning of existence, and I slumber over a fearful, formless, thickly shrouded future. Thus do we go to sleep at the very gateway of imprisoned dreams, and we know not, although our dreams lie but at the distance of a few minutes, a few steps from the gate, whether when they will issue forth, they will surround us in the likeness of crouching, glaring beasts of prey, or of fair children, smiling and sporting in their little sinless right;—whether we ought to strangle or to embrace the compacted air.

## REMEMBRANCES.—E. J. Eames.

I HAVE been looking o'er the lines long written—  
Those tender lines traced many years ago,  
When hopes unwasted, promises unsmitten,  
Were the bright portion of my spring-time glow.  
My sunken eye grows tearful as it wanders  
Over the scroll, all stained and time-worn now :  
My heart grows weak, as mournfully it ponders  
On the dear memories of—long ago!

I have been bending o'er the violet flowers,  
Still linked, O Love ! with gentlest thoughts of you ;  
My heart recalls *that* eve's delicious hours,  
When with its leaves of softest dreamy blue,  
You linked a myrtle rose and bade me treasure  
The fragrant token for the giver's sake ;  
The rose is dead ! the violet's deep azure  
Has faded, ne'er a livelier hue to take.

Long withered ! yet such perfume round them lingers  
As wakes a thousand dreams of girlhood gone ;  
Trembling the wreath hangs in my clasping fingers—  
I feel thy dark eyes answering my own !  
Tones of a voice long hushed again are stealing  
In haunting whispers to my raptured ear ;  
The lingering walk—the rose-crowned porch revealing  
My youth's remembered home—Oh ! *all* things dear.

Through all the vanish'd past my thoughts are roving ;  
The changeful years that over me have flown  
Since Jane and I, the hopeful and the loving,  
Talked of the Future as our own, *our own*.  
Peace, memory, peace ! dim scroll and faded flowers,  
Back to your place ; no more fond dreams recall !  
Vain are such visions in this world of ours,  
Youth, love, hope, fear—I have *outlived them all*.

## LITTLE CHILDREN.—Maria Roscoe.

SPEAK gently to the little child,  
So guileless and so free,  
Who, with a trustful, loving heart,  
Puts confidence in thee.

Speak not the cold and careless thoughts  
Which time hath taught thee well,  
Nor breathe one word whose bitter tone  
*Distrust* might seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud,  
However light it be,  
Speak loving words, and let him feel  
He has a friend in thee:  
And do not send him from thy side  
Till on his face shall rest,  
The joyous look, the sunny smile  
That mark a happy breast.

Oh! teach him *this* should be his aim,  
To cheer the aching heart,  
To strive, where thickest darkness reigns  
Some radiance to impart;  
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm  
Where dwells the noise of strife,  
Thus doing good and blessing all,  
To spend the whole of life.

To love with pure affection deep,  
All creatures great and small,  
And still a stronger love to bear  
For Him who made them all.  
Remember, 'tis no common task  
That thus to thee is given,  
To rear a spirit fit to be  
The inhabitant of heaven.

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THE HILLS OF MY COUNTRY.—*Francis Brown.*

- ONE of the United Irishmen who lately returned to his country, after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to revisit Ireland when all his friends were gone, answered, "I came back to see the mountains."

I come to my country, but not with the hope  
That brightened my youth like the cloud lighting bow,  
For the vigor of soul that seemed mighty to cope

With Time and with Fortune hath fled from me now;  
And Love that illumined my wanderings of yore,  
Hath perished and left me but weary regret  
For the star that can rise on my midnight no more—  
But the hills of my country they welcome me yet!

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,  
When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track:  
From the wide-spreading deserts and ruin that fill  
The lands of old story, they summoned me back;  
They rose on my dreams through the shades of the West,  
They breathed upon sands that the dew never wet,  
For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best—  
But I knew that the mountains would welcome me yet.

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar,  
They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave,  
For serving the stranger through wandering and war,  
The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.  
And I, I returned with the memory of years,  
Whose hope rose so high though in sorrow it set;  
They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears—  
But our mountains remember their premises yet.

Oh, where are the brave hearts that bounded of old,  
And where are the faces my childhood hath seen?  
For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown cold,  
But our streams are still bright and our hills are still green;  
Aye, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,  
When brothers in heart in their shadows we met;  
And the hills have no memory of sorrow or death  
For their summits are sacred to liberty yet.

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now  
Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land:  
And sunlight encircles each heath covered brow  
For which time hath no furrow and tyrants no brand;  
Oh, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle:  
Erase the dark seal that oppression hath set:  
Give back the lost glory again to the soil,  
For the hills of my country remember it yet!

THE LAW OF PROGRESS.—*J. L. Ridgley.*

IF we would appreciate the age in which we live, we must mark the impress of mind upon the masses and upon the institutions by which they are surrounded: we must note the influences, which that impress has from time to time exerted in moulding the aggregate character. There is no means of illustration perhaps more simple and vivid than that afforded by contrast: if therefore as citizens of this Republic, we feel that love of country is ever swelling up from the full fountains of our hearts, we must bear in mind, that this just conception of our true position is supplied by the instructive contrast, which other nations, other governments, and other people present, whose social and political condition, along side of our own, serve to strengthen our patriotism and to stimulate our hopes and wishes for the enlargement of human freedom.

If this contrast indicates a higher and more refined civilization as the inseparable accompaniment of free institutions; if the rule of reason and the nobler impulses of humanity in contrast with the reign of violence and cruelty, and the soothing influences of a chastened christianity succeeding to theories of crude morals and subtle philosophy, serve to awaken more close fraternal relations among men; if the cultivation of science be of easy access, and the diffusion of knowledge freely and without price to the millions tend to supply an ample veneration for religion and to inspire a love for freedom, which becomes bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; if peace and liberty under proper constitutional restraints, combine to invite the intellect of men to its highest effort, and the age in which we live has become distinguished for "triumphs of mind, which have carried genius into paths never before trodden;" if government finds its firmest support in the affections and quick intelligence of the people rather than in the forms of law; if these, with countless other blessings are but a tithe of the mystic springs of the progress of our country, of the stability of our institutions, of the prosperity of our people, we cannot fail to understand what have been the agencies, which have produced such results. The cause which has perfected government and which especially prevailed in the development of that well balanced political system, under which we dwell, in truth is the same, which has moulded the various civil and political institutions, fostered by such government: that cause is now known and designated as the law of pro-

If we look now for Atticus, we find him in the quiet of his library, surrounded with books, while Cicero was passing through the regular course of public honors and services, where all the treasures of his mind were at the command of his country. If we follow them, we find Atticus pleasantly wandering among the ruins of Athens, purchasing up statues and antiquities; while Cicero was at home, blasting the projects of Cataline, and, at the head of the senate, like the tutelary spirit of his country, as the storm was gathering, secretly watching the doubtful movements of Cæsar. If we look to the period of the civil wars, we find Atticus always reputed, indeed, to belong to the party of the friends of liberty, yet originally dear to Sylla, and intimate with Clodius, recommending himself to Cæsar by his neutrality, courted by Antony, and connected with Octavius, poorly concealing the Epicureanism of his principles under the ornaments of literature and the splendor of his benefactions; till at last this inoffensive and polished friend of successive usurpers hastens out of life to escape from the pains of a lingering disease. Turn now to Cicero, the only great man at whom Cæsar always trembles, the only great man whom falling Rome did not fear. Do you tell me that his hand once offered incense to the dictator? Remember it was the gift of gratitude only, and not of servility; for the same hand launched its indignation at the infamous Antony, whose power was more to be dreaded, and whose revenge pursued him till this father of his country gave his head to the executioner without a struggle, for he knew that Rome was no longer to be saved. If, my friends, you would feel what learning, and genius, and virtue, should aspire to in a day of peril and depravity, when you are tired of the factions of the city, the battles of Cæsar, the crimes of the triumvirate, and the splendid court of Augustus, do not go and repose in the easy chair of Atticus, but refresh your virtues and your spirits with the contemplation of Cicero.

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THE BOWER OF BENDEEMER.—*Moore.*

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendeëmer's stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;  
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,  
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
I think—Is the nightingale singing there yet?  
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendeemer?

No—the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave;  
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,  
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave  
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
An essence that breathes of it many a year;  
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,  
Is that bower of roses by calm Bendeemer.

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BELSHAZZAR.—*Croly.*

Hour of an empire's overthrow!  
The princes from the feast were gone;  
The idol flame was burning low;—  
'Twas midnight upon Babylon.

That night the feast was wild and high;  
That night was Sion's gold profaned;  
The seal was set to blasphemy;  
The last deep cup of wrath was drained.

Mid jewelled roof and silken pall,  
Belshazzar on his couch was flung;  
A burst of thunder filled the hall;  
He heard—but 'twas no mortal tongue:

"King of the East! the trumpet calls  
That calls thee to a tyrant's grave:  
A curse is on thy palace walls—  
A curse is on thy guardian wave.

"A surge is in Euphrates' bed,  
That never filled its bed before;  
A surge, that ere the morn be red,  
Shall load with death its haughty shore.



"Behold a tide of Persian steel!  
A torrent of the Median car;  
Like flame their gory banners wheel:  
Rise, King, and arm thee for the war!"

Belshazzar gazed: the voice was past—  
The lofty chamber filled with gloom;  
But echoed on the sudden blast  
The rushing of a mighty plume.

He listened: all again was still;  
He heard no chariot's iron clang;  
He heard the fountain's gushing rill,  
The breeze that through the roses sang.

He slept: in sleep wild murmurs came;  
A visioned splendor fired the sky;  
He heard Belshazzar's taunted name;  
He heard again the Prophet's cry.

"Sleep, Sultan! 'tis thy final sleep;  
Or, wake or sleep, the guilty dies.  
The wrongs of those who watch and weep,  
Around thee and thy nation, rise."

He started: mid the battle's yell,  
He saw the Persian rushing on;  
He saw the flames around him swell:  
Thou'rt ashes, King of Babylon!

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TIMES GO BY TURNS.—*Southwell*.—1580.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:  
Time goes by turns, and chances changed by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb:  
Her tides have equal times to come and go;  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:

No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;  
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:

The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.  
Thus with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.  
Unmingled joys here to no man befalls;  
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

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SWITZERLAND.—T. S. Fay.

As we advanced, or rather, descended into Switzerland, the beauties and peculiarities of the country began to multiply upon us. We found Abusbetten a most odd, I may say whimsical looking place. Something as I had imagined a primitive Dutch village. The houses are curiously high and steep-roofed, and all of wood. Crowds of people were out in their peculiar costume. The contrast is broad enough between this and an Italian town. It is a novelty to us also to hear the heavy elegance of the low Dutch, the "*yaw*" and the "*nine*" drawled clumsily out after the musical flow of the Italian. From this town to Rorsebach on the lake Constance, and to the town of Constance also on the lake, but in Germany, we found much to interest us. Our way wound through a rich valley, full of deep but quiet beauty, amid a succession of happy looking farm houses, and fields waving with the yellow grain. There were numbers of apple orchards, ample wooden barns, and piles of fuel. All the paraphernalia of the farm-yard appeared familiar to me, and indeed the whole scene reminded me strongly of America. There is here none of the filth and wretchedness to be seen in every Italian and French town, which frequently compels the shrinking traveller to hide his eyes, and sometimes his nose. The people look healthy,

clean, hardy, and happy. Nothing can be neater than a Swiss farm-house. They wash and scour them inside and out. I saw several, where a pile of timber regularly arrayed before the front of the dwelling had been itself carefully scrubbed. After France and Italy, this cleanliness compensates for the total absence of palaces, statues, and orange-perfume. The scene was occasionally beautified by the windings of the Rhine, which has now become a broad and sweeping river, whose limpid waters roll in meanders of most brilliant blue.

Lake Constance at length gleamed on our sight in the morning sunshine—a broad sheet of water—the shores lined with towns and farm-houses, and the blue hills of Germany on the other side. Our windows at Rorsebach, looked over it delightfully.

We were pleased to come gradually upon the Swiss costume. That of the women here is very theatrical, and calls back the recollections of the New York print-shop windows. It is odd enough to see a company of peasant girls, or women of all sizes and ages, gravely walking the road with something fixed upon the back of their heads in shape resembling a large peacock's tail. It is made of black shineel; in the centre is a small steel or gilt circle, from which the shineel spreads out on every side like an enormously large, open bonnet, placed very far back. It is no protection to the face, and is worn merely for ornament. A similar caprice is remarkable among the Milanese peasant women, who wear on each side of the head an immense bodkin of silver, with innumerable smaller ones placed ingeniously between them; so that as you walk behind, their heads resemble the sun's rays radiating from the centre, or the disposition of sabres, etc., in our armory.

We found many in Switzerland who spoke English (a luxury!) besides all the comforts of life; though here, as elsewhere travellers are cheated, if not on their guard.

The Rhine between Constance and Schaffhausen, is the most lovely example of a river on record. It is not wide, but seems deep, and shines a perpetual gleam of blue light, most exquisitely contrasted with the verdure of its banks. It sweeps on with a neverchanging current, bending and circling through the loveliest of quiet scenery; the whole mass of water moving with a uniform motion, and its broad spots of perfect glass ever breaking into a thousand eddies and dimples. In this way it sweeps, with a visible velocity, by I know not how many towns, villages, prim farms, and castles, till rolling by

Constance and Schaffhausen, it forms those falls so celebrated throughout Europe. At my first sight of them I was really disappointed, but so are all the people with Niagara. The river bursts from a height of about seventy or eighty feet, though it does not appear by any means so great. The usual arrangement for visitors at such places—summer-houses, balconies, etc., are not wanting; and the longer we stayed, the more we admired. I do not think them by any means so great a curiosity as Trenton, and most American readers would probably be more interested in the sight of the two adjoining old castles of Im Worth and Laughen.

Zurich is the finest city in Switzerland. Its lake scenery can scarcely be exalted, and is interesting, moreover, from its reminiscences of Zimmerman and Lavater; but Berne pleased us more than any town we have seen. We remained there nearly a week, and here we were in the midst of such Swiss landscape as we had often heard of before, but never beheld. I am positively tired of describing the picturesque, but the ramparts at Berne, and also the minster, afford views, which, from one feature in them, transcend all I ever before saw. This feature is the Bernese Alps, a chain of icy mountains, comprehending a full and dazzling view of the celebrated Jungfrau. Such peaks of silver—such broken shades of light—such an earthly splendor—leave upon the memory and the imagination impressions ineffaceable and indescribable.

For cleanliness Berne is a perfect curiosity. All the sidewalks are arcades. The people look healthy, happy and well clad, all of them. Such cheeks! such complexions! such contented groups everywhere! The environs are of Eden beauty—so many tempting and delicious promenades! Passing, as we do, through a large part of Europe, in one country to-day and another to-morrow—these points strike us very forcibly. The worst thing we have observed in Switzerland is the *goitre*—that horrid swelling on the throat, as large as the head. Hundreds of human beings have passed us thus afflicted.

On our way to Lausanne, we breakfasted at Morat on the celebrated lake, (where the Swiss defeated Charles the Bold,) and passed through Aventicum. Lausanne, the famed residence of the elegant historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," is but a sad and filthy original for the pictures formed of it by painters—and by that greatest of all the painters, Imagination. It has no more beauty as a town, than our

little Newburgh; but its neighborhood, (like that of Newburgh,) is lovely. We explored the house where Gibbon wrote, picked flowers from his garden, and leaves from his Linden tree. The trees—the walk—the lake—the summer-house—all are there—but the immortal spirit who consecrated them to the minds of all posterity. This is a trite reflection, but, at such times, and in such places, it comes upon us with more force than many originals. The garden of Gibbon is, indeed, a lovely spot, looking directly down upon the lake.

After loitering about Lausanne and its charming neighborhood several days, we started on a little tour down the lake, and spent a week at Vevay, within a walk of the castle of Chillon. Poetry and prose—Byron and Rousseau—have imbued these spots with interest, besides the charm bestowed upon them by nature. The scenery is certainly magnificent, and we passed through many old towns, and saw on the opposite shores, Meillerie, and Evian, with the grand St. Bernard. A pile of shining clouds, rising in the back ground, above the Savoy mountains. This lonely, lovely lake, with its translucent water, unfolds the most brilliant colors—sometimes rolling in emerald, and again sleeping in the blue of heaven.

It is the most delightful thing in the world to travel, for the pleasure of visiting such places as Chillon. Byron's spirit is all over Europe, but you feel his presence with a strange power in those remarkable spots which his genius has peopled with "beings of the mind." Chillon is situated at the farthest extremity of the lake, and *such* scenery! Our ride to it close along the shore, and on the heavenliest of summer mornings, was a page of glowing poetry. It is a mass of irregular buildings, commanded by a gloomy square tower in the centre, the very picture of a stern old castle, situated a few yards out in the lake, on a rock, and joined to the main land by a drawbridge. It is about six hundred years old. The story of Byron is, I presume, mostly imaginary, though the realities which the dungeons have witnessed, could they be related, would, probably transcend his fiction. Francis de Bonnavard, prior of St. Victor, at Geneva, from whose misfortunes, however, the poet took the hint, was confined in 1530, and remained six years, for inveighing against the libertine of the clergy. He saw the

"Seven pillows of Gothic mould,  
In Chillon's dungeon deep and old."

The guides also pointed, or pretended to point out the iron ring, by which he was chained to a pillar, and the track worn in the earthy floor, by his constant walking at the length of his chain. "Byron" is scratched above the ring. The building now serves, I believe, as a sort of arsenal.

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VENICE.—Fisk.

VENICE is in a state of decline. It is melancholy to pass round her canals with one who is acquainted with all the families, and hear him, in pointing out many of the once splendid palaces, say, "The family who own, or who did own *this* were once rich, but are now reduced to poverty;" a fact that, in many instances, needs no other attestation than a sight of the edifices themselves, crumbling to decay as they are, and forsaken. There are still, it is true, many wealthy families in Venice, but much fewer than formerly, and their number is diminishing. It is not with them as with flourishing cities, where, if one wealthy family declines, several rise to take its place. The canals themselves seem to be going to decay, and the entire business of the city falling off. It is true, Venice is yet a free port, and there are still quite a number of watercraft, of different kinds, in her harbors; and so long as the government of Lombardy remains as it is, this great valley, watered by the Po and Adige, and their branches, will draw their foreign resources through Venice or some other city in its neighborhood. Nevertheless, it is evident that the very existence of such a city as Venice, in its present locality, was not a natural but constrained occurrence, growing out of an unnatural state of things, and hence it will be a struggle against nature to sustain it; a struggle which will be less likely to succeed, as the causes which originated, elevated, and enriched the city have altogether ceased. Many of the Venetians attribute their adversity to the destruction of their republic and the loss of their independence. This may have hastened and aggravated their decline, but it by no means originated it. The first cause was the loss of the trade of the east, resulting from various circumstances, but mostly from the improvement of the art of navigation, and the discovery of the southern passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. The proximate effect of this upon several other

nations and especially upon England and Holland, was greatly to increase their marine, and ultimately to give them the supremacy at sea. The Venetians, in the mean time, true to the Italian character, were slow to adopt any of the modern improvements in trade and navigation. I say true to the Italian character, for it would surprise a native of the United States, who before knew nothing of the state of things here, to see how inflexible are the habits of the people in almost everything. You can trace to this day, in Italy, a thousand exemplifications of ancient usages in their agriculture, their commerce, their social intercourse, domestic habits, &c. I have before remarked that it may well be said of Italy, "As your fathers did so do ye." This was especially exhibited in Venice. Her naval architecture, her military tactics, her system of finance, were all falling back in the scale of comparison with other nations. These causes, connected with that imbecility and effeminacy which are naturally engendered by wealth and the loss of patriotism, which the oppression of the government had superinduced, broke the spirit and rolled back the tide of prosperity of the nation. Its population has already declined from one hundred and ninety to one hundred and forty thousand, and its wealth and national spirit had sunk in a much greater proportion, when the French army subjugated a great part of Italy, and almost all the Venetian states, in 1796; and finally, on the 12th of May, 1797, the legitimate council of the nation solemnly sanctioned the dissolution of the government; the doge, the last of one hundred and twenty who, in succession, had governed Venice for one thousand one hundred and thirty years, abdicated his chair, and the French forces entered the city. Since that time its fall has been more rapid. It became, of course, under the French, a component part of the *Italian Republic*, with which France flattered Italy and amused herself; and, subsequently, when Napoleon assumed the supreme power in France, and erected the countries east of the Alps into the *Kingdom of Italy*, Venice still formed a part of this Bonapartean transalpine realm, of which Milan was the capitol, and Venice only a second-rate city; and in the same connexion it passed over to Austria, in the new distribution of Europe made by the allied powers in 1814 to be, not a second, but a third-rate city, under a government which is fostering, but just across the head of the Adriatic, a rival city, which combines the advantages of nature with the patronage of a powerful empire for commercial pur-

**poses.** Trieste, therefore, must increase, and Venice must decrease. The latter has already fallen down to a little more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, and still its march is retrograde. The winged lion\* of St. Marc still crouches upon the towers and minarets of his ancient city, but he no longer flies upon his prey, nor brings home the spoils of the mighty. Yea, he comes in his own lair, and feebly succumbs to the triumph of his rivals; and the time will come, perhaps, when the two-headed eagle† of Austria will pick out his eyes, and cast his carcass into the Adriatic.

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THE REGATTA AT VENICE.—*James Fenimore Cooper.*

VENICE, from her peculiar formation and the vast number of her watermen, had long been celebrated for this species of amusement. Families were known and celebrated in her traditions for dexterous skill with the oar, as they were known in Rome for feats of a far less useful and of a more barbarous nature. It was usual to select from these races of watermen, the most vigorous and skilful; and, after invoking aid in prayer and arousing their pride and recollections by songs that recounted the feats of their ancestors, to start them for the goal with every incitement that pride and love of victory could awaken.

Most of these ancient usages were still observed. As soon as the Bucentam was in its station, some thirty or forty gondoliers were brought forth, clad in their gayest habiliments and surrounded and supported by crowds of anxious friends and relatives. The intended competitors were expected to sustain the long established reputations of their several names, and they were admonished of the disgrace of defeat. They were cheered by the men, and stimulated by the smiles and tears of the other sex. The rewards were recalled to their minds; they were fortified by prayers for success; and then they were dismissed amid the cries and wishes of the multitude to seek their allotted places beneath the stern of the galley of state.

The city of Venice is divided into two nearly equal parts by a channel much broader than of the ordinary passages of

\* The ensign of Venice is a winged lion.

† The ensign of Austria is a two-headed eagle.



the town. This dividing artery from its superior size and depth, and its greater importance, is called the grand canal. Its course is not unlike that of an undulating line, which greatly increases its length. As it is much used by the large boats of the bay—being in fact a sort of secondary port—and its width is so considerable, it has throughout the whole distance but one bridge—the celebrated Rialto. The regatta was to be held on this canal, which offered the requisites of length and space, and which, as it was lined with most of the palaces of the principal senators, afforded all the facilities necessary for viewing the struggle.

In passing from one end of this long course to the other, the men destined for the race were not permitted to make any exertion. Their eyes roamed over the gorgeous hangings, which, as is still wont throughout Italy on all days of festa, floated from every window, and on groups of females in rich attire, brilliant with the peculiar charms of the famed Venetian beauty that clustered in the balconies. Those who were domestics rose and answered to the encouraging signals thrown from above, as they passed the palaces of their masters, while those who were watermen of the public, endeavored to gather hope among the sympathizing faces of the multitude.

At length every formality had been duly observed, and the competitors assumed their places. The gondolas were much larger than those commonly used, and each was manned by three watermen in the centre, directed by a fourth, who, standing on a little deck in the stern, steered, while he aided to impel the boat. There were light, low staffs in the bows, with flags that bore the distinguishing colors of several noble families of the republic, or which had such other simple devices as had been suggested by the fancies of those to whom they belonged. A few flourishes of the oar, resembling the preparatory movements which the master of fence makes ere he begins to push and parry, were given; a whirling of the boats, like the prancing of curbed racers, succeeded; and then at the report of a gun, the whole darted away as if the gondolas were impelled by the volition. The start was followed by a shout which passed swiftly along the canal, and an eager agitation of heads that went from balcony to balcony, till the sympathetic movement was communicated to the grave load under which the Bucentaur labored.

For a few minutes the difference in force and skill was not

very obvious. Each gondola glided along the element, apparently with that ease with which a light winged swallow skims the lake, and with no visible advantage to either. Then, as more art in him who steered, or greater powers of endurance in those who rowed, or some of the latent properties of the boat itself came into service, the cluster of little barks which had come off like a closely united flock of birds taking flight together in alarm, began to open till they formed a broad and vacillating line in the centre of the passage. The whole train shot beneath the bridge so near to each other as to render it still doubtful which was to conquer, and the exciting strife came more in view of the principal personages of the city.

But here those radical qualities which insure success in efforts of this nature, manifested themselves. The weaker began to yield, the train to lengthen, and hopes and fears to increase, until those in front presented the exhilarating spectacle of success, while those behind offered the still more noble sight of men struggling without hope. Gradually the distances between the boats increase, while that between them and the goal grew rapidly less, until three of those in advance came in, like glancing arrows, beneath the stern of the Bucentaur, with a length between them. The prize was won, the conquerors were rewarded, and the artillery gave forth the usual signals of rejoicing. Music answered to the roar of cannon, and the peals of bells, while sympathy with success, that predominant and so often dangerous principle of our nature, drew shouts even from the disappointed.

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#### COUNTRY RECREATIONS.—*Raleigh.*

QUIVERING fears, heart tearing Cares,  
 Anxious Sighs, untimely Tears,  
     Fly, fly to courts;  
     Fly to fond worldling's sports,  
 Where strain'd Sardonic smiles are glossing still,  
 And Grief is forced to laugh against her will;  
     Where mirth's but mummary;  
 And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastimes! fly,  
 Sad troop of human misery;

Come serene looks,  
Clear as the chrystal brooks,  
Or the pure azured heaven, that smiles to see  
The rich attendance of our poverty.  
Peace and a secure mind,  
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know  
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow;  
You'd scorn proud towers,  
And seek them in these bowers,  
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,  
But blustering Care could never tempest make,  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic masque, nor dance,  
But of our kids, that frisk and prance:  
Nor wars are seen,  
Unless upon the green  
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,  
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;  
And wounds are never found,  
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baits,  
To hasten too, too hasty fates;  
Unless it be  
The fond credulity  
Of silly fish, which worldling-like, still look  
Upon the bait, but never on the hook:  
Nor envy, unless among  
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go! let the anxious diver seek  
For gems hid in some forlorn creek;  
We all pearls scorn,  
Save what the dewy morn  
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;  
And gold ne'er here appears,  
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves! O may ye be  
For ever mirth's best nursery!

May pure contents  
For ever pitch their tents  
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains.  
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains!  
Which we may every year  
Find when we come a fishing here!

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"ARE WE NOT EXILES HERE?"—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

ARE we not exiles here?  
Come there not o'er us memories of a clime  
More genial and more dear  
Than this of time?

When deep vague wishes press  
Upon the soul and prompt it to aspire,  
A mystic loneliness,  
And wild desire?

When our long-baffled zeal  
Turns back in mockery on the weary heart,  
Till, at the sad appeal,  
Dismay'd we start;

And like the Deluge dove,  
Outflown upon the world's cold sea we lie,  
And all our dreams of love  
In anguish die.

Nature no more endears;  
Her blissful strains seem only breathed afar,  
Nor mount, nor flower cheers,  
Nor smiling star.

Familiar things grow strange;  
Fond hopes like tendrils shooting to the air,  
Through friendless being range,  
To meet despair.

And, nursed by secret tears,  
Rich but frail visions in the heart have birth,  
And this fair world appears  
A homeless earth.

Then must we summon back  
 Blest guides, who long ago have met the strife,  
 And left a radiant track  
 To mark their life.

Then must we look around  
 On heroes' deeds—the landmarks of the brave,  
 And hear their cheers resound  
 From off the wave.

Then must we turn from show,  
 Pleasure and fame, the phantom race of care,  
 And let our spirits flow  
 In earnest prayer.



OUTALISSI'S SONG.—*Campbell.*

"AND I could weep;"—th' Oneida chief  
 His descant wildly thus begun;—  
 "But that I may not stain with grief  
 The death-song of my father's son,  
 Or bow his head in woe;  
 For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath!  
 To-morrow Areouski's breath  
 (That fires yon heav'n with storms of death,)  
 Shall light us to the foe:  
 And we shall share, my Christian boy!  
 The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy.  
 "But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n  
 By milder genii o'er the deep,  
 The spirits of the white man's heav'n  
 Forbid not thee to weep:—  
 Nor will the Christian host,  
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve  
 To see thee, on the battle's eve,  
 Lamenting, take a mournful leave  
 Of her who lov'd thee most:  
 She was the rainbow to thy sight!  
 Thy sun—thy heav'n of lost delight!  
 "To-morrow let us do or die!  
 But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,

Ah! whither then with thee to fly,  
Shall Outalissi roam the world?  
Seek we thy once-lov'd home?  
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:  
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!  
Cold is the earth within their bow'rs  
And should we thither roam  
Its echoes and its empty tread  
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,  
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd;  
And by my side, in battle true,  
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?  
Ah! there, in desolation cold,  
The desert serpent dwells alone,  
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone  
And stones themselves to ruin grown,  
Like me, are death-like old;  
Then seek we not their camp—for there  
The silence dwells of my despair!

"But hark the trump!—to-morrow thou  
In glory's fires shall dry thy tears;  
Ev'n from the land of shadows now  
My father's awful ghost appears,  
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;  
He bids my soul for battle thirst—  
He bids me dry the last—the first—  
The only tears that ever burst  
From Outalissi's soul;  
Because I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of an Indian chief."

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TO HORSE! TO HORSE! SIR NICHOLAS.—*Proed.*

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!  
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!  
Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,  
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.  
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,  
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice, from her brief and broken prayer,  
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret-stair;  
Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,  
As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing  
thread;  
And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features  
ran,  
As she said, "It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble lady, where the best and boldest ride,  
Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of  
Pride,  
The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,  
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,  
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their  
wing,  
And hear her loyal soldiers shout, "For God and for the King!"

'Tis noon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line  
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!  
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is  
down,  
And Rupert sheathes his rapier, with a curse and with a frown,  
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,  
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The knight is left alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain,  
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;  
Yet still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout,  
For Church and King, fair gentlemen: spur on, and fight it  
out.  
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a  
stave,  
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;  
God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!  
The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,  
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him to the  
dust."  
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword,  
This day were doing battle for the king and for the Lord!"

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,  
 The grey-haired warder watches from the castle's topmost  
 tower;  
 "What news? what news? old Hubert?"—"the battle's lost  
 and won;  
 The royal troops are melting, like the mist before the sun!  
 And a wounded man approaches;—I'm blind, and cannot see,  
 Yet sure I am that sturdy step, my master's step must be!"  
 "I've brought thee back thy bairner, from as rude and red a  
 fray,  
 As e'er was proof of soldier's thew, or theme for minstrel's lay!  
 Here Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.*  
 I'll make a plan to drain it yet, ere I part with boots and buff;  
 Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing forth  
 his life,  
 And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!  
 "Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for  
 France,  
 And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mischance:  
 For if the worst befall me, why better axe and rope,  
 Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peters for a pope!  
 Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—a curse on the crop-eared boor,  
 Who sent me with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!"

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CURIOSITY.—*Sterne.*

THE love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things,  
 which is the same or at least a sister passion to it, seems wove  
 into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually  
 speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within  
 us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh  
 inquiry and knowledge; strip us of it, the mind, I fear would  
 doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us  
 rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the  
 parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the  
 impatience of the desire for travelling: the passion is no ways  
 bad, but as others are, in its mismanagement or excess; order  
 it rightly the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of  
 which are, to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and



understand the government and interest of other nations, to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse; to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nursery mistakes; and by showing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments, tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good; by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is sincere; and by seeing the difference of so many various humors and manners, to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all, lessens both wisdom and reproof at home, carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original, will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting out, without care, without compass, be not cast away for ever; and may he not be said to escape well, if he returns to his country only as destitute as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son, a scholar.

If wisdom could speak no other language but Greek and Latin, you do well, or if mathematics will make a gentleman, or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow, he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done, but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address, if he is a man of mere reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry, and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books, but from his own experience: a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the tour of Europe with success.

That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck; for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss valet-de-chambre, some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, "if God will permit," much knowledge will not accrue; some profit at least, he will learn the amount to a half-penny, of every stage from Calais to Rome; he will be carried to the best inns, instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himself.

Look at our Governor! I beseech you: see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.

And here endeth his pride, his knowledge, and his use.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greater part of his time.

Let me observe, in the first place, that company which is really good is very rare, and very shy; but you have surmounted this difficulty, and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions, but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connexions and discourses with literati, &c., in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years of study.

Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you, the trade drops at once: and this is the reason, however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little, especially good, conversation with natives, owing to their suspicion, or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language, or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequences of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready, and ever laying in wait, the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the gospel.

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#### SYMPATHY A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.—*Burke*.

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put

into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, the contemplation of our own freedom from evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed.

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CHILDHOOD.—*Jens Baggesen.*

THERE was a time when I was very small,  
When my whole frame was but an ell in height  
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,  
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,  
And rode a-horse-back on my father's knee;  
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,  
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,  
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;

Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,  
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,  
And thought, "O, were I on that island there,  
I could find out of what the moon is made,  
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,  
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,  
And yet upon the morrow early rise,  
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,  
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,  
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,  
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say  
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:  
"O gentle God! O, let me strive alway  
Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,  
And for my sister, and for all the town;  
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,  
Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,  
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!  
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—  
God! may I never, never lose that too!

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THE NIGHTINGALE.—*Loots.*

Soul of living music! teach me,  
Teach me, floating thus along!  
Love-sick warbler! come and reach me  
With the secrets of thy song!

How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,  
On one note long lingering tries,—  
Or, a thousand tones assembling,  
Pours the rush of harmonies!

Or, when rising shrill and shriller,  
Other music dies away,  
Other songs grow still and stiller,—  
Songster of the night and day!

Till,—all sunk to silence round thee,—  
Not a whisper,—not a word,—  
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee,—  
Breathless all,—thou only heard.

Tell me,—thou who failest never,  
Minstrel of the songs of spring!  
Did the world see ages ever,  
When thy voice forgot to sing?

Is there in your woodland history  
Any Homer whom ye read?  
Has your music aught of mystery?  
Has it measure, cliff, and creed?

Have ye teachers, who instruct ye,  
Checking each ambitious strain;  
Learned parrots to conduct ye,  
When ye wander, back again?

Smiling at my dreams, I see thee,—  
Nature, in her chainless will,  
Did not fetter thee, but free thee,—  
Pour thy hymns of rapture still!

Plumed in pomp and pride prodigious,  
Lo! the gaudy peacock nears;  
But his grating voice, so hideous,  
Shocks the soul, and grates the ears.

Finches may be trained to follow  
Notes which dexterous arts combine;  
But those notes sound vain and hollow,  
When compared, sweet bird, with thine.

Classic themes no longer courting,  
Ancient tongues I'll cast away,  
And, with nightingales disporting,  
Sing the wild and woodland lay.

LOVE.—*Tegnér.*

LOVE! our being's waking bliss!  
 Spirit garb of Happiness!  
 Heaven's halo, sent to shine  
 O'er a world no more divine!  
 Nature's heart, whose choicest measure  
 Beats in time to promised pleasure;  
 Drop to drop, within the ocean;  
     Star to star, in heaven above,  
 Moving, with harmonious motion,  
     Round the sun they love;  
 Brotherhood and Sympathy  
 Are the laws that flow from thee.  
 Love! that art within the mind  
 Of our erring, hapless kind,  
 Even this,—a recollection  
 Of a holier affection,  
     Born in heaven; fairest then,  
 With the silver chaplets round it  
 Of the singing stars that bound it,  
 Then nestled on its father's breast,  
 With angel-wings to shade its rest,—  
     Reflected last on men.  
 Ere then, as rich as Thought—as fair  
 As minstrel-dreams, its speech was Prayer;  
 Its kindred sweet, those forms that bless  
 This world with their own loveliness;  
 And fill the sense with music, flung  
 From harps unearthly, spirit-strung.  
 What if it fell to mix with men,  
 And none must feel it pure again?  
 At some sweet times, it seems to wear  
 The seraph-robe, that erst it bare;  
 At some sweet times, its whispers come  
 Like echoes from its heavenly home.  
     When heart meets heart, and life is love,  
 The breath that fans the spring's blue sky,  
 The minstrel's magic melody,  
     In such soft numbers move;  
 But liker still, for that they be  
 Themselves the brood of Memory,

Those recollected distant chants  
Of home for which the Switzer pants,  
That raise beneath the tropic's glow  
His old, familiar, Alpine snow.

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TO THE SEA.—*Chénedollé.*

At length I look on thee again,  
Abyss of azure! thou vast main,  
Long by my verse implored in vain,  
Alone inspired by thee!  
The magic of thy sounds alone,  
Can raise the transports I have known;  
My harp is mute, unless its tone  
Be waked beside the sea.

The heights of Blanc have fired mine eyes,—  
Those three bare mounts that touch the skies;  
I loved the terror of their brow,  
I love their diadem of snow,—  
But, O thou wild and awful Sea,  
More dear to me  
Thy threatening, drear immensity!

Dread Ocean! burst upon me with thy shores!  
Fling wide thy waters where the storms bear sway!  
Thy bosom opens to a thousand pores;  
Yet fleets, with idle daring, breast thy spray,—  
Ripple with arrow's track thy closing plain,  
And graze the surface of thy deep domain.

Man dares not tread thy liquid way;  
Thou spurn'st that despot of a day,  
Tossed like a snow-flake or the spray  
From storm-gulfs to the skies:  
He breathes and reigns on solid land,  
And ruins mark his tyrant hand;  
Thou bidd'st him in that circle stand,  
Thy reign his rage defies:  
Or should he force his passage there,  
Thou risest, mocking his despair;  
The shipwreck humbles all his pride:

He sinks within the darksome tide,—  
 The surge's vast unfathomed gloom  
 His catacomb,—  
 Without a name, without a tomb.

Thy banks are kingdoms, where the shrine, the throne,  
 The pomp of human things are changed and past;  
 The people,—they were phantoms,—they are flown;  
 Time has avenged thee on their strength at last:  
 Thy billows idly rest on Sidon's shore,  
 And her bold pilots wound thy pride no more.

Rome,—Athens,—Carthage,—what are they?  
 Spoiled heritage, successive prey;  
 New nations force their onward way,  
 And grasp disputed reign:  
 Thou changest not; thy waters pour  
 The same wild waves against the shore,  
 Where liberty had breathed before,  
 And slavery hugs his chain.

States bow; Time's sceptre presses still  
 On Apennine's subsiding hill;  
 The steps of ages, crumbling slow,  
 Are stamped upon his arid brow:  
 No trace of time is left on thee,  
 Unchanging Sea!  
 Created thus, and still to be.

Sea! of Almighty itself the immense  
 And glorious mirror! how thy azure face  
 Renews the heavens in their magnificence!  
 What awful grandeur rounds thy heaving space!  
 Thy surge two worlds eternal warring sweeps,  
 And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.

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REPUBLICS.—*Legaré.*

THE name of Republic is inscribed upon the most imperishable monuments of our species, and it is probable that it will continue to be associated, as it has been in all past ages, with whatever is heroic in character, and sublime in genius,



and elegant and brilliant in the cultivation of art and letters. It would not be difficult to prove that the base hirelings who have so industriously inculcated a contrary doctrine, have been compelled to falsify history and abuse reason.

It might be asked, triumphantly, what land has ever been visited with the influences of liberty, that has not flourished like the spring? What people has ever worshipped at her altars without kindling with a loftier spirit and putting forth more noble energies? Where has she ever acted that her deeds have not been heroic? Where has she ever spoken, that her eloquence has not been triumphant and sublime?

With respect to ourselves, would it not be enough to say that we live under a form of government and in a state of society to which the world has never yet exhibited a parallel? Is it then nothing to be free? How many nations, in the whole annals of human kind, have proved themselves worthy of being so? Is it nothing that we are republicans? Were all men as enlightened, as brave, as proud as they ought to be, would they suffer themselves to be insulted with any other title? Is it nothing, that so many independent sovereignties should be held together in such a confederacy as ours? What does history teach us of the difficulty of instituting and maintaining such a polity, and of the glory that of consequence, ought to be given to those who enjoy its advantages in so much perfection and on so grand a scale? For can anything be more striking and sublime, than the idea of an imperial republic, spreading over an extent of territory more immense than the empire of the Cæsars, in the accumulated conquests of a thousand years—without prefects or proconsuls or publicans—founded in the maxim of common sense—employing within itself no arms, but those of reason—and known to its subjects only by the blessings it bestows or perpetuates, yet capable of directing, against a foreign foe, all the energies of a military despotism,—a republic, in which men are completely insignificant, and principles and laws exercise, throughout its vast dominion, a peaceful and irresistible sway, blending in one divine harmony such various habits and conflicting opinions, and mingling in our institutions the light of philosophy with all that is dazzling in the associations of heroic achievement, of extended domination, and deep-seated and formidable power.

RUINS OF HELIOPOLIS, OR THE GREAT TEMPLE OF  
THE SUN, AT BAALBEK.—*Lamartine.*

EARLY in the afternoon we came in sight of the ruins of the Great Temple of the Sun, at Baalbek, and our eyes were soon rivetted upon the colossal mass of architecture. Mingled in comparison around it were shafts of columns, sculptured capitals, architraves, cornices, entablatures, and pedestals. Beyond, rose the hill of Baalbek, a platform one thousand feet long and seven hundred broad, built entirely by the hands of men, of hewn stones, some of which are from fifty to sixty feet long, and fifteen to sixteen high, and the greatest part from fifteen to thirty above the ground. Three pieces of stone give a horizontal line of one hundred and eighty feet, and near four thousand feet of superficies. On this prodigious platform the temple stood; and the six gigantic columns, bearing majestically their rich and colossal entablature, soared above the scene.

We skirted one of the sides of this hill of ruins, on which rose a multitude of graceful columns of a smaller temple. There were some having their capitals untouched and their cornices richly sculptured; and others were leaning, entire, against the walls which sustained them. But the greatest number were scattered in immense heaps of marble or stone upon the slopes of the hill, in the deep ditches which surround it, and even in the bed of the river flowing at its foot. There were prodigious walls, built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture; the relics of another era, which were made use of at the remote epoch when they reared the temples which are now in ruins. From the summit of the breach, all around, were seen marble doorways of a prodigious height and breadth; windows or niches bordered with most admirable sculpture, arches, pieces of cornices, entablatures and capitals. We were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by the interior buildings, which intercepted the view of the temples. According to all appearance, we were but in the abodes of the priests, or on the sites of some chapels, consecrated to unknown peculiar rites. We cleared these monumental constructions, much more richly worked than the outer wall, and the second scene of the ruins was before our eyes. Much wider and longer, more decorated still than the one we had left, it presented an immense platform, in the form of an oblong square, the level being often broken by the re-

mains of a raised pavement, which appeared to have belonged to temples utterly destroyed. All around this platform extended a series of chapels, decorated with niches admirably sculptured, with friezes, cornices, and the most finished workmanship. The only failing, is a superabundant richness; the stone is crushed between its own weight of luxury. Eight or ten of these chapels still remain almost uninjured, and they seem to have always existed thus open to the square they are built around, for the mysteries of the worship of Baal were doubtless celebrated in the open air.

We then proceeded south, where the six gigantic columns reared their heads above the ruins. They are each seven feet in diameter and more than seventy high; they are composed of only two or three blocks, so perfectly joined together that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the lines of junction; their material is a stone of a color between marble and sandstone. These columns were either the remains of an avenue, or of an exterior decoration of the temple.

Opposite, on the south, was the smaller temple, on the edge of the platform, about forty paces distant. It is of inferior proportions to that which the six colossal columns recall. It is surrounded by a portico, sustained by columns of the Corinthian order, each of them being five feet in diameter and forty-five feet in shaft, and composed of three cemented blocks. They are nine feet distant from each other, and the same space from the wall of the temple. A rich architrave and a beautifully sculptured cornice run around their capitals. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large blocks of stone, cut by the chisel into concave hollows, in each of which is represented the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero. Some of these blocks had fallen; they were sixteen feet wide and nearly five feet thick. Not far from the entrance of the temple were large openings and subterranean stairs, which led to lower constructions, the use of which cannot be assigned with certainty. They seemed to extend through the whole space of the hill. The pedestals of this group of monuments are constructed of stones of prodigious dimensions. They are of hewn granite, some of them fifty-six feet long, fifteen or sixteen broad, and of an unknown thickness, and are raised one upon the other, twenty or thirty feet above the ground. They are evidently of a different date from the temple, and belong to an unknown era; and have probably, borne a variety of temples, sacred to a successive variety of creeds. There are arched passages,

about thirty feet high, beneath the platform, running its whole length and breadth.

The other ancient edifices of Baalbek, scattered before us on the plain, had no power to interest us after what we had just inspected. We threw a superficial glance, as we passed, upon temples which would be considered wonders at Rome, but which are here like the works of dwarfs. One of them had served as a church, and the Christian symbols still remain. It is now uncovered and in ruins. The Arabs despoil it as they have occasion for a stone to support their roofs, or of a trough to water their camels.

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LIFE AND DEATH.—*Sjögren.*

At morning I stood on the mountain's brow,  
In its May-wreath crowned, and there  
Saw day-rise in gold and in purple glow,  
And I cried,—“O Life, how fair!”

As the birds in the bowers their lay began,  
When the dawning time was nigh,  
So wakened for song in the breast of man  
A passion heroic and high.

My spirit then felt the longing to soar  
From home afar in its flight,  
To roam, like the sun, still from shore to shore,  
A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,  
And, rapt in devotion and prayer,  
Saw night-rise in silver and purple glow,  
And I cried,—“O Death, how fair!”

And when that the soft evening wind, so meek,  
With its balmy breathing came,  
It seemed as though Nature then kissed my cheek  
And tenderly sighed my name!

I saw the vast Heaven encompassing all,  
Like children the stars to her came;  
The exploits of man then seemed to me small,—  
Naught great save the Infinite's name.

Ah! how unheeded, all charms which invest  
The joys and the hopes that men prize,  
While the eternal thoughts in the poet's breast,  
Like stars in the heavens arise!

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LINES ON LEAVING ITALY.—*Oehlenschläger.*

ONCE more among the old gigantic hills  
With vapors clouded o'er;  
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,  
The rocks ascend before.

They beckon me, the giants, from afar,  
They wing my footsteps on;  
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,  
Their cuirasses of stone.

My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth,—  
Why should my heart be sore?  
I hear the eagle and the vulture's cry,  
The nightingale's no more.

Where is the laurel, where the myrtle's blossom?  
Bleak is the path around;  
Where from the thicket comes the ringdove's cooing?  
Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

Yet should I grieve, when from my loaded bosom  
A weight appears to flow?  
Methinks the Muses come to call me home  
From yonder rocks of snow.

I know not how,—but in yon land of roses  
My heart was heavy still,  
I startled at the warbling nightingale,  
The zephyr on the hill.

They said, the stars shone with a softer gleam,—  
It seemed not so to me;  
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around,  
My thoughts were o'er the sea.

VANITAS.—*Goethe.*

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;

Hurrah!

And so the world goes well with me.

Hurrah!

And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,

Why, let him take hold and help me twine

A wreath for the rosy Nine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth:

Hurrah!

And bartered away my peace and health;

But, ah!

The slippery change went about like air;

And when I had clutched me a handful here,

Away it went there.

I set my heart upon travels grand,

Hurrah!

And spurned our plain old fatherland;

But, ah!

Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,

Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,

My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;

Hurrah!

And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;

And, ah!

When in public life I loomed quite high,

The folks that passed me would look awry;

Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war.

Hurrah!

We gained some battles with eclat.

Hurrah!

We troubled the foe with sword and flame,—

And some of our friends fared quite the same.

I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;

Hurrah!

And the whole wide world belongs to me.

Hurrah!

The feast begins to run low, no doubt;  
 But at the old spring we'll have one good bout:  
 Come, drink the waters out!

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THE STATUE OF MEMNON.—*Cats.*

We read in books of ancient lore.  
 An image stood in days of yore,  
 Which, when the sun with splendor bright  
 Cast on its lips his golden light,  
 Those lips gave back a silver sound,  
 Which filled for hours the waste around;  
 But when again the living blaze  
 Withdrew its music-waking rays,  
 Or passing clouds its splendor veiled,  
 Or evening shades its face concealed,  
 This image stood all silent there,  
 Nor lent one whisper to the air.  
 This was of old.—And even now,  
 The man who lives in fortune's glow  
 Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge,  
 In town and country, court and college:  
 And all assert, *nem. con.*, whatever  
 Comes from his mouth is vastly clever:  
 But when the glowing sun retires,  
 His reign is o'er, and dimmed his fires,  
 And all his praise like vapor flies,—  
 For who e'er calls a poor man wise?

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ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.—*J. Q. Adams.*

At the revival of letters in modern Europe, eloquence, together with her sister muses, awoke and shook the poppies from her brow. But their torpors still tingled in her veins. In the interval her voice was gone; her favorite languages were extinct; her organs were no longer attuned to harmony, and her hearers could no longer understand her speech. The discordant jargon of feudal anarchy had banished the musical dialects, in which she had always delighted. The theatres of her former triumphs were either deserted, or they were filled

with the blabbers of sophistry and chicane. She shrunk intuitively from the former, for the last object she remembered to have seen there was the head of her darling Cicero, planted upon the rostrum. She ascended the tribunals of justice; there she found her child, Persuasion, manacled and pinioned by the letter of the law; there she beheld the image of herself, stammering in barbarous Latin, and staggering under the lumber of a thousand volumes. Her heart fainted within her. She lost all confidence in herself. Together with her irresistible powers, she lost proportionately the consideration of the world, until instead of comprising the whole system of public education, she found herself excluded from the circle of science, and declared an outlaw from the realms of learning. She was not however doomed to eternal violence. With the progress of freedom and liberal science, in various parts of modern Europe, she obtained access to mingle in the deliberations of their parliaments. With labor and difficulty she learned their languages, and lent her aid in giving them form and polish. But she never recovered the graces of her former beauty, nor the energies of her ancient vigor.

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THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.—*Dr. Johnson.*

"LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuations of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumults of labor, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters. My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamor and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the straits of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook



to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched them than the current, which though not noisy nor turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who by false intelligence betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage; since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course. If he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, nor from weariness of their present condition ; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him : and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favorable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring ; at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labors ; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful ; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves ; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favored most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last ; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions ; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety ; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life, was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose ; and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the

ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavored to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome: and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before; but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach towards the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches, and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill; and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow: but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired: nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of Infancy, perish in the way; and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees;

contended long with the encroaching waters; and harassed themselves by labors that scarcely Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fates of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power: "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awakened.

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SUMMER MORNING.—*Tollens.*

Up, sleeper! dreamer! up! for now  
 There's gold upon the mountain's brow,—  
 There's light on forests, lakes, and meadows,—  
 The dew-drops shine on floweret-bells,—  
 The village clock of morning tells.  
 Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells  
 And dingles teem with shadows.

Up! out! o'er furrow and o'er field!  
 The claims of toil some moments yield  
 For morning's bliss, and time is fleeter  
 Than thought;—so out! 'tis dawning yet;  
 Why twilight's lovely hour forget?  
 For sweet though be the workman's sweat,  
 The wanderer's sweat is sweeter.

Up! to the fields! through shine and show'r!  
 What hath the dull and drowsy hour  
 So blest as this,—the glad heart leaping  
 To hear morn's early songs sublime?  
 See earth rejoicing in its prime!  
 The summer is the waking time,  
 The winter time for sleeping.

O, fool! to sleep such hours away,  
 While blushing nature wakes to day,  
 On down, through summer mornings snoring!  
 'T is not for thee, the winter long,  
 When snows fall fast and winds blow strong,

To waste the night amidst the throng,  
Their vinous poisons pouring.

The very beast that crops the flower  
Hath welcome for the dawning hour ;  
Aurora smiles,—her beckonings claim thee.  
Listen !—look round !—the chirp, the hum,  
Song, low, and bleat,—there's nothing dumb,—  
All love, all life ! Come ! slumberers, come !  
The meanest thing shall shame thee.

We come,—we come,—our wanderings take  
Through dewy field, by misty lake,  
And rugged paths, and woods pervaded  
By branches o'er, by flowers beneath,  
Making earth odorous with their breath ;  
Or through the shadeless gold-gorge heath,  
Or 'neath the poplars shaded.

Were we of feather or of fin,  
How blest, to dash the river in,  
Thread the rock-stream as it advances,—  
Or, better, like the birds above,  
Rise to the greenest of the grove,  
And sing the matin song of love  
Amidst the highest branches !

O, thus to revel, thus to range,  
I 'll yield the counter, bank, or change ;  
The business crowds, all peace destroying ;  
The toil, with snow that roofs our brains ;  
The seeds of care, which harvests pains ;  
The wealth, for more which strives and strains,  
Still less and less enjoying !

O, happy, who the city's noise  
Can quit for nature's quiet joys,  
Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow ;  
No more 'midst prison-walls abide,  
But in God's temple vast and wide  
Pour praises every eventide,  
Ask mercies every morrow !

No seraph's flaming sword hath driven  
That man from Eden or from heaven,

From earth's sweet smiles and winning features ;  
 For him, by toils and troubles tossed,  
 By wealth and wearying cares engrossed,—  
 For him, a paradise is lost,  
 But not for happy creatures.

Come,—though a glance it may be,—come,  
 Enjoy, improve ; then hurry home,  
 For life's strong urgencies must bind us.  
 Yet mourn not ; morn shall wake anew,  
 And we shall wake to bless it too.  
 Homewards !—the herds that shake the dew  
 We 'll leave in peace behind us.

---

ELEGY.—*Sannazzaro*

O, BRIEF as bright, too early blest,  
 Pure spirit, freed from mortal care,  
 Save in the far-off mansions of the sky,  
 There, with that angel take thy rest,  
 Thy star on earth ; go, take thy guerdon there !  
 Together quaff the immortal joys on high,  
 Scorning our mortal destiny ;  
 Display thy sainted beauty bright,  
 'Mid those that walk the starry spheres,  
 Through seasons of unchanging years ;  
 By living fountains, and by fields of light,  
 Leading thy blessed flocks above ;  
 And teach thy shepherds here to guard their care with love  
 Thine, other hills and other groves,  
 And streams and rivers never dry,  
 On whose fresh banks thou pluck'st the amaranth flowers ;  
 While following other Loves  
 Through sunny glades, the Fauns glide by,  
 Surprising the fond Nymphs in happier bowers.  
 Pressing the fragrant flowers,  
 Androgeo there sings in the summer shade,  
 By Daphnis' and by Melibœus' side,  
 Filling the vaulted heavens wide  
 With the sweet music made ;  
 While the glad choirs, that round appear,  
 Listen to his dear voice we may no longer hear.

As to the elm is his embracing vine,  
 As their bold monarch to the herded kine,  
 As golden ears to the glad sunny plain,  
 Such wert thou to our shepherd youths, O swain!  
 Remorseless Death! if thus thy flames consume  
 The best and loftiest of his race,  
 Who may escape his doom?  
 What shepherd ever more shall grace  
 The world like him, and with his magic strain  
 Call forth the joyous leaves upon the woods,  
 Or bid the wreathing boughs embower the summer floods?

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HYMN.—*Lamartine.*

A HYMN more, O my lyre!  
 Praise to the God above,  
 Of joy, and life, and love,  
 Sweeping its strings of fire!

O, who the speed of bird and wind  
 And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,  
 That, soaring upward, I may find  
 My resting-place and home in Thee?  
 Thou, whom my soul, 'midst doubt and gloom,  
 Adoreth with a fervent flame,—  
 Mysterious Spirit! unto whom  
 Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go  
 Up from the cold and joyless earth,  
 Back to the God who bade them flow,  
 Whose moving spirit sent them forth:  
 But as for me, O God! for me,  
 The lowly creature of Thy will,  
 Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee,  
 An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine  
 Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?  
 To breathe with them the light divine,  
 From God's own holy altar flowing?  
 To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
 In dreams hath thirsted for so long,—

A portion of heaven's glorious whole  
Of loveliness and song?

O watchers of the stars of night,  
Who breathe their fire, as we the air,—  
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,  
O, say, is HE, the Eternal, there?  
Bend there around his awful throne  
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?  
Or are thy inmost depths his own,  
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul! how swift ye go—  
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
Or arrows from the archer's bow—  
To the far aim of your desire!  
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,  
Bearing like them your sacrifice  
Of music unto God!

And shall their thoughts of joy and love  
Come back again no more to me,—  
Returning, like the Patriarch's dove,  
Wing-weary, from the eternal sea,  
To bear within my longing arms  
The promise-bow of kindlier skies,  
Plucked from the green, immortal palms  
Which shadow paradise?

All-moving Spirit! freely forth,<sup>1</sup>  
At Thy command, the strong wind goes  
Its errand to the passive earth;  
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,  
Until it folds its weary wing  
Once more within the hand divine:  
So, weary of each earthly thing,  
My spirit turns to Thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain-stream  
From its dark caverns hurries on  
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,  
By evening's star and noontide's sun,—  
Until at last it sinks to rest,  
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,



And means upon its mother's breast :  
So turns my soul to Thee !

O Thou who bidd'st the torrent flow,  
Who lendest wings unto the wind,—  
Mover of all things ! where art Thou ?  
O, whither shall I go to find  
The secret of Thy resting-place ?  
Is there no holy wing for me,  
That, soaring, I may search the space  
Of highest heaven for Thee ?

O, would I were as free to rise,  
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne,  
The arrowy light of sunset skies,  
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,  
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,  
Or aught which soars unchecked and free,  
Through earth and heaven,—that I might lose  
Myself in finding Thee !

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TO THE TIBER.—*Guidi.*

TIBER ! my early dream,  
My boyhood's vision of thy classic stream,  
Had taught my mind to think  
That over sands of gold  
Thy limpid waters rolled,  
And ever-verdant laurels grew upon thy brink.

But in far other guise  
The rude reality hath met mine eyes :  
Here, seated on thy bank,  
All desolate and drear  
Thy margin doth appear,  
With creeping weeds, and shrubs, and vegetation rank.

Fondly I fancied thine  
The wave pellucid, and the Naiad's shrine,  
In crystal grot below ;  
But thy tempestuous course  
Runs turbulent and hoarse,  
And, swelling with wild wrath, thy wintry waters flow.

Upon thy bosom dark,  
Peril awaits the light, confiding bark,  
In eddying vortex swamped;  
Foul, treacherous, and deep,  
Thy winding waters sweep,  
Enveloping their pray in dismal ruin prompt.

Fast in thy bed is sunk  
The mountain pine-tree's broken trunk,  
Aimed at the galley's keel;  
And well thy wave can waft  
Upon that broken shaft  
The barge, whose shattered wreck thy bosom will conceal.

The dog-star's sultry power,  
The summer heat, the noontide's fervid hour,  
That fires the mantling blood,  
Yon cautious swain can't urge  
To tempt thy dangerous surge,  
Or cool his limbs within thy dark, insidious flood.

I've marked thee in thy pride,  
When struggle fierce thy disemboing tide  
With Ocean's monarch held;  
But quickly overcome  
By Neptune's masterdom,  
Back thou hast fled as oft, ingloriously repelled.

Often athwart the fields  
A giant's strength thy flood redundant wields,  
Bursting above its brims,—  
Strength that no dike can check:  
Dire is the harvest-wreck!  
Buoyant, with lofty horns, the affrighted bullock swims.

But still thy proudest boast,  
Tiber, and what brings honor to thee most  
Is, that thy waters roll  
Fast by the eternal hom  
Of Glory's daughter, Rome;  
And that thy billows bathe the sacred Capitol.

Famed is thy stream for her,  
Clœlia, thy current's virgin conqueror;  
And him who stemmed the march

Of Tuscany's proud host,  
 When, firm at honor's post,  
 He waved his blood-stained blade above the broken arch

Of Romulus the sons  
 The torrid Africans, to frozen Huns,  
 Have taught thy name, O flood!  
 And to that utmost verge  
 Where radiantly emerge  
 Apollo's car of flame and steed of chosen blood.

For so much glory lent,  
 Ever destructive of some monument,  
 Thou makest foul return;  
 Insulting with thy wave  
 Each Roman hero's grave,  
 And Scipio's dust that fills yon consecrated urn!

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SONG OF THE CONTRARIES.—*De San Jordā.*

From day to day, I learn but to unlearn;  
 I live to die; my pleasure is my woe;  
 In dreary darkness I can light discern;  
 Though blind, I see; and all but knowledge know.  
 I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace;  
 Though bound to earth, o'er highest heaven I fly;  
 With what's behind I run an untired race,  
 And break from that which holds me mightily.

Evil I find, when hurrying after bliss;  
 Loveless, I love; and doubt of all I see;  
 All seems a dream, that most substantial is;  
 I hate myself,—others are dear to me.  
 Voiceless, I speak; I hear, of hearing void;  
 My ay is no; truth becomes falsehood strange;  
 I eat, not hungry; change, though unannoyed;  
 Touch without hands; and sense to folly change.

I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall;  
 When most I seem to sink, then mount I still;  
 Laughing, I weep; and waking, dreams I call;  
 And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel.  
 Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone;

Losing, I gain; time fleetest, slowliest flows;  
 Though free from pain, 'neath pain's attacks I groan;  
 To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

Sinking, I rise; and dressing, I undress;  
 The heaviest weight too lightly seems to fall;  
 I swim,—yet rest in perfect quietness;  
 And sweetest sugar turns to bitterest gall.  
 The day is night to me,—and darkness day;  
 The time that's past is present to my thought;  
 Strength becomes weakness; hard is softest clay;  
 I linger, wanting what I wanted not.

I stand unmoved,—yet never, never stop;  
 And what I seek not, that besets me wholly;  
 The man I trust not is my firmest prop;  
 The low is high,—the high runs ever lowly.  
 I chase what I can never hope to gain;  
 What's weak as sand-rope looks like firmest ground;  
 The whirlpool seems a fountain's surface plain,  
 And virtue but a weak and empty sound.

My songs are but an infant's uttering slow;  
 Disgusting in my eyes is all that's fair;  
 I turn, because I know not where to go;  
 I'm not at peace, but cannot war declare.  
 And thus it is, and such is my dark doom,  
 And so the world and so all nature fleets,  
 And I am curtained in the general gloom;  
 And I must live,—deceived by these deceits.

## MORAL.

Let each apply what may to each belong,  
 And by these rules contrarious wisely steer;  
 For right oft flows from darkness-covered wrong,  
 And good may spring from seeming evil here.

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 MARSEILLES HYMN.—*De L'Isle.*

YE sons of France, awake to glory!  
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary;—  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While liberty and peace lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?  
To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The bold, insatiate despots dare—  
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—  
To mete and vend the light and air.  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.  
To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

THE WOLF AND DOG.—*La Fontaine*

A PROWLING wolf, whose shaggy skin  
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)

    Hid little but his bones,  
Once met a mastiff dog astray ;  
A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray  
    No human mortal owns.

    Sir Wolf, in famished plight,  
Would fain have made a ration  
Upon his fat relation ;

    But then he first must fight ;  
And well the dog seemed able  
To save from wolfish table

    His carcass snug and tight.  
So, then, in civil conversation,  
The wolf expressed his admiration  
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,  
" Yourself, good Sir, may be as sightly :  
Quit but the woods, advised by me ;  
For all your fellows here, I see,  
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,  
Belike to die of haggard want ;  
With such a pack, of course it follows,  
One fights for every bit he swallows.

    Come, then, with me, and share  
On equal terms our princely fare."

    " But what with you  
Has one to do ?"

Inquires the wolf. " Light work indeed,"  
Replies the dog ; " you only need  
To bark a little, now and then,  
To chase off duns and beggar-men,—  
To fawn on friends that come or go forth,  
Your master please, and so forth ;

    For which you have to eat  
All sorts of well cooked meat,—  
Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes,—  
Besides unnumbered fond caresses."

    The wolf, by force of appetite,  
Accepts the terms outright,  
Tears glistening in his eyes.  
But, faring on, he spies,

A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.  
 "What's that?" he cries. "O, nothing but a speck."  
 "A speck?" "Ay, ay; 't is not enough to pain me;  
 Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."  
 "Chain,—chain you? What! run you not, then,  
 Just where you please, and when?"  
 "Not always, Sir; but what of that?"  
 "Enough for me, to spoil your fat!  
 It ought to be a precious price  
 Which could to servile chains entice;  
 For me, I 'll shun them, while I 've wit,"  
 So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

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ODE TO GOD.—*Bellamy.*

For Thee, for Thee, my lyre I string,  
 Who, by ten thousand worlds attended,  
 Holdest Thy course sublime and splendid  
 Through heaven's immeasurable ring!  
 I tremble 'neath the blazing throne  
 Thy light eternal built upon,—  
 Thy throne, as Thou, all radiant,—bearing  
 Love's day-beams of benignity:  
 Yet, terrible is Thine appearing  
 To them who fear not Thee.

O, what is mortal man, that he  
 May hear thy heavenly temple ringing  
 With songs that heaven's own choirs are singing,  
 And echo back the melody?  
 My soul is wandering from its place;  
 Mine eyes are lost amidst the space  
 Where thousand suns are rolled through heaven,—  
 Suns waked by Thee from chaos' sleep:  
 But with the thought my soul is driven  
 Down to a trackless deep.

There was a moment ere Thy plan  
 Poured out Time's stream of mortal glory,—  
 Ere Thy high wisdom tracked the story  
 Of all the years since Time began:  
 Bringing sweet peace from sorrow's mine,

And making misery—discipline;  
The bitter waters of affliction  
Distilling into dews of peace,  
And kindling heavenly benediction  
From earth's severe distress.

Then did Thine omnipresent eye,  
Earth's million million wonders seeing,  
Track through the misty maze of being  
E'en my obscurest destiny:  
I, in those marvellous plans, though yet  
Unborn, had mine own portion set;  
And Thou hadst marked my path, though lowly:  
E'en to my meanness Thou didst give  
Thy spirit,—Thou, so high, so holy;  
And I, Thy creature, live.

So, through this trembling ball of clay,  
Thou to and fro dost kindly lead me,  
'Midst life's vicissitudes I speed me,  
And quiet peace attends my way.  
And, O, what bliss it is to be—  
Though but an atom—formed by Thee,—  
By Thee, who in Thy mercy pourest  
Rivers of grace,—to whom, indeed,  
The eternal oak trees of the forest  
Are as the mustard seed!

Up, then, my spirit! soar above  
This vale, where mists of darkness gather!  
Up to the high, eternal Father!  
For thou wert fashioned by His love,  
Up to the heavens! away! away!—  
No,—bend thee down to dust and clay;  
Heaven's dazzling light will blind and burn thee;  
Thou canst not bear the awful blaze  
No,—wouldst thou find the Godhead, turn thee  
On Nature's face to gaze.

There, in its every feature, thou  
May'st read the Almighty;—every feature  
That's spread upon the face of Nature  
Is brightened with His holy glow;  
The rushing of the waterfall,



The deep green valley,—silent all,—  
 The waving grain, the roaring ocean,  
 The woodland's wandering melody,—  
 All,—all that wakes the soul's emotion,  
 Creator, speaks of Thee!

But, of thy works through sea and land  
 Or the wide fields of ether wending,  
 In man Thy noblest thoughts are blending;  
 Man is the glory of Thy hand;  
 Man,—modelled in a form of grace,  
 Where every beauty has its place;  
 A gentleness and glory sharing  
 His spirit, where we may behold  
 A higher aim, a nobler daring;  
 'Tis Thine immortal mould.

O wisdom! O unbounded might!  
 I lose me in the light Elysian;  
 Mine eye is dimmed, and dark my vision;  
 Who am I in this gloomy night?  
 Eternal Being! let the ray  
 Of Thy high wisdom bear away  
 My thoughts to Thine abode sublimest!  
 But how shall grovelling passions rise  
 To the proud temple where Thou climbest  
 The threshold of the skies.

Enough, if I a stammering hymn,  
 My God, to Thee may sing,—unworthy  
 Of those sweet strains poured out before Thee  
 By heavenly hosts of cherubim;  
 Despise me not,—one spark confer  
 Worthy of Thine own worshipper;  
 And better songs and worthier praises  
 Shall hallow Thee, when 'midst the strain  
 Of saints my voice its chorus raises,—  
 Never to sink again.

THE COLONISTS.—*Dr. Aiken.*

## MR. BARLOW AND HIS CHILDREN.

*Mr. Barlow.* Come, my boys, I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you shall be people of different trades and professions, coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, Arthur?

*Arthur.* I am a farmer, sir.

*Mr. B.* Very well. Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon. The farmer puts the seed into the earth, and takes care of it when it is grown to ripe corn; without the farmer we should have no bread. But you must work diligently; there will be trees to cut down, and roads to dig out, and a great deal of hard labor.

*Arthur.* I shall be ready to do my part.

*Mr. B.* Well, then, I shall take you willingly, and as many more such good fellows as I can find. We shall have land enough, and you may go to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

*James.* I am a miller, sir.

*Mr. B.* A very useful trade! Our corn must be ground, or it will do us but little good. But what must we do for a mill, my friend?

*James.* I suppose we must make one, sir.

*Mr. B.* Then we must take a mill-wright with us, and carry mill-stones. Who is next?

*Charles.* I am a carpenter, sir.

*Mr. B.* The most necessary man that could offer. We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to be built, fences to be made, and chairs and tables besides. But all our timber is growing, we shall have hard work to fell it, to saw boards and planks, and to frame and raise buildings. Can you help us in this?

*Charles.* I will do my best, sir.

*Mr. B.* Then I engage you, but I advise you to bring two or three able assistants along with you.

*William.* I am a blacksmith.

*Mr. B.* An excellent companion for the carpenter. We cannot do without either of you. You must bring your great bellows, anvil, and vice; and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. By the by, we will want a mason for that.

*Edward.* I am one, sir.

*Mr. B.* Though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick work, or stone work, for chimneys, hearths, and ovens, so there will be employment for a mason. Can you make bricks and burn lime?

*Edward.* I will try what I can do, sir.

*Mr. B.* No man can do more. I engage you. Who comes next?

*Francis.* I am a shoemaker, sir.

*Mr. B.* Shoes we cannot do well without, but I fear we shall get no leather.

*Francis.* But I can dress skins, sir.

*Mr. B.* Can you? Then you are a useful fellow. I will have you, though I give you double wages.

*George.* I am a tailor, sir.

*Mr. B.* We shall want clothing; so there will be work for a tailor. But you are not above mending, I hope, for we must not mind wearing patched clothes, while we work in the woods.

*George.* I am not, sir.

*Mr. B.* Then I engage you, too.

*Henry.* I am a silversmith, sir.

*Mr. B.* Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in.

*Henry.* I understand clock and watch making, too.

*Mr. B.* We shall want to know how the time goes, but we cannot afford to employ you. At present, I advise you to stay where you are.

*Jasper.* I am a barber and hair-dresser.

*Mr. B.* What can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beard once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter the rest of the time, we will take you. But you will have no ladies' hair to curl, or gentlemen to powder, I assure you.

*Lewis.* I am a doctor, sir.

*Mr. B.* Then, sir, you are very welcome; we shall some of us be sick, and we are likely to get cuts and bruises, and broken bones. You will be very useful. We shall take you with pleasure.

*Maurice.* I am a lawyer, sir.

*Mr. B.* Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law we will let you know.

*Oliver.* I am a schoolmaster.

*Mr. B.* That is a very respectable and useful profession;

as soon as our children are old enough, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are hard-working men, we mean not to be ignorant; every one of us must be taught reading and writing. Until we have employment for you in teaching, you will keep our accounts, and at present read sermons to us on Sundays. We shall be glad to have you among us. Will you go?

*Oliver.* With all my heart, sir.

*Mr. B.* Who comes here?

*Philip.* I am a soldier, sir; will you have me?

*Mr. B.* We are a peaceful people; and I hope we shall not be obliged to fight. We shall have no occasion for you, unless you can be a farmer or a mechanic, as well as a soldier.

*Richard.* I am a dancing master, sir.

*Mr. B.* A dancing master? Ha, ha! And pray, of what use do you expect to be in the back-woods?

*Richard.* Why, sir, I can teach you how to appear in a drawing room. I shall take care that your children know precisely how they must bow when saluting company. In short, I teach you the *science*, which will distinguish you from savages.

*Mr. B.* This may be all very well, and quite to your fancy, but I would suggest that we, in a new colony, shall need to pay more attention to the raising of corn and potatoes, the feeding of cattle, and the preparing of houses to live in, than to the cultivation of this elegant "*science*" as you term it.

*John.* I, sir, am a politician, and would be willing to edit a newspaper you may wish to have published in your colony.

*Mr. B.* Very much obliged to you, Mr. Editor; but for the present, I think you may wisely remain where you are. We shall have to labor so much for the first two or three years, that we shall care little about other matters than those which concern our farms. We certainly must spend some time in reading, but I think we can obtain suitable books for our perusal, with much less money than it would require to support you and your newspaper.

*Robert.* I am a gentleman, sir.

*Mr. B.* A gentleman! What good can you do us?

*Robert.* I intend to spend most part of my time in walking about, and overseeing the men at work. I shall be very willing to assist you with my *advice*, whenever I think it necessary. As for my support, that need not trouble you much. I expect to shoot game enough for my own eating; you can

give me a little bread and a few vegetables; and the barber shall be my servant.

*Mr. B.* Pray, sir, why should we do all this for you?

*Robert.* Why, sir, that you may have the credit of saying that you have one gentleman at least in your colony.

*Mr. B.* Ha, ha, ha! A fine gentleman truly! When we desire the honor of your company, sir, we will send for you.

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LEAVING SCHOOL.—*Mrs. L. C. Tuthill.*

(ISABELLA, CLARA, AND GERALDINE.)

*Isabella.* Home! home! Done school forever. Delightful! Isn't it, girls, perfectly delightful to be free as air? I will not carry home these hateful hum-drum books. Hedge's Logic!—a hedge of thorns! (*throwing it across the room.*) Brown's Philosophy, you take up too much room. Cruel Colburn's Sequel, how many bitter tears have you cost me! I hope never to see your ugly faces again.

*Clara.* But, Isabella, are you going to give up study entirely? What will you do with yourself when you get home?

*Isabella.* Make the most of my little self,—create a sensation,—make a dashing *début*. You know I am eighteen, and I am *coming out* as soon as I get home. Clara Wilton, that reproving look doesn't become you, dear! You have toiled and moiled for the gold medal, and have gained it. What good will it do you? Perhaps you intend to wear it on all occasions, suspended by its yard of blue ribbon around your neck, as the Indians do the great silver medals given them by their kind father the President.

*Clara.* Isabella, I value a good education for its own sake. The medal may testify to my parents that I have appreciated the advantages they have generously bestowed. I shall give it to my mother.

*Isabella.* Well, my parents don't care a sou about all those sober studies that Goody Blue has bored us with; they know it gives one a sort of reputation to be educated by Mrs. Z., so here I've been these four years. They expect me to *come out* with *éclat*, and I do mean to produce a wonderful sensation. I believe I shall throw the rest of these books overboard to-day, on my way to New York, just out of spite for the trouble they have given me.

*Geraldine.* I shall be half inclined to join you, for I do not know what good they will ever do me. What use shall I ever make of the mathematics and philosophy?

*Clara.* You will not find them useless; you may be disposed to resume them by yourself, after you have been home awhile.

*Geraldine.* *J'en doute.* I am going to Europe with my father and mother, to finish my education. We shall reside a year or two in Paris, and I shall come home *parfaitement Française.*

*Clara.* *Parfaitement Française,* to reside in this country and be a good, useful American woman!

*Geraldine, (laughing.)* A good, useful American woman! How that sounds to "ears polite;" absolutely vulgar. I seek for something more *recherché*, more elegant than that. I go abroad to obtain that *retenue*, that *abandon* of manner, that cannot be acquired in this half-civilized land.

*Isabella.* And to be laughed at for your *abandon*, as you call it, which will sound very droll to French "ears polite."

*Geraldine.* There is another object in going to Paris, to acquire a true Parisian accent. I shall not venture to speak in foreign society until I have had a master some months. When I return, two years hence, you shall have no occasion to laugh at my French.

*Isabella.* The French are so ridiculous, they are enough to make a milestone laugh. What are you going to do, Clara?

*Clara.* I expect to continue my studies, that I may more perfectly understand them. I hope to be useful to my mother, who has kindly promised to teach me domestic economy; so long as life lasts, there will be knowledge to which I have not attained, virtues to be perfected, and good to be done; "vulgar" as it sounds, my highest aim is to be a good, *thorough-going* American woman.

*Isabella.* Spoken like our old country school-mistress herself! Pity you could not have mounted her high cap and green spectacles for the occasion. Really she never made a better *preachment* in her life.

*Clara.* Well, girls, be merry if you will at my sober notions, but let us part kindly; we may never meet again.

*Geraldine.* You will both write to me, girls?

*Clara.* I will, with pleasure, if you let me know your father's foreign address before you sail.

*Isabella.* I doubt if I shall have time to write to either of

you. I have formed a thousand plans for next winter. I am still to have a music-master, and must practise at least three hours a day, or I shall never rival the Hamiltons and the Moores, who, papa writes me, play so exquisitely that all the world are in love with them. Here comes an Atlas in the midst of my music-books, like a clown in genteel society;—stay where you are, I am not going to take you to town with your betters. Shall I put up my French Testament? No, I'll make you a present of it, Clara, and one of these days you may give it with my compliments, to —— you know who,—that ministerial personage who often glides before your imagination.

*Clara.* That personage is all in your imagination, Isabella; but I thank you for the gift, and if I ever have an opportunity shall present it, with your compliments, if you will promise to officiate as bride's-maid on *that* occasion.

*Isabella.* Delightful! I'll come, unless I am led to the hymeneal halter before you.

*Geraldine.* Invite me too, Clara; I shall perhaps have first returned from Europe.

*Clara.* And will then be, I fear, *un peu trop Française*.

*Geraldine.* (coldly.) *C'est possible.*

*Isabella.* Write to me, Clara, now and then, from your hermitage, and tell me how you endure it; but don't bore me with too much grave advice.

*Clara.* I will write to you both (*holding out her hand kindly to Geraldine*;) forgive me for seeming to reject your kindness. I thought some whiskerandoed *Français* might claim you for his bride, long before the time to which you alluded.

*Geraldine.* You are forgiven. I know how dearly you love your own country; that is *your* prejudice; *mine* is the other way; I would give half my expectations to have been born in France.

*Isabella.* And I would rather have been born in New York, than in any other place on the wide earth.

*Clara.* And I am only proud of being an American. North or south, east or west, makes no difference; every inch of the United States is *home* for me. Hark! There goes Mrs. Z.'s bell,—the last time we shall hear it. Who would have thought that any possible association could have made that shrill tinging bell interesting! The last time,—the last time,—it makes any soul mournful.

TRUTH-TELLING.—*Mrs. Sawyer.*

ELIZABETH, ADELAIDE, ANNA AND MARY?

*(Elizabeth and Adelaide, in a School-room.)*

*Elizabeth.* Adelaide, I mean to see Anna's new book. I think she is very covetous to keep it all to herself as she does, and let no one look at it.

*Adelaide.* I dare say she will have no objections to your looking at it, when she has finished reading it herself, for she is not a covetous girl.

*Elizabeth.* I do not know what you would call covetous, if she is not. Why, I asked her yesterday to show it to me, and she wrapped it up in her apron as quickly as she could, just as if she thought I should hurt it by even looking at the covers, and seemed as proud as if it had been made of gold.

*Adelaide.* Well, dear Elizabeth, we ought to excuse her, if she does appear a little proud of her book just now; for you know she received it as a prize for her good scholarship.

*Elizabeth.* I know it; but that is no excuse for her being so miserly and important. I shouldn't have hurt her book any more than she would herself.

*Adelaide.* I dare say not, Elizabeth; and I have no doubt Anna will be perfectly willing to lend it to you, as soon as she has read it herself.

*Elizabeth.* I do not believe that she has read it already, only she does not like to oblige me. I am sure if it had been my book, it would have been read long ago.

*Adelaide.* I presume it would; but then you know that Anna always studies her lessons, and makes sure that they are perfect, before she reads or plays, which, you know is not always the case with you.

*Elizabeth.* I can't help it if she does; she might have read it before this time, and learned her lessons too.

*Adelaide.* Why, Elizabeth, you know she has a right to be as long as she pleases in reading it, and no one is entitled to find fault, even if she is a month.

*Elizabeth.* Well, all I have to say about it is, I mean to see the book, whether she is willing or not. So I shall go and get it now.

*Adelaide.* Why, Elizabeth, you surely will not take it without permission, will you?

*Elizabeth.* I most surely will, Miss Preacher! and I do not expect that you will be such a tell-tale as to tell her of it, either.



*Adelaide.* If she should inquire of me whether I know anything about it, you would not have me tell her a falsehood, would you? If you would, I cannot.

*Elizabeth.* No; I do not wish any one to tell a falsehood for me; but you can keep out of her way, so that she will not ask you.

*Adelaide.* I am not so very sure but that would be the very way to make her ask me. If I were to go skulking around like a thief, she would suspect me at once.

*Elizabeth.* La! Who has said anything about skulking? I have n't, I'm sure! I only ask you to go out at one door, when she comes in at another.

*Adelaide.* A fine piece of business, truly! I tell you plainly, Elizabeth, if you take that book, you must manage the matter yourself. I shall not betray you unless I am inquired of; neither shall I put myself to the least inconvenience to avoid inquiries. I give you fair warning!

*Elizabeth.* Thank you, Miss Preacher! Much obliged for all your advice, and your kindness; but I think, on the whole, that as I am not a baby, I can go without leading-strings. So here comes the book, and now for a feast!

*(She takes the book from Anna's desk.)*

*Adelaide.* I fear, Elizabeth, that you will not find it a feast, after all. I think your conscience will trouble you some.

*Elizabeth.* I will risk it; so don't distress yourself with any more fears on my account. I will take care of myself.

*Adelaide.* Well, Elizabeth, I hope you will not get yourself into any difficulty, that's all. But I must go now to my dinner, for it will soon be school-time. And I advise you to put that book back, and go too.

*Elizabeth.* Good-by, Miss Preacher! When I am ready, I will go to my dinner. And when I have read the book through, I will put it back!

*(Adelaide goes out, and Elizabeth sits down to read; when Anna and Mary come in, talking together, and Elizabeth starts up, in some confusion, and thrusts the book behind something in her desk, and begins to put on her hat and shawl.)*

*Anna.* Come, Mary, there will be plenty of time before school to show you my new book. I want you to see it. *(She goes to her desk to look for her book, and discovers that it is gone. Looks much surprised.)* My book is gone! Somebody has got my book!

*Mary.* Oh, I hope not, Anna! It must be behind something.

*Anna.* No, it is n't! No, it is n't! It is gone! Somebody has taken it, I know. Elizabeth, have you seen my book? do you know any thing about it?

*Elizabeth.* I! What should I know about your book? Do you suppose I have nothing else to do but look after your book?

*Anna.* No, indeed, Elizabeth; but I did not know but what you might have seen some person go to my desk while I was gone.

*Elizabeth.* Well,—I did n't.

*Anna.* And you have not touched it yourself, have you?

*Elizabeth.* No; I never touched your book in my life; and I shan't stay here to be questioned any longer. (*She goes out.*)

*Mary.* Don't worry, Anna; I am sure you will find it again.

*Anna.* Where can it be? I am afraid it has been stolen!

*Mary.* Oh, Anna, not stolen! May be one of the girls has taken it to read a little while, and will bring it back.

*Anna.* But who could it be? All the girls were gone away when we went, excepting Elizabeth and Adelaide; and I do not believe it was Adelaide; and you know Elizabeth positively denies knowing anything about it. And she certainly would not be so foolish and wicked as to tell a falsehood.

*Mary.* No, I hope not, Anna; but did n't you see how confused she looked, when we first saw her?

*Anna.* Yes, I did observe it; but she might have been a little startled or offended about something.

*Mary.* She might have been; if she had not so positively denied it, I should think she had taken the book in order to vex you. But here comes Adelaide. Let us ask her; she will tell the truth. Adelaide!

*Adelaide.* Well, girls, what is wanting?

*Anna.* I have lost my new book;—when I went home to my dinner, it was here in my desk; but when I came back, it was gone. Do you know any thing about it? (*Adelaide looks confused, and does not reply.*) Why, Adelaide, what is the matter? You have not taken it, surely! If you have, you need not be so frightened, for you are welcome to use it as long as you please. Only I am sorry that you did not give me the pleasure of lending it to you.

*Adelaide.* No, Anna; I have never touched your book. You know I never touch what does not belong to me.

*Anna.* I know it, Adelaide: I am sure of it; and I am glad you did not take it.

*Mary.* But I am sure, by her looks, that Adelaide knows where it is.

*Anna.* Do you, Adelaide?

*Adelaide.* Will you both promise to forgive the person, if I should happen to know, and tell you who it is?

*Anna.* Certainly;—and she may read the book as long as she pleases.

*Adelaide.* And you will not expose her?

*Anna.* No; we will not.

*Adelaide.* Well, then, it was Elizabeth.

*Anna and Mary.* Elizabeth! Why, she denied positively having seen it.

*Adelaide.* Can it be possible? It must have been in a joking way, then.

*Anna.* No, indeed; she was very angry, and declared she never had touched it in her life.

*Adelaide.* But she certainly took it; and if you will remember your promise, not to tell any one about the matter, I will ask her for it as soon as she comes in.

*Anna.* I will not forget that; but I will not wait until she comes; I will look in her desk now. (*She goes to Elizabeth's desk, and, after a moment's search, takes out the book.*) Here it is, sure enough! Oh, how could she tell a falsehood about it? What shall we do, Mary and Adelaide?

*Mary.* We must let her know privately that we know all about it, and talk with her on the sin of telling falsehoods.

*Anna.* There she comes, now. Now, who shall speak to her first? I can't.

*Adelaide.* And I am sure I cannot.

*Mary.* I will, then, although I can hardly bear to do so.

(*Elizabeth enters, and all stand looking at her.*)

*Elizabeth.* What makes you all look at me so? Do you think that I have been stealing?

*Mary.* No, indeed, Elizabeth; we do not think of such a thing. But we want to talk to you about Anna's book.

*Elizabeth.* Anna's book? Have n't you found that yet? If you have not, how do you suppose I can help it?

*Mary.* Take care, Elizabeth! The book is found!

*Elizabeth.* [*Starting.*] Found? Where?

*Mary.* Where you put it;—in your desk!

*Elizabeth.* In my desk? Well, does it follow that I put it there?

*Mary.* Take care, Elizabeth! don't deny it any more—Adelaide has told us how it came there.

*Elizabeth.* Adelaide? Well, as she knows, I only—only wanted to look at it a little, and then put it back.

*Anna.* Well, Elizabeth, you should not have taken it privately. Had I known you were so anxious to see it, I am sure I would have lent it to you.

*Elizabeth.* But you know I asked you for it yesterday, and instead of lending it to me, you wrapped it in your apron, and would not let me see it at all. That made me angry.

*Anna.* (*Going to Elizabeth and putting her arm around her waist.*) So I did, Elizabeth. I am ashamed to confess it, and I do not wonder you were angry. I am as much to blame as you are.

*Elizabeth.* No, you are not, Anna. And if you did not do right, it was no excuse for taking your book,—much less for telling a falsehood.

*Mary.* True, Elizabeth; there is never an excuse for telling a falsehood.

*Elizabeth.* But, Mary, I can profit by the shame and regret I now feel in consequence of it. And I am sure it will be a lesson I shall never forget.

*Adelaide.* I am sure you will not, Elizabeth. And now tell me that you forgive my telling the truth about you.

*Elizabeth.* It is much easier for me to forgive you for telling the truth, than for you to forgive my telling a falsehood.

*Adelaide.* We will all forgive you for that; but there is another, whose forgiveness is of more consequence. Do you think who it is?

*Elizabeth.* Yes, it is our Heavenly Father; and I shall not forget, in my daily prayers, to ask his forgiveness for the past, and his aid in assisting me always to speak the truth in the future.

*Mary.* A good resolution, Elizabeth, for you and for all of us.

*Anna.* So I think. And now let us close this scene by promising each other always to speak the truth.

## THE SOFT ANSWER.—T. S. Arthur.

(LAWYER TRUEMAN, MR. SINGLETON AND MR. WILLIAMS.)

*Mr. Singleton.* I'll give him law to his heart's content, the scoundrel!

*Lawyer Trueman.* Don't call harsh names, Mr. Singleton.

*Singleton.* Every man should be known by his true name. Williams is a scoundrel and so he ought to be called.

*Trueman.* My young friend did you ever do a reasonable thing in your life when you were angry?

*Singleton.* I can't say I ever did, Mr. Trueman; but now I have good reason for being angry, and the language I use in reference to Williams, is but the expression of a sober and rational conviction.

*Trueman.* Did you pronounce him a scoundrel before you received this reply to your last letter?

*Singleton.* No, I did not; but that letter confirmed my previously formed impression of his character.

*Trueman.* I cannot find, in that letter, any evidence proving your late partner to be a dishonest man. He will not agree to the proposed mode of settlement, because he does not see it to be the most proper way.

*Singleton. (Excited.)* He won't agree to it because it is an honest and equitable mode of settlement, that's all! He wants to overreach me, and is determined to do so, if he can!

*Trueman.* There you are decidedly wrong. You have both allowed yourselves to become angry, and are both unreasonable; and, if I must speak plainly, you are the most unreasonable, in the present case. Two angry men can never settle any business properly. You have unnecessarily increased the difficulties in the way of a speedy settlement, by writing Mr. Williams an angry letter, which he has responded to in the like unhappy temper. Now, if I am to settle this business for you, I must write all the letters that pass to Mr. Williams in future.

*Singleton.* But how can you properly express my views and feelings?

*Trueman.* That I do not wish to do, if your views and feelings remain as they are now—for anything like an adjustment of the difficulties, under such circumstances, I should consider hopeless.

*Singleton.* Well, let me answer this letter, and after that I promise that you shall have your own way.

*Trueman.* No; I shall consent to no such thing. It is the reply to that letter which is to modify the negotiation for a settlement in such a way as to bring success or failure; and I have no idea of allowing you, in your present state of mind, to write such a one as will most assuredly defeat an amicable adjustment.

*Singleton.* (*After a pause to consider.*) Indeed, I must write this letter, Mr. Trueman. There are somethings I want to say to him, which I know you won't write. You don't seem to consider the position in which he has placed me by this letter, nor what is obligatory on me as a man of honor. I never allow any man to reflect on me, directly or indirectly, without a prompt response.

*Trueman.* There is in the Bible, a passage that is peculiarly applicable in the present case. It is this:—"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." I have found this precept, in a life that has numbered more than double your years, to be one that may be honorably and safely adopted, in all cases." You blame Mr. Williams for writing you an angry letter, and are indignant at certain expressions contained therein. Now, is it any more right for you to write an angry letter, with cutting epithets, than it is for him?

*Singleton.* But, Mr. Trueman—

*Trueman.* I do assure you, my young friend, that I am acting in this case for your benefit, and not for my own; and, as your legal adviser, you must submit to my judgment, or I cannot consent to go on.

*Singleton.* If I will promise not to use any harsh language, will you not consent to let me write the letter?

*Trueman.* You and I, in the present state of your mind, could not possibly come to the same conclusion in reference to what is harsh and what is mild; therefore I cannot consent that you shall write one word of the proposed reply—I must write it.

*Singleton.* Well, I suppose, then, I shall have to submit. Write, if you please, and let me see what sort of a letter you propose.

*Trueman.* (*Writes a while and then reads the draft of a letter.*)

"DEAR SIR:—I regret that my proposition did not meet your approbation. The mode of settlement which I suggested was the result of a careful consideration of our mutual inter-

ests. Be kind enough to suggest to Mr. Trueman, my lawyer, any plan which you think will lead to an early and amicable adjustment of our business. You may rely on my consent to it if it meets his approbation."

*Singleton.* (*Throwing the paper from him, with contempt.*) Is it possible, Mr. Trueman, that you expect me to sign such a cringing letter as that?

*Trueman.* (*Very mildly.*) Well, sir, what is your objection to it?

*Singleton.* Objection! How can you ask such a question? Am I to go on my knees to him, and beg him to do me justice? No! I'll sacrifice every cent I've got in the world first—the scoundrel!

*Trueman.* (*Looking him steadily in the face.*) Mr. Singleton you wish to have your business settled, do you not?

*Singleton.* Of course I do—honorably settled.

*Trueman.* Well, what do you mean by an honorable settlement?

*Singleton.* Why, I mean—I mean—(*hesitating.*)

*Trueman.* You mean a settlement in which your interests shall be equally considered with those of Mr. Williams?

*Singleton.* Yes, certainly; and that—

*Trueman.* And that, in the settlement, Mr. Williams shall consider and treat you as a gentleman?

*Singleton.* Certainly I do; but this is more than ever he has done.

*Trueman.* Well, never mind. Let what is past go for as much as it is worth. The principal point of action is in the present.

*Singleton.* But I'll never send this mean, cringing letter, I can tell you.

*Trueman.* You mistake its whole tenor, I do assure you, Mr. Singleton. You have allowed your angry feelings to blind you. You, doubtless, carefully considered, before you adopted it, the proposed basis of a settlement, did you not?

*Singleton.* Of course I did.

*Trueman.* So the letter I prepared for you states. Now, as an honest and honorable man, you are, I am sure, willing to grant the same privilege which you asked for yourself, viz: that of proposing a plan of settlement. Your proposition does not seem to please him; now it is but fair that he should be invited to state how he wishes the settlement to be made—and

in giving such an invitation, a gentleman should use gentlemanly language.

*Singleton.* But he don't deserve to be treated like a gentleman. In fact he has no claim to the title.

*Trueman.* If he has none, as you say, you profess to be a gentleman; and all gentlemen should prove, by their actions and words, that they are gentlemen.

*Singleton.* (*Changing his tone.*) I can't say I am convinced by what you say; but as you seem bent on having it your own way, why, here let me copy the thing and sign it. (*Sits and writes.*) There, now, I suppose he'll think me a low-spirited fellow, after he gets that; but he's mistaken. After it's all over, I'll take good care to tell him that it did not contain my sentiments.

*Trueman.* (*Holding the letter and smiling.*) Come tomorrow afternoon, and I think we'll have things in a pretty fair way.

*Scene II. The next day. Trueman's office. (Enter Singleton.)*

*Trueman.* Good-afternoon, Mr. Singleton.

*Singleton.* Well, sir, have you heard from that milk-and-water letter of yours? I can't call it mine.

*Trueman.* Yes, here is the answer. Take a seat, and I will read it to you.

*Singleton.* Well, let's hear it.

*Trueman.* (*Takes out a letter and reads.*) "Dear George,—I have your kind and gentlemanly note of yesterday, in reply to my harsh, unreasonable and ungentlemanly one of the day before. We have both been playing the fool; but you are ahead of me in becoming sane. I have examined, since I got your note, more carefully the tenor of your disposition for a settlement, and it meets my views precisely. My foolish anger kept me from seeing it before. Let our mutual friend, Mr. Trueman, arrange the matter, according to the plan mentioned, and I shall most heartily acquiesce. Yours, &c.,

THOMAS WILLIAMS."

*Singleton.* (*Rising from his seat.*) He never wrote that letter in the world.

*Trueman.* (*Handing him the letter.*) You know his writing, I presume.

*Singleton.* (*With emotion.*) It's Thomas Williams' own hand, as I live! My old friend, Thomas Williams, the best natured fellow in the world! What a fool I have been!



(Enter Williams.)

*Williams.* (*Advancing and extending his hand to Singleton.*) And what a fool I have been, my friend!

*Singleton.* (*Grasping his hand.*) God bless you, my dear friend! Why, what has been the matter with us both.

*Trueman.* (*Advancing and taking both by the hands.*) My young friends, I have known you long and have esteemed you both. This pleasant meeting and reconciliation, you perceive, is of my arrangement. Now let me give you a precept that will make friends and keep friends. It has been my motto through life, and I don't know that I have an enemy in the world. It is,—“A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.”

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DOING BECAUSE OTHERS DO.—J. G. Adams.

HENRY, CHARLES, JOHN AND WILLIAM.

*Henry.* Well, Charles, I don't think that sounded very well.

*Charles.* What do you mean, Henry?

*Henry.* O, you need not make strange of it. I heard you plainly enough.

*Charles.* Heard me? What did you hear?

*Henry.* Why I heard you calling poor Jemmy Clubfoot names. That was rather a mean business, Charles.

*Charles.* May you not mistake, now? Are you sure you heard me?

*Henry.* Very sure, Charles, very sure. Don't you suppose I know your shrill voice? Why, I could tell it among all the voices of all the boys in town.

*Charles.* Well,—suppose you did, then—for there's no use in denying it. But what of all that?

*Henry.* What of it? Why, as I just said, it is mean enough for any boy; and I am ashamed of it in you. What harm has Jemmy ever done you? and why do you wish to ridicule him on account of his deformity and lack of brightness? Supposing you were in his situation? Would such treatment from boys suit you?

*Charles.* You are very grave about it, I should think. I have no desire to abuse old Jemmy; and why should you think I have?

*Henry.* If you did not intend to insult him, why did you assail him with such language? Just tell us that.

*Charles.* Why, I heard John Warner calling after him, and so I joined in.

*Henry.* Aha! You joined in with John, then; and why did John do it?

*Charles.* Well, you can ask him; here he comes, and he may speak for himself.

(*Enter John.*)

*John.* What now boys? What's going on? Who called my name?

*Henry.* Charles and I. We were speaking of Jemmy Clubfoot, as he is called, and of the insult offered him by the boys. I had been asking Charles why he called out after him in the streets; and what do you suppose his answer was?

*John.* Really, I could n't tell; except that he liked the sport of it!

*Henry.* No; he denies that. He says he did so because you did! a great reason, to be sure! Now, will you be so condescending as to tell me why you did it?

*John.* You seem to be very inquisitive. Why do you take the matter up so seriously? Do you think there is any harm in having a little fun with old Jemmy?

*Henry.* John, if you were old Jemmy, should you like such salutations? Come, now, I have touched your benevolence, I know; so now "own up," and be honest.

*John.* I shan't dodge that question. I spoke about Charles' liking the sport of it; but I did n't mean so. I should n't have thought about calling after Jemmy, if William Simpson had n't put me up to it.

*Henry.* Indeed; so here is another confession. Well, now, I should like to ask William,—and here he is, coming fresh from the scene, I suppose,—yes—I'll ask him who coaxed him to do his screaming.

*John.* Come on here, William, and give us your evidence; we have a court here.

(*Enter William.*)

*William.* A court? Well don't try me hard. But what's your case now?

*John.* Henry wants to ask you a question.

*William.* What's that, pray?

*Henry.* O, a very simple one, William. We were speak-

ing of the insults offered by the boys to poor Jemmy Clubfoot. I was asking Charles here, why he called out after him. He says it was because John did it. I asked John his reason, and he says your example induced him. Now, will you tell me what was your object in assailing this poor fellow?

*William.* O, I've no particular reason to give. The other boys cry out after him, and so do I, now and then.

*Henry.* There! now we have the weighty reason of the whole matter. To do it because others do it; not stopping to ask whether it is right, whatever others may think or do. Is n't that it?

*William.* Yes, I suppose so. But why do you speak as if it were of so much importance? Do you suppose I wish to injure old Jemmy?

*Henry.* No, no, William; I don't think that; but you don't believe that such salutations to the unfortunate are really right, do you?

*William.* No, I do not.

*Henry.* Well, now let us see if we cannot learn a lesson here. I remember what our schoolmaster said to Henry Stocker, the other day, when he threw stones, and Henry told him he did so because Joseph White did. "Supposing Joseph White should tell you to jump overboard, would you do it?" I thought this a good hit. But this is not all. We shall find that many of our ordinary evils are kept in being in this way. One upholds them because another does. A silly fashion comes up. One is foolish enough to run into it because another does. One swears because another does. One drinks, one gambles, one lies, one defrauds and steals, because another does. You remember what the temperance lecturer said, the other evening, about the rumseller, who said if he did not sell liquor to get folks drunk, somebody else would. So because others sinned, he must. Why this is a wicked pretence; and we ought to know it and feel it. We should learn to do a deed because it is right, or not to do it because it is wrong; no matter what others do, or what they do not. What say you, William, is n't this right?

*William.* I think so.

*John and Charles. (Both.)* And so do I.

*Henry.* Well, just to be winding up our talk, I will recite to you a few verses from Cowper. They present the matter, I think, in a ludicrous light.

*(All three.)* Let's hear.

*Henry—*

A youngster at school more sedate than the rest,  
Had once his integrity put to the test;  
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

"He was shocked much indeed, and he answered, 'O no!  
What! rob our good neighbor! I pray you don't go;  
Besides the man's poor, and his orchard's his bread;  
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'"

"'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,  
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;  
If you will go with us, you shall have a share;  
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'"

"They spoke, and Tom pondered—'I see they will go;  
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!  
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,  
But staying behind here will do him no good.

"'If the matter depended alone upon me,  
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;  
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;  
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.'"

"His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades, the apples to seize;  
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan—  
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man!"

*William.* That's a good hit, as you said of your school-master. I shall think more of this matter, in time to come.

*Henry.* I trust you will; and that Charles and John, and all of us, will be wise enough in future, just to ask ourselves, when we are prompted to do any thing, of at least a questionable character—not whether others do it—nor whether it is a custom or a fashion—nor whether the many or the few approve it; but whether it is really in itself just and right. When I hear of any better course than this, I will try to inform you of it; and when you do, just send me word.

*William.* I certainly will, Henry; and I hope we shall all receive good from this interview.

## ALL FOR GOOD ORDER.—D. P. Page.

## CHARACTERS.

SCHOOLMASTER,	ESQ. SNYDER,
ISAAC, (a school-boy,)	JONAS, (his son,)
MR. FOSDICK,	FRENCHMAN,
BILL, (his son,	JABEZ, (his son,)
MR. O'CLARY, (Irish,)	Some half dozen school-boys.
PATRICK, (his son,)	

*Master. (Setting copies, alone.)* Well, so here I am again, after another night's sleep. But, sleep or no sleep, I feel about as much fatigued in the morning as I do at night. It is impossible to get the cares and anxieties of my profession out of my mind. It does seem to me that the parents of some of my pupils are very unfeeling;—for I know I have done my very best to keep a good school,—and however I may have failed in some instances, I have the satisfaction of feeling, in my conscience, that my best endeavors have been devoted to my work. A merry lot of copies here, to be set before school-time. (*Looking at his watch.*) But “a diligent hand will accomplish much;”—by the way, that will do for a copy for Jonas Snyder—little culprit! he was very idle yesterday.—(*Thinking and busy.*)—What can that story mean, which Mr. Truettell told me this morning? Five or six!—who could they be?—five or six of the parents of my scholars dreadfully offended! Let me see; what have I done? Nothing, very lately, that I recollect. Let's see;—yesterday? no, there was nothing yesterday, except that I detained the class in geography till they got their lessons. Oh, yes; Jonas Snyder was punished for idleness. But I spoke to him four or five times, and he would do nothing but whisper, and whittle his bench; and when at last he half eat up an apple, and threw the rest at Jacob Readslow, I thought he deserved it. Let's see; I gave him six claps—three on each hand;—well, he did not get more than his deserts. (*Enter one of the scholars, with his books under his arm, walking slowly, and eyeing the master, to his seat.* *Master still busy, and thinking, by and by says:—*Isaac, you may come to me.

(*He walks along and says:—* Sir!

*Master.* Do you remember (*placing his pen over his ear, and turning earnestly and portentously round*) whether I punished any scholars yesterday?

*Isaac.* Yes, sir; you ferruled Jone Snyder, for playing and laughing.

*Master.* Did I punish any one else?

*Isaac.* Not as I recollect.

*Master.* Think, Isaac; think carefully.

*Isaac.* You kept a lot of us after school, for not saying our lessons——

*Master.* (*Quickly.*) You mean, Isaac, rather, I kept you to get your lessons, which you had neglected?

*Isaac.* Yes, sir; and you made Patrick O'Clary stop and sweep, because he stayed out too late after recess.

*Master.* Oh, yes! I remember that.

*Isaac.* He was as mad as a hop about it; he said he meant to tell his mother that you made him sweep for nothing.

*Master.* Hush! hush! You should n't tell tales! Do you remember any other punishments?

*Isaac.* No, sir; not yesterday. You hit Jabe Le Compte a clip across the knuckles, with the cowskin, day before yesterday;—don't you remember?—just as he stretched out his hand to hook that old rag upon Tom Willis' collar, you came along behind him, and clip went the old whip, right across his fingers, and down went the old rag. There, I never was more glad to see anything in my life! Little dirty, mean fellow!—he's always sticking things upon fellows;—I saw him once pin an old dirty rag upon a man's coat, just as he was putting a letter into the post office;—I never saw such a fellow!

(*The other boys coming in gradually, the master rings his little bell, and says :*) Boys, come to order and take your books. Now, boys, I wish to see if we can't have a good school to-day. Let's see; are we all here?

*Boys.* No sir! No sir!

*Master.* Who is absent?

*Boys.* Jone Snyder! Jabe Le Compte! Patrick O'Clary! and ——

*Master.* Speak one at a time, my boys. Don't make confusion, to begin with;—and (*looking around them,*)—oh! Bill Fosdick,—only four!

*One of the boys.* Pat O'Clary is late. I saw him down in Baker-street, poking along!—he always comes late ——

*Master.* Did he say he was coming?

*Same boy.* I asked him if he was coming to school, and he shook his head, and muttered out something about his mother, and I ran along and left him.

*Master.* Well, boys; now let us try to have a still school

and close study to-day, and see if it is not more pleasant to learn than to play. (*Rises and walks to and fro on the stage.*) Take the geography lesson, James and Samuel, first thing this morning; and Isaac, I don't wish to detain you again to-day. (*Loud knock at the door.*)

(*Enter Bill Fosdick, walking importantly and consequentially up to the master and says :*) Here! father wants to see you at the door!

(*Master turns to go to the door, followed by Bill, who wishes to hear all that's said, and Mr. Fosdick, looking quite savage, steps right inside,—the master politely bowing, with a "good-morning."*)

*Fosdick.* Here, sir; I want to see you about my boy! I don't like to have you keep him after school every day; I want him at home,—and I should like to have you dismiss him when school is done. If he wants lickin', lick him—that's all; but don't you keep him here an hour or two every day after school,—I don't send him here for that!

*Master.* But, my good sir, I have not often detained him; not more than twice within a fort——

*Fosdick.* Well, don't you do it again,—that's all!

*Master.* But, sir, I have only detained him to learn the lessons which he might learn in school; and surely, if——

*Fosdick.* Well, well, sir! don't you do it again!—that's all I have to say! If he behaves bad, you lick him,—only do it in reason;—but when school is done, I want him dismissed!

*Master.* Sir, I do what I conceive to be my duty; and I serve all my scholars alike; and while I would be willing to accommodate you, I shall do what I think is my duty. (*Gathering spirit and gravity, and advancing.*) Sir, do I understand you to wish me to whip your son for not getting his lesson?

*Fosdick.* Yes—no—yes—in reason; I don't want my children's bones broke!

*Master.* (*Taking from the desk a cowhide.*) Do you prefer your son should be whipped to being detained?

*Fosdick.* I don't think not getting his lessons is such a dreadful crime. I never used to get my lessons, and old Master Peppermint never used to lick me, and I am sure he never kept me after school; but we used to have schools good for sumfin in them days. Bill, go to your seat, and behave yourself! and when school is done, you come home! That's all I have to say!

*Master.* But stop, my boy! (*Speaking to Bill, decidedly.*)

There happen to be two sides to this question! There is something further to be said, before you go to your seat in this school.

*Fosdick.* What! you don't mean to turn him out of school, du ye? (*Somebody knocks.*)

(*A boy steps to the door, and in steps Mr. O'Clary, who, approaching Fosdick, says:*) Is it you that's the schoolmaster, sure? It's I that's after spaking to the schoolmaster. (*Bowing.*)

*Fosdick.* No; I'm no schoolmaster.

*Master.* What is your wish, sir?

*Mr. O'Clary.* I wants to spake with the schoolmaster, I do, sir. (*Bows.*)

*Master.* Well, sir, (*rapping to keep the boys still, who are disposed to laugh,*) I am the schoolmaster. What is your wish?

*Mr. O'C.* Why, sir, my little spalpeen of a son goes to this school, he does; and he says he's made to swape every day, he is; and it's all for nothing, he tells me; and sure I don't like it, I don't; and I'm kim to complain to ye, I have! It's Patrick O'Clary that I'm spaking uv; and it's I that's his father, I be; his father, Paddy O'Clary from Cork, it is.

*Master.* Well, sir, he has never swept but once, I believe; and that, surely, was not without a good reason.

*Mr. O'C.* But himself tills a different story, he does; and I niver knew him till but one lie, in my life, I did n't; and that was as good as none. But the little spalpeen shall be after tilling his own stowry, he shall! for it's he that's waiting in the entry, and will till ye no lie, at all, at all—upon that ye may depind! though it's his father that says it, and sure!—(*Calls.*)—Patrick! Patrick!! Patrick!!! My dear, here's your father wants ye to come in, and till Master how it's you that's kept to swape ivry day, and it's all for nothing, it is! Come in, I say, in a jiffy! (*Patrick, scratching his head, enters.*) Here's your father, dear! now till your master,—and till the truth—did n't ye till your mither that ye had to swape ivry day for nothing; and it's you that's going to be kept swaping ivry day, for a month to come, and sure?

*Master.* Now tell the truth, Patrick.

*Patrick.* (*Looking at his father.*) No; I niver said no such words, and sure! I said how I's kept to swape yister-day, for staying out too late; and that's all I said 'bout it, at all, at all!

*Mr. O'C.* "Cush la macree!" Little sonny, how you



talk! He 's frightened, he is, and sure! (*Turning to Fosdick.*) He's always bashful before company, he is. But, Master, it 's I that don't like to have him made to swape the school, indade, and if you can do nothing else, I shall be in sad taking, I shall, and sure! If you should be after bating him, I should make no complaint; for I bates him myself, whenever he lies to his mither—a little spalpeen that he is! But I can't bear to have him made to do the humbling work of swaping, at all, at all; and it 's I that shall make a "clish ma claver," an' it 's not stopped—indade I shall! (*Somebody knocks.*)

(*Isaac steps to the door, and, returning, says:*) Esq. Snyder wishes to see you, sir.

*Master.* (*Smiling.*) Well, ask Mr. Snyder to step in;—we may as well have a regular court of it!

(*Isaac waits upon him in, leading Jonas, with his hands poulticed.*)

*Master.* (*Smiling.*) Good-morning, Mr. Snyder;—walk in, sir!

*Mr. Snyder.* (*Rather gentlemanly.*) I hope you will excuse my interrupting your school; but I called to inquire what Jonas, here, could have done, that you bruised him up at such a rate. Poor little fellow! he came home, taking on as if his heart would break! and both his hands swelled up bigger than mine! and he said you had been beating him, for nothing! I thought I'd come up and inquire into it; for I don't hold to this banging and abusing children, and especially when they have n't done any thing; though I'm a friend to good order.

*Master.* I was not aware that I punished him very severely, sir.

*Mr. Snyder.* Oh! It was dreadfully severe! Why, the poor little fellow's hands pained him so, that his mother had to poultice them, and sit up with him all night! and this morning she wanted to come up to school with him herself; but I told her I guessed she better let me come.—Jonas, do your hands ache now, dear?

*Jonas.* (*Holding them both out together.*) Oh! dreadfully! They feel as if they were in the fire!

*Mr. Snyder.* Well, dear, keep composed; don't cry dear. Now, sir, (*addressing the master,*) this was all for nothing!

*Master.* No, sir! It was for something, I am thinking!

*Jonas.* I say I did not do nothing! so there now! (*Somebody knocks.*)

*Master.* Gentlemen, sit down. (*Looking perplexed.*) Sit down, sir. Give me a little time, and I'll endeavor to set the matter right. (*All sitting down but the boys.*)

*Mr. Snyder.* Why, I don't wish to make a serious matter of it. I shan't prosecute you. I was only going to ask if you could n't devise some other kind of punishment than pommelling. If you'd made him stop after school, or set him to sweeping the house; or scouring the benches, or even whipped him with a cowhide or switch-stick, I should not have complained; but I don't like this beating boys! (*Knocking again.*)

*Master.* Isaac, go and see who is at the door.

(*Isaac goes, and in stalks a Frenchman, and his son Jabez.*)

*Frenchman.* Ha! Monsieur Tutor. I have one vei leetle complainte to make against your—vot you call him—your discipline.

*Master.* Ah! indeed, and what is that, sir?

*Frenchman.* Why mys boy have not dse right in-cli-natshon for dse shastisement vot you give him.

*Master.* Very likely, sir. Very few boys have an inclination for a chastisement.

*Frenchman.* You see Monsieur; de—vot you call his name—de furule vot you use on him wizoat ceremunie, is for certainment not so good. for my boy, as a leetle parswashon would be.

*Master.* But, sir, I cannot spend time in persuading boys to do right. I find it necessary to make them afraid to do wrong; and as your son is so full of mischievous pranks, I find that I only can restrain him by a free use of proper punishment.

*Frenchman.* I has not seen de mischeeve in him vot you speak of. He is von (*scratches his head to think of the word*)—von, vot you call a man vot has not drank dse wine.

*Master.* Sober, I suppose you mean.

*Frenchman.* Ah, dat's ze word—von ver sobar boy, and zerefore does not deserve de cas-ti-ga-tshon vot you gives him for mischeeve. (*Jabez pins an old rag upon the father's coat and steps back and laughs. The other boys point to the Frenchman and laugh.*)

*Mr. Fosdick.* Mr. Le Compte, what's that you have pinned to your coat?

*Frenchman.* On me coat? vere? (*Looks round.*) on de tail of my coat, von ver bad boy pinned him dere. Who vas it?

*Fosdick.* Your hopeful son, Jabez.

*Frenchman.* Jabez; you be von grand leetle scoundrel and deserve all the shastisement vot the tutor gives you. (*To the master.*) If you will lend me de instrument vot you shastise with, I'll teach him to have respect for his father.

*Master.* Be calm, sir; be calm sir. Be good enough to sit down and I'll endeavor to define my position. And now gentlemen, (*bowing*) I think we may each of us begin to see the beauty of variety, especially in the matter of opinion. That you may all understand the whole case, I will state in a few words the facts, as they actually occurred. Day before yesterday, our young friend Jabez (*pointing to him*) was playing his favorite trick of hanging his rag signal upon a school-mate, after the fashion in which he has here so filially served his father, within a few minutes; and standing near him at the time, with my whip in hand, I could not resist the temptation to salute his mischievous knuckles with a well-directed stroke, which, however effectually it may have cut his own fingers and his father's sensibilities, it seems has not cut off his ruling propensity. Yesterday was emphatically a day of sinning on my part. Jonas Snyder, whose little hands have swelled to such enormous magnitude, for constant idleness was often reprov'd; and after all this, when he threw a portion of an apple at a more industrious boy, thus disturbing many of those well-disposed boys, he was called and feruled, receiving six strokes—three on each hand—with the rule I now show you. Little Patrick O'Clary was required to sweep the school-room floor, for a strong instance of tardiness at recess; and this punishment was given, because I did not wish to inflict a severer one upon so small a lad. And last, this little fellow (*pointing to Bill Fosdick.*) was detained, in common with seven others, to learn a lesson which he neglected to learn at the proper time.

Such are the facts. And yet each of you has assured me that I have incurred your displeasure by using a punishment you disapprove, and "all for nothing." You have each one taken the trouble to come to this room, to render my task—already sufficiently perplexing—still more so, by giving parental support to childish complaints, and imparting your censure, in no measured terms, upon the instructor of your children. But this is a most interesting case. You all happen to be here together, and you thus give me the opportunity I have long wished, to show you your own inconsistencies.

It is easy to complain of your teacher; but perhaps either of you, in your wisdom, would find it not quite so easy to take my place and escape censure. How would either of you have got along in the present instance? Mr. Fosdick, who is displeased with detention after school, would have, according to his own recommendation, resorted to "licking," either with ferule or whip. In this case, he would have incurred the censure of his friends, Esq. Snyder and Mr. Le Compte. The "squire," in turn, would have raised the displeasure of both his friends, by resorting to his favorite mode of detaining and cowhiding. Mr. O'Clary would give the "spalpeens" a "bating," as he says, after his own peculiar fashion, with which the squire and Mr. Le Compte could not have been over-much pleased;—and Mr. Le Compte—ay, Mr. Le Compte—if we may judge from the exhibition he has just given us, would have displeased even himself, by proving to be what he most of all things detests—a champion of the cowhide. But what is a little curious, as it appears, is, that while I have not carried out the favorite scheme of either one of you,—which we have already seen, would be objectionable to each of the others,—but have adopted a variety of punishments, and the very variety which your own collective suffrage would fix upon, I have got myself equally deep into hot water; and the grand question is now, what shall I do? If I take the course suggested by you collectively, the result is the same. I see no other way but to take my own course, performing conscientiously my duties, in their time and after their manners, and then to demand of you, and all others, the right of being sustained!

*Mr. Snyder.* Well, gentlemen, my opinion is, that we have been tried and condemned by our own testimony, and there is no appeal. My judgment approves the master; and hereafter I shall neither hear nor make any more complaints. Jonas, (*turning to Jonas,*) my son, if the master is willing, you may go home and tell your mother to take off those poultices, and then do you come to school and do as you are told; and if I hear of any more of your complaints, I will double the dose you may receive at school.

*Mr. O'C.* And sure, Master, Paddy O'Clary is not the man to resist authority in the new country; and bless your sowl, if you'll make my little spalpeen but a good boy, it's I that will kindly remember the favor, though ye make him swape until nixt Christmas! Here, Patrick, down upon the little knees of your own, and crave the master's forgiveness.

*Master.* No sir; that I shall not allow. I ask no one to kneel to me. I shall only require that he correct his past faults, and obey me in future.

*Mr. O'C.* It's an ungrateful child he would be, if ever again he should be after troubling so kind a master. St. Patrick bless ye! (*Taking little Pat by the hand, they go out.*)

*Fosdick.* (*Taking the master by the hand, pleasantly.*) Sir, I hope I shall profit by this day's lesson. I have only to say, that I am perfectly satisfied we are all wrong; and that is, perhaps, the best assurance I can give you, that I think you are right. That's all I have to say. (*Exeunt.*)

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DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.—*Fitch Poole.*

DICK, TOM, JIM AND HARRY.

(*Enter Dick and Tom.*)

*Dick.* I've seen him, Tom, and he's a comical chap. I advise you to go and see him, by all means.

*Tom.* I have seen him. He is a droll looking fellow.

*Dick.* Yes, and what a fine set of teeth he has got!

*Tom.* First rate! and did you notice what long arms he had?

*Dick.* No. I thought his limbs very well proportioned, and his skin smooth and fair.

*Tom.* Then you and I don't see alike. I call his skin very coarse and rough, and he has got the ugliest face I ever set eyes on.

*Dick.* Well, Tom, I see there's no accounting for tastes; but you will admit that he walked off gracefully with his cane.

*Tom.* His cane! He had no cane when I saw him, and as for walking, he only moved about on his hands and feet.

*Dick.* That's a likely story, Tom; you don't think you can make me believe that, do you?

*Tom.* I don't care whether you do or not. I say he walked on all fours. (*Enter Jim.*) What do you say, Jim?

*Jim.* Walk on all fours! To be sure he does, and stands upright too, when he pleases. He is as spry as a cat, and sneezes as natural as old granny Darby.

*Tom.* There, Dick—I told you so; but I don't know about his being so very spry.

*Jim.* He is though. I have seen him leap three times his

own height. Then he will lie down, and get up, and do many other things, by word of command.

*Dick.* Yes, he is used to military commands. How nicely he acted General Bonaparte, with his little cocked up hat on!

*Jim.* I never saw him rigged up in that fashion.

*Tom.* Nor I; his ugly face must look odd under a cocked up hat.

*Dick.* So it does; and altogether he is the funniest looking little fellow that has been seen in these parts for a long time; and then he weighs but twenty-five pounds!

*Tom.* Twenty-five pounds! You must be a fool, Dick!—he weighs more than forty pounds.

*Jim.* Nonsense, Tom! I'll bet a good large apple that he won't weigh twenty pounds. (*Harry enters.*) What do you say, Harry?

*Harry.* I have heard your dispute, boys, and you are all mistaken; nothing easier than to be mistaken. If I am any judge of weight, he'll go over sixty pounds.

*Dick.* Why, Harry! he won't weigh half that.

*Jim.* No, nor a quarter; but I want to know if you don't call him spry and active?

*Harry.* No. I call him rather clumsy.

*Tom.* Did n't he have monstrous long arms?

*Harry.* Not longer than common, I believe.

*Dick.* Did he have his little cane?

*Harry.* No.

*Tom.* I want you to tell Dick if he did n't go on his hands and feet.

*Harry.* No; he walked upright as any body else.

*Dick.* With his little cocked hat on?

*Harry.* No; he wore the same old greasy cloth cap he always wears.

*Dick.* Is not he a genteel looking and well behaved young fellow?

*Harry.* I call him an ill looking fellow, and ——

*Tom.* Did n't I tell you so, Dick?

*Harry.* And as for his behaviour, Squire Shed has just ordered him to be put in jail ——

*Tom, Dick and Jim.* In jail!

*Harry.* Yes, and I don't see why you should be so surprised about it. It's town talk—the little scamp has been stealing.

*All three.* Stealing!

*Harry.* Yes, stealing. It is as true as that we stand here.

*Dick.* Well, I, for one, don't believe it.

*Tom.* Nor I.

*Jim.* Nor I.

*Harry.* And I don't want you to believe it; but you may depend upon it, it is a fact, that Sam was taken up for stealing money from Mr. Traffic's drawer.

*All three (looking astonished.)* Sam! Sam who?

*Harry.* Why, Sam Gookin, to be sure. Who have you all been talking about, this half hour?

*Dick.* I have been talking about Tom Thumb, the little dwarf.

*Jim.* And I have been talking about Mr. Hill's little dog, Carlo.

*Tom.* And I have been talking about the ourang-outang at the museum.

*All four.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Harry.* Well, comrades, let this awkward blunder teach us in future, to start fair, and know, when we begin, what we are to talk about.

*Dick.* And let's keep this affair to ourselves, or we shall get laughed at by the whole school.

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#### ALEXANDER AND THE ROBBER.—*Aiken.*

*Alexander.* What! art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

*Robber.* I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

*Alexander.* A soldier! a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage; but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

*Robber.* What have I done of which you can complain?

*Alexander.* Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

*Robber.* Alexander, I am your captive—I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

*Alexander.* Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse!

*Robber.* I must, then, answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

*Alexander.* Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

*Robber.* And does not Fame speak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

*Alexander.* Still, what are you but a robber—a base, dishonest robber?

*Robber.* And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district, with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations, with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

*Alexander.* But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce and philosophy.

*Robber.* I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischief we have done it.

*Alexander.* Leave me. Take off his chains; and use him well. Are we, then, so much alike? Alexander to a robber? Let me reflect!

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PIZARRO AND GOMEZ.—*Kotzebue.*

PIZARRO, GOMEZ AND OROZEMBO.

*Pizarro.* How now, Gomez, what bringest thou?

*Gomez.* On yonder hill, among the palm-trees, we have



surprised an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him unresisting.

*Pizarro.* Drag him before us. [*Gomez leads in Orozembo.*]  
What art thou, stranger?

*Orozembo.* First tell me who is the captain of this band of robbers.

*Pizarro.* Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

*Orozembo.* I know that which thou hast assured me of, that I shall die.

*Pizarro.* Less audacity might have preserved thy life.

*Orozembo.* My life is as a withered tree, not worth preserving.

*Pizarro.* Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong hold among the rocks. Guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

*Orozembo.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Pizarro.* Dost thou despise my offer?

*Orozembo.* Yes, thee and thy offer! Wealth! I have the wealth of two gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here! and still my chiefest treasure do I wear about.

*Pizarro.* What is that? Inform me.

*Orozembo.* I will, for thou canst never tear it from me: an unsullied conscience.

*Pizarro.* I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

*Orozembo.* Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dare act as thou dost.

*Gomez.* Obdurate pagan! how numerous is your army?

*Orozembo.* Count the leaves of the forest.

*Gomez.* Which is the weakest part of your camp?

*Orozembo.* It is guarded on all sides by justice.

*Gomez.* Where have you concealed your wives and children?

*Orozembo.* In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

*Pizarro.* Knowest thou Alonzo?

*Orozembo.* Know him! Alonzo! Our nation's benefactor, the guardian angel of Peru!

*Pizarro.* By what has he merited that title?

*Orozembo.* By not resembling thee.

*Pizarro.* Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

*Orozembo.* I will answer that, for I love to speak the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army. In war a tiger, in peace a lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him, but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim for Cora's happiness.

*Pizarro.* Romantic savage! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

*Orozembo.* Thou hadst better not! the terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead!

*Gomez.* Silence, or tremble!

*Orozembo.* Beardless robber! I never yet have learned to tremble before *man*. Why before *thee*, thou *less* than man!

*Gomez.* Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

*Orozembo.* Strike, christian! then boast among thy fellows, "I too, have murdered a Peruvian."

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DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS AND DAMON.—*Fenelon.*

*Dionysius.* Amazing! What do I see? It is Pythias just arrived. It is indeed Pythias. I did not think it possible. He is come to die, and to redeem his friend.

*Pythias.* Yes, it is Pythias. I left the place of my confinement, with no other views, than to pay to heaven the vows I had made; to settle my family concerns according to the rules of justice; and to bid adieu to my children, that I might die tranquil and satisfied.

*Dionysius.* But why dost thou return? Hast thou no fear of death? Is it not the character of a madman, to seek it thus voluntarily?

*Pythias.* I return to suffer, though I have not deserved death. Every principle of honor and goodness forbids me to allow my friend to die for me.

*Dionysius.* Dost thou then love him better than thyself?

*Pythias.* No: I love him as myself. But I am persuaded that I ought to suffer death, rather than my friend; since it was Pythias whom thou hadst decreed to die. It were not just that Damon should suffer, to deliver me from death which was designed not for him, but for me only.

*Dionysius.* But thou supposest that it is as unjust to inflict death upon thee, as upon thy friend.

*Pythias.* Very true; we are both perfectly innocent; and it is equally unjust to make either of us suffer.

*Dionysius.* Why dost thou then assert, that it were injustice to put him to death, instead of thee?

*Pythias.* It is unjust, in the same degree, to inflict death either on Damon or on myself; but Pythias were highly culpable to let Damon suffer that death which the tyrant had prepared for Pythias only.

*Dionysius.* Dost thou then return hither, on the day appointed, with no other view than to save the life of a friend by losing thy own?

*Pythias.* I return in regard to thee, to suffer an act of injustice which it is common for tyrants to inflict; and, with respect to Damon, to perform my duty, by rescuing him from the danger he incurred by his generosity to me.

*Dionysius.* And now, Damon, let me address myself to thee. Didst thou not really fear that Pythias would never return; and that thou wouldst be put to death on his account?

*Damon.* I was too well assured that Pythias would punctually return; and that he would be more solicitous to keep his promise, than to preserve his life. Would to heaven that his relations and friends had forcibly detained him! He would then have lived for the comfort and benefit of good men; and I should have the satisfaction of dying for him.

*Dionysius.* What, does life displease thee?

*Damon.* Yes; it displeases me when I see and feel the power of a tyrant.

*Dionysius.* It is well! Thou shalt see him no more. I will order thee to be put to death immediately.

*Pythias.* Pardon the feelings of a man who sympathizes with his dying friend. But remember it was Pythias who was devoted by thee to destruction. I come to submit to it, that I may redeem my friend. Do not refuse me this consolation in my last hour.

*Dionysius.* I cannot endure men who despise death, and set my power at defiance.

*Damon.* Thou canst not, then, endure virtue.

*Dionysius.* No; I cannot endure that proud, disdainful virtue, which contemns life; which dreads no punishment; and which is insensible to the charms of riches and pleasure.

*Damon.* Thou seest, however, that it is a virtue which is not insensible to the dictates of honor, justice and friendship.

*Dionysius.* Guards, take Pythias to execution. We shall see whether Damon will continue to despise my authority.

*Damon.* Pythias, by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure, has merited his life, and deserved thy favor; but I have excited thy indignation, by resigning myself to thy power, in order to save him; be satisfied, then, with this sacrifice, and put me to death.

*Pythias.* Hold, Dionysius! remember it was Pythias alone who offended thee; Damon could not—

*Dionysius.* Alas! what do I see and hear! where am I? How miserable; and how worthy to be so! I have hitherto known nothing of true virtue. I have spent my life in darkness and error. All my power and honors are insufficient to produce love. I cannot boast of having acquired a single friend in the course of a reign of thirty years. And yet these two persons, in a private condition, love one another tenderly, unreservedly confide in each other, are mutually happy, and ready to die for each other's preservation.

*Pythias.* How couldst thou, who hast never loved any person expect to have friends? If thou hadst loved and respected men, thou wouldst have secured their love and respect. Thou hast feared mankind, and they fear thee; they detest thee.

*Dionysius.* Damon, Pythias, condescend to admit me as a third friend, in a connexion so perfect. I give you your lives, and I will load you with riches.

*Damon.* We have no desire to be enriched by thee; and, in regard to thy friendship, we cannot expect or enjoy it, till thou become good and just. Without these qualities, thou canst be connected with none but trembling slaves and base flatterers. To be loved and esteemed by men of free and generous minds, thou must be virtuous, affectionate, disinterested, beneficent; and know how to live in a sort of equality with those who share and deserve thy friendship.

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CATO'S SENATE.—*Addison.*

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, MARCUS AND DECIUS.

*Sempronius.* Rome still survives in this assembled senate! Let us remember we are Cato's friends,  
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

*Lucius.* Cato will soon be here, and open to us

The occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!  
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

(*Enter Cato.*)

*Cato.* Fathers, we once again are met in council—  
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together;  
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.  
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?  
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:  
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since  
Receiv'd his yoke; and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.  
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,  
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands  
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree  
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,  
And enies us e'en Libya's sultry deserts.  
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts—are they still fix'd  
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?  
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought  
By time and ill success, to a submission?  
Sempronius, speak.

*Sempronius.* My voice is still for war.  
Sirs! can a Roman senate long debate  
Which of the two to choose—slav'ry or death?  
No—let us rise at once, gird on our swords,  
And at the head of our remaining troops,  
Attack the foe,—break through the thick array  
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him:  
Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest,  
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.  
Rise, fathers, rise! 'Tis Rome demands your help;  
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,  
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate,  
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we  
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,  
Whether to sacrifice our lives to honor,  
Or wear them out in servitude, and chains.  
Rouse up, for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia  
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!  
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;  
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

*Cato.* Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal  
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:

True fortitude is seen in great exploits  
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides ;  
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.  
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword  
 In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care ?  
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,  
 Might not the impartial world, with reason, say,  
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,  
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious ?  
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

*Lucius.* My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.  
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world  
 With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns  
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions  
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome—  
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.  
 It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,  
 The gods declare against us, and repel  
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,  
 Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair,  
 Were to refuse the awards of providence,  
 And not to rest in heav'n's determination.  
 Already have we shown our love to Rome,—  
 Now let us show submission to the gods.  
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,  
 But free the commonwealth: when this end fails,  
 Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,  
 That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,  
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood,  
 Unprofitably shed. What men could do,  
 Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,  
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

*Sempronius.* This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft  
 Conceal a traitor—something whispers me  
 All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius, (*aside to Cato.*)

*Cato.* Let us be neither rash nor diffident—  
 Immoderate valor swells into a fault;  
 And fear, admitted into public councils,  
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.  
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs  
 Are grown thus desp'rate—we have bulwarks round us:  
 Within our walls, are troops, inured to toil  
 In Afric's heat, and seasoned to the sun—

Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,  
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.  
While there is hope do not distrust the gods;  
But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach  
Force us to yield. 'T will never be too late  
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.  
Why should Roffe fall a moment ere her time?  
No! let us draw her term of freedom out  
In its full length, and spin it to the last—  
So shall be gained one day's liberty:  
And let me perish but in Cato's judgment,  
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,  
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

(*Enter Marcus.*)

*Marcus.* Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,  
Lodg'd on my post, a herald swift arriv'd  
From Cæsar's camp; and with him comes old Decius,  
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks  
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

*Cato.* By your permission, fathers—bid him enter.

(*Exit Marcus.*)

Decius was once my friend; but other prospects  
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.  
His message may determine our resolves.

(*Enter Decius.*)

*Decius.* Cæsar sends health to Cato.

*Cato.* Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.  
Are not your orders to address the senate?

*Decius.* My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees  
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows  
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

*Cato.* My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.  
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.  
Tell your dictator this—and tell him Cato  
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

*Decius.* Rome, and her senators submit to Cæsar;  
Her generals, and her consuls are no more,  
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.  
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

*Cato.* Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

*Decius.* Cato, I have orders to expostulate,  
And reason with you, as from friend to friend;  
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,  
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;  
Still may you stand high in your country's honors,—  
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,  
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,  
As on the second of mankind.

*Cato.* No more—

I must not think of life on such conditions.

*Decius.* Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,  
And therefore sets this value on your life.  
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,  
And name your terms.

*Cato.* Bid him disband his legions,  
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,  
Submit his actions to the public censure,  
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.  
Let him do this, and Cato is his friend.

*Decius.* Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom.

*Cato.* Nay, more though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd  
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,  
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favor,  
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

*Decius.* A style like this becomes a conqueror.

*Cato.* Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

*Decius.* What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

*Cato.* Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

*Decius.* Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,  
And at the head of your own little senate;  
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,  
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

*Cato.* Let him consider that, who drives us hither.  
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,  
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye  
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,  
Which conquest, and success have thrown upon him:  
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black  
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,  
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.  
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch  
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;  
But millions of worlds were they within my reach



Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

*Decius.* Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,  
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

*Cato.* His cares for me are insolent, and vain.  
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.  
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,  
Let him employ his care for these my friends;  
And make use of his ill-gotten power,  
By shelt'ring men who're better than himself.

*Decius.* Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget  
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.  
But I have done. When I relate hereafter  
The tale of this unhappy embassy,  
All Rome will be in tears.

*Sempronius.* Cato, we thank thee.  
The mighty genius of immortal Rome,  
Speaks in thy voice: thy soul breathes liberty.  
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,  
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

*Lucius.* The senate owes its gratitude to Cato  
Who, with so great a soul, consults its safety,  
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

*Sempronius.* Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.  
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?  
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air  
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun:  
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,  
Life grows insipid, and hast lost its relish.  
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword  
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,  
I could enjoy the bitter pangs of death,  
And smile in agony!

*Lucius.* Others, perhaps,  
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,  
Though 't is not kindled into so much rage.

*Sempronius.* This sober conduct is a mighty virtue  
In luke-warm patriots!

*Cato.* Come—no more, Sempronius,  
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other—  
Let us not weaken still the weaker side  
By our divisions.

*Sempronius.* Cato, my resentments  
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

*Cato.* Fathers, 'tis time you'd come to a resolve.

*Lucius.* Cato, we all go into your opinion—  
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate  
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

*Sempronius.* We ought to hold it out till death—but, Cato,  
My private voice is drown'd against the senate's.

*Cato.* Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill  
This little interval, this pause of life,  
While yet our liberty, and fates are doubtful,  
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,  
And all the virtues we can crowd into it,  
That heaven may say it ought to be prolong'd.  
Fathers, farewell.—The young Numidian prince  
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

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IAGO AND CASSIO.—*Shakspeare.*

*Iago.* What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

*Cassio.* Past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cassio.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have  
lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself,  
and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my repu-  
tation —

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received  
some bodily wound: there is more sense in that, than in repu-  
tation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft  
got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!—  
there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and  
he's yours.

*Cassio.* I will rather sue to be despised.—Drunk! and  
squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse fustian with one's  
own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou  
hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Prince of evil.

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your sword?  
what had he done to you?

*Cassio.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is 't possible?

*Cassio.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing dis-  
tinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men  
should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their

brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

*Cassio.* It has pleased the Prince of evil, Drunkenness, to give place to the Serpent, Wrath; one imperfectness shows me another; to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moralizer. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cassio.* I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I am a drunkard!—Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd and the ingredient is a poison.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

*Cassio.* I have well approv'd it, Sir,—drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your bone shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cassio.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

*Cassio.* I think it freely; and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I must to the watch.

*Cassio.* Good night, honest Iago.

MOHAMMED AND ALCANOR.—*Miller.*

*Mohammed.* Why dost thou start, Alcanor? whence that horror?

Approach, old man, without a blush, since heaven,  
For some high end, decrees our future union.

*Alcanor.* I blush not for myself, but thee, thou tyrant;  
For thee, bad man, who com'st with serpent guile,  
To sow dissension in the realms of peace.  
Thy very name sets families at variance,  
'Twixt son and father bursts the bonds of nature,  
And scares endearment from the nuptial pillow!  
And is it, insolent dissembler! thus  
Thou com'st to give the sons of Mecca peace,  
And me an unknown god.

*Moh.* Were I to answer any but Alcanor,  
That unknown god should speak in thunder for me;  
But here with thee I'd parley as a man.

*Alc.* What canst thou say? what urge in thy defence?  
What right hast thou received to plant new faiths,  
Or lay a claim to royalty and priesthood?

*Moh.* The right that a resolved and towering spirit  
Has o'er the groveling instinct of the vulgar.

*Alc.* Patience, good heavens! have I not known thee,  
Mohammed,

When void of wealth, inheritance or fame,  
Ranked with the lowest of the low at Mecca?

*Moh.* Dost thou not know, thou haughty, feeble man,  
That the low insect, lurking in the grass,  
And the imperial eagle, which aloft  
Ploughs the ethereal plain, are both alike  
In the Eternal Eye?

*Alc.* What sacred truth from thy polluted lips!

*Moh.* Hear me; thy Mecca trembles at my name;  
If therefore thou would save thyself or city,  
Embrace my proffered friendship. What to-day  
I thus solicit, I'll command to-morrow.

*Alc.* Contract with thee a friendship! frontless man!  
Know'st thou a god can work that miracle?

*Moh.* I do—necessity—thy interest.

*Alc.* Interest is thy god, equity is mine.  
Propose the tie of this unnatural union;  
Say, is 't the loss of thy ill-fated son,

Who in the field fell victim to my rage;  
Or the dear blood of my poor captive children,  
Shed by thy butchering hands?

*Moh.* Aye, 't is thy children.

Mark me then well, and learn the important secret,  
Which I'm sole master of—thy children live.

*Alc.* Live!

*Moh.* Yes! both live.

*Alc.* What say'st thou? Both?

*Moh.* Ay, both.

*Alc.* And dost thou not beguile me?

*Moh.* No, old man.

*Alc.* Propitious heavens? Say, Mohammed, for now  
Methinks I could hold endless converse with thee;  
Say what's their portion, liberty or bondage?

*Moh.* Bred in my camp, and tutored in my law,  
I hold the balance of their destinies;  
And now 't is on the turn—their lives or deaths—  
'T is thine to say which shall preponderate.

*Alc.* Mine! can I save them? name the mighty ransom—  
If I must bear their chains, double the weight,  
And I will kiss the hand that puts them on;  
Or if my streaming blood must be the purchase,  
Drain every sluice and channel of my body;  
My swelling veins will burst to give it passage!

*Moh.* I'll tell thee, then: Renounce thy pagan faith,  
Abolish thy vain gods, and——

*Alc.* Ha!

*Moh.* Nay more:

Surrender Mecca to me; quit this temple;  
Assist me to impose upon the world;  
Thunder my Koran to the gazing crowd;  
Proclaim me for their prophet and their king,  
And be a glorious pattern of credulity  
To Korah's stubborn tribe. These terms performed,  
Thy son shall be restored, and Mohammed's self  
Will deign to wed thy daughter.

*Alc.* Hear me, Mohammed:—

I am a father, and this bosom boasts  
A heart as tender as e'er parent bore.  
After a fifteen years of anguish for them,  
Once more to view my children, clasp them to me,  
And die in their embraces—melting thought!

But were I doomed to enslave my country,  
 And help to spread black error o'er the earth,  
 Or to behold those hands imbued in blood,  
 Deprive me of them both—know me, then, Mohammed,  
 I'd not admit a doubt to cloud my choice—  
*(Looks earnestly at Mohammed for some time before he speaks.)*  
 Farewell!

*Moh.* Then, fare thee well, thou childish churlish dotard:  
 Inexorable fool! Now, by my arms,  
 I will have great revenge: I'll meet thy scorn  
 With triple retribution!

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THE OLD MANSION HOUSE.—*Southey.*

*Stranger.* Old friend, why, you seem bent on parish duty,  
 Breaking the highway stones; and 'tis a task  
 Somewhat too hard, methinks, for age like yours!

*Old Man.* Why, yes, for one with such a weight of years  
 Upon his back.—I've lived here, man and boy,  
 In this same parish, well nigh the full age  
 Of man, being hard upon three score and ten.  
 I can remember, sixty years ago,  
 The beautifying of this mansion here,  
 When my late lady's father, the old squire,  
 Came to the estate.

*Stranger.* Why, then, you have outlasted  
 All his improvements; for you see they're making  
 Great alterations here.

*Old Man.* Ay—great indeed!  
 And if my poor old lady could rise up—  
 Peace to her soul!—'t would grieve her to behold  
 The wicked work that 's here.

*Stranger.* They've set about it  
 In right good earnest. All the front is gone;  
 Here 's to be turf, they tell me, and a road  
 Round to the door. There were some yew trees, too,  
 Stood in the court.

*Old Man.* Ay, master; fine old trees!  
 My grand-father could just remember back  
 When they were planted there. It was my task  
 To keep them trimmed, and 'twas a pleasure to me;

All straight and smooth, and like a great green wall !  
My poor old lady many a time would come  
And tell me where to shear, for she had played  
In childhood under them, and 'twas her pride  
To keep them in their beauty ; plague, I say,  
On their new-fangled whimsies ! We shall have  
A modern shrubbery here, stuck full of firs  
And your pert poplar trees ;—I could as soon  
Have ploughed my father's grave, as cut them down !

*Stranger.* But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful now,  
A fine smooth turf, and with a gravel-road  
Round for the carriage !—now it suits my taste.  
I like a shrubbery too, it looks so fresh ;  
And then there's some variety about it ;  
In spring the lilach and the snow-ball flower,  
And the laburnum, with its golden strings  
Waving in the wind ; and when the autumn comes,  
The bright red berries of the mountain ash,  
With pines enough, in winter, to look green,  
And show that something lives. Sure this is better  
Than a great hedge of yew, that makes it look,  
All the year round like winter, and forever  
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under boughs,  
Withered and bare !

*Old Man.* Ah ! so the new squire thinks,  
And pretty work he made of it ! What it is  
To have a stranger come to an old house !

*Stranger.* It seems you know him not ?

*Old Man.* No, sir ; not I.

They tell me he 's expected daily now ;  
But in my lady's time he never came  
But once, for they were very distant kin.  
If he had played about here, when a child,  
In that fore-court, and ate the yew berries,  
And sat in the porch threading the jessamine flowers,  
Which fell so thick, he had not had the heart  
To mar all thus.

*Stranger.* Come, come ! all is not wrong ;  
Those old dark windows—

*Old Man.* They 're demolished too,  
As if he could not see through casement glass !  
The very red-breast, that so regularly  
Came to my lady for her morning crumbs,

Won't know the windows now!

*Stranger.* Nay, they were small,  
And then so darkened round with jessamine,  
Harboring the vermin;—yet I could have wished  
That jessamine had been saved, which canopied,  
And bowered, and lined the porch.

*Old Man.* It did one good  
To pass within ten yards, when 'twas in blossom.  
There was a sweetbrier, too, that grew beside;  
My lady loved at the evening to sit there  
And knit; and her old dog lay at her feet,  
And slept in the sun; 'twas an old favorite dog;  
She did not love him less that he was old  
And feeble, and he always had a place  
By the fire-side; and when he died at last,  
She made me dig a grave in the garden for him,  
Ah! she was good to all. A woful day,  
'Twas for the poor, when to her grave she went.

*Stranger.* They lost a friend, then?

*Old Man.* You 're a stranger here,  
Or you would n't ask that question. Were they sick,  
She had rare cordial waters; and for herbs,  
She could have taught the doctors. Then at winter,  
When weekly she distributed the bread,  
In the poor old porch, to see her, and to hear  
The blessings on her! and, I warrant them,  
They were a blessing to her, when her wealth  
Had been no comfort else. At Christmas, sir,  
It would have warmed your heart, if you had seen  
Her Christmas kitchen. How the blazing fire  
Made her fine pewter shine, and holly-boughs  
So cheerful red? And as for mistletoe,—  
The finest bough that grew in the country round  
Was marked for madam.—Then her free gifts went  
So bountiful about! God help me, sir,  
But I shall never see such days again.

*Stranger.* Things may be better yet, than you suppose,  
And you should hope the best.

*Old Man.* It don't look well,—  
These alterations, sir. I'm an old man,  
And love the good old fashions; we don't find  
Old bounty in new houses. They 've destroyed  
All that my lady loved! her favorite walk



Grubbed up—and they do say that the great row  
Of elms behind the house which meet at top,  
They must fall too. Well! well! I did not think  
To live to see all this; and 't is, perhaps,  
A comfort I sha' n't live to see it long.

*Stranger.* But sure all changes are not needs for the worse,  
My friend.

*Old Man.* Mayhap they may n't, sir;—for all that,  
I like what I've been used to. I remember  
All this from a child up, and now to lose it,  
'Tis losing an old friend. There's nothing left  
As 'twas;—I go abroad, and only meet  
With men whose fathers I remember boys:  
The brook, that used to run before my door,  
That's gone to the great pond; the trees I learned  
To climb, are down; and I see nothing now  
That tells me of old times,—except the stones  
In the church-yard. You are young, sir, and, I hope,  
Have many years in store,—but I pray to God,  
You may n't be left the last of all your friends.

*Stranger.* Well, well, you've one friend more than you're  
aware of,  
If the squire's taste don't suit with yours, I warrant  
That 's all you 'll quarrel with; walk in and taste  
His beer, old friend! and see if your old lady  
Ere broached a better cask. You did not know me,  
But we 're acquainted now. 'Twould not be easy  
To make you like the outside; but within  
That is not changed, my friend! You 'll always find  
The same old bounty and old welcome there.

SIEGE OF VALENCIA.—*Felicia Hemans.*

ELMINA, GONZALEZ AND XIMENA.

*Elmina.* Gonzalez, *who* must die?

*Gonzalez.* They on whose lives a fearful price is set,  
But to be paid by treason! Is't enough?  
Or must I yet seek words?

*Elmina.* That look saith more!—  
Thou canst not mean ——

*Gonzalez.* I do! Why dwells there not

Power in a glance to speak it? they must die!  
They—must their names be told? *our sons* must die,  
Unless I yield the city!

*Ximena.* O! look up!

My mother, sink not thus!—Until the grave  
Shut from our sight its victims, there is hope.

*Elmina.* Whose knell was in the breeze?—

No, no,—not *theirs*!

Whose was the blessed voice that spoke of hope?—

And there is hope! I will not be subdued—

I will not hear a whisper of despair!

For Nature is all-powerful, and her breath  
Moves like a quickening spirit o'er the depths  
Within a father's heart.—Thou, too, Gonzalez,  
Wilt tell me there is hope!

*Gonzalez.* Hope but in Him

Who bade the patriarch lay his fair young son  
Bound on the shrine, for sacrifice, and when  
The bright steel quivered in the father's hand,  
Just raised to strike, sent forth his awful voice,  
Through the still clouds, and on the breathless air,  
Commanding to withhold!—Earth has no hope;  
It rests with Him.

*Elmina.* *Thou* canst not tell me this!

Thou father of my sons, within whose hands  
Doth lie thy children's fate!

*Gonzalez.* If there have been

Men in whose bosoms Nature's voice hath made  
Its accents as the solitary sound  
Of an o'erpowering torrent, silencing  
The austere and yet Divine remonstrances  
Whispered by faith and honor, lift thy hands,  
And to that Heaven which arms the brave with strength,  
Pray, that the father of thy sons may ne'er  
Be thus found wanting!

*Elmina.* Then their doom is sealed!—

Thou wilt not save thy children!

*Gonzalez.* Hast thou cause,

Wife of my youth! to deem it lies within  
The bounds of possible things, that I should link  
My name to that word—*traitor*? They that sleep  
On their proud battle-fields, thy sires and mine,  
Died not for this!

*Elmina.* O, cold and hard of heart!  
Thou shouldst be born for empire, since thy soul  
Thus lightly from all human bonds can free  
Its haughty flight!—Men! men! too much is yours  
Of vantage, ye that with a sound, a breath,  
A shadow, thus can fill the desolate space  
Of rooted up affections, o'er whose void  
Our young hearts must wither!—So it is  
Dominion must be won! Nay, leave me not—  
My heart is bursting, and I *must* be heard!  
Heaven hath given power to mortal agony,  
As to the elements in their hour of might,  
And mastery o'er creation! Who shall dare  
To mock that fearful strength? I *must* be heard!  
Give me my sons!

*Gonzalez.* That they may live to hide,  
With covering hands, the indignant flush of shame  
On their young brows, when men shall speak of him  
They called their father!—Was the oath, whereby,  
On the altar of my faith, I bound myself,  
With an unswerving spirit to maintain  
This free and Christian city for my God,  
And for my king, a writing traced in sand,  
That passionate tears should wash it from the earth,  
Or e'en the life drops of a bleeding heart  
Efface it, as a billow sweeps away  
The last light vessel's wake?—Then never more  
Let man's deep vows be trusted!—though enforced  
By all the appeals of high remembrances,  
And silent claims o' the sepulchres wherein  
His fathers, with their stainless glories, sleep,  
On their good swords! Think'st thou I feel no pangs?  
He that hath given me sons doth know the heart  
Whose treasure he recalls.—Of this no more,  
'Tis vain. I tell thee that the inviolate cross  
Still, from our ancient temples, must look up  
Through the blue heavens of Spain, though at its foot  
I perish, with my race! Thou *dar'st* not ask  
That I, the son of warriors—men who died  
To fix it on that proud supremacy—  
Should tear the sign of our victorious faith  
From its high place of sunbeams, for the Moor  
In impious joy to trample!

*Elmina.* Scorn me not  
 In mine extreme of misery!—Thou art strong—  
 Thy heart is not as mine.—My brain grows wild;  
 I know not what I ask! And yet, 't were but  
 Anticipating fate—since it must fall,  
 That cross must fall, at last! There is no power,  
 No hope, within this city of the grave,  
 To keep its place on high. Her sultry air  
 Breathes heavily of death; her warriors sink  
 Beneath their ancient banners, ere the Moor  
 Hath bent his bow against them; for the shaft  
 Of pestilence flies more swiftly to its mark  
 Than the arrow of the desert. Even the skies  
 O'erhang the desolate splendor of her domes  
 With an ill omen's aspect, shaping forth,  
 From the dull clouds, wild menacing form and signs,  
 Foreboding ruin. *Man* might be withstood;  
 But who shall cope with famine and disease,  
 When leagued with arm'd foes?—Where now the aid?  
 Where the long-promised lances of Castile?  
 We are forsaken in our utmost need—  
 By Heaven and earth forsaken!

*Gonzalez.* If this be—  
 And yet I will not deem it—we must fall  
 As men that in severe devotedness  
 Have chosen their part; and bound themselves to death,  
 Through high conviction that their suffering land,  
 By the free blood of martyrdom alone,  
 Shall call deliverance down.

*Elmina.* O! I have stood  
 Beside thee through the beating storms of life,  
 With the true heart of unrepining love,  
 As the poor peasant's mate doth cheerily.  
 In the parched vineyard, or the harvest-field  
 Bearing her part, sustain with him the heat  
 And burden of the day; but now, the hour,  
 The heavy hour, is come, when human strength  
 Sinks down, a toil-worn pilgrim, in the dust,  
 Owning that woe is mightier! Spare me yet  
 This bitter cup, my husband! Let not her,  
 The mother of the lovely, sit and mourn,  
 In her unpeopled home, a broken stem,  
 O'er its fallen roses dying!

*Gonzalez.* Urge me not,  
Thou that through all sharp conflicts hast been found  
Worthy a brave man's love! O, urge me not  
To guilt, which, through the midst of blending tears,  
In its own hues thou seest not! Death may scarce  
Bring aught like this!

*Elmina.* Ah, all thy gentle race,  
The beautiful beings that around thee grew,  
Creatures of sunshine! Wilt thou doom them all?  
She, too, thy daughter—doth her smile unmarked  
Pass from thee, with its radiance, day by day?  
Shadows are gathering around her—seest thou not  
The misty darkness of the spoiler's breath  
Hangs o'er her beauty, and the face which made  
The summer of our hearts now doth but send,  
With every glance, deep bodings through the soul,  
Telling of early fate?

*Gonzalez.* I see a change  
Far nobler on her brow!—She is as one,  
Who, at the trumpet's sudden call, hath risen  
From the gay banquet, and in scorn cast down  
The wine-cup, and the garland, and the lute  
Of festal hours, for the good spear and helm;  
Beseeming sterner tasks.—Her eye hath lost  
The beam which laughed upon the awakening heart,  
E'en as morn breaks o'er earth. But, far within  
Its full dark orb, a light hath sprung, whose source  
Lies deeper in the soul. And let the torch,  
Which but illumed the glittering pageant, fade!  
The altar-flame, i' the sanctuary's recess,  
Burns quenchless, being of heaven! She hath put on  
Courage, and faith, and generous constancy,  
Even as a breast-plate.—Ay, men look on her,  
As she goes forth, serenely, to her tasks,  
Binding the warrior's wounds, and bearing fresh,  
Cool draughts to fevered lips; they look on her,  
Thus moving in her beautiful array  
Of gentle fortitude, and bless the fair,  
Majestic vision, and un murmuring turn  
Unto their heavy toils.

*Elmina.* And seest thou not,  
In that high faith and strong collectedness,  
A fearful inspiration? They have cause

To tremble, who behold the unearthly light  
 Of high, and, it may be, prophetic thought,  
 Investing youth with grandeur!—From the grave  
 It rises, on whose shadowy brink thy child  
 Wails but a father's hand to snatch her back  
 Into the laughing sunshine.—Kneel with me;  
 Ximena, kneel beside me, and implore  
 That which a deeper, more prevailing voice  
 Than ours doth ask, and will not be denied;—  
 His children's lives!

*Ximena.* Alas! this may not be.

Mother! I cannot.

*Gonzalez.* My heroic child!

A terrible sacrifice thou claim'st, oh God!  
 From creatures in whose agonizing hearts  
 Nature is strong as death!

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MARY STEWART.—*Schiller.*

MARY STEWART AND JEAN KENNEDY.

[SCENE.—The Park at Fotheringay. Trees in the foreground;  
 a distant prospect behind. Mary advances from between  
 the trees at a quick pace; Jean Kennedy slowly follow-  
 ing her.]

*Jean Kennedy.*

Stay, stay, dear lady! You are hurrying on  
 As though you'd wings;—I cannot follow you.

*Mary.*

Let me renew the days of my childhood!  
 Come, rejoice with me in Liberty's ray!  
 O'er the gay-pansied turf, through the sweet scented wildwood,  
 Let's pursue, lightly bounding, our fetterless way!  
 Have I emerged from the dungeon's deep sadness?  
 Have I escaped from the grave's yawning night?  
 O, let me sweep on, in this flood-tide of gladness,  
 Drinking full, thirsty draughts of fresh freedom and light!

*Jean Kennedy.*

Your prison is only enlarged a little.  
 Yon thicket of deep trees alone prevents you  
 From seeing the dark walls that stretch around us.

*Mary.*

Thanks to those trees that thus in deep seclusion  
 Conceal my prison, I may dream I'm free.  
 Why would'st thou wake me from the dear delusion?  
 Why call me back to thought and misery?  
 Does not heaven hold me in its soft embrace?  
 Do not these eyes, once more unfettered, rove  
 Far through immeasurable realms of space,  
 To greet each object of their earlier love?  
 There, northwards, are my kingdom's bounds appearing,  
 There,—where yon hills their misty tops advance;  
 And these light clouds, with the mid-day careering,  
 Seek the far ocean of thine empire, France!  
 Hastening clouds, ships of the sky,  
 (Ah, could I sail in your ocean on high!)  
 Greet with a blessing my youth's cherished land!  
 An exile I weep, in fetters I languish,—  
 None nigh but you, to bear note of my anguish.  
 Free is your course over billow and strand;  
 You are not subject to this queen's command.

*Jean Kennedy.*

Alas! dear lady, you're beside yourself;  
 This long-withholden freedom makes you dream

*Mary.*

A bark! a bark is in the gale!  
 She scuds down yonder bay!  
 How swiftly might that slender sail  
 Transport us far away!  
 The owner starves;—what wealth he'd get,  
 Were he to waft us o'er!  
 He'd have a catch within his net  
 No fisher had before.

*Jean Kennedy.*

O, forlorn wishes! See you not from far  
 The spies that dodge us? A dark prohibition  
 Has scared each pitying creature from our path.

*Mary.*

No, Jean! Believe me, it is not without  
 An object my prison-doors are opened.  
 This little favor is the harbinger  
 Of greater happiness. I do not err.  
 It is Love's acute hand I have to thank;  
 I recognize Lord Leicester's influence in it.

Yes! by degrees they will enlarge my prison,  
Through little boons accustom me to greater,  
Until at length, I see the face of him  
Who'll loosen with his hand these bonds for ever.

*Jean Kennedy.*

I cannot reconcile these contradictions.  
But yesterday condemned to death,—and now  
To live, and in the enjoyment of such freedom!  
Even so, I've heard the chain is loosed from those  
Whom an eternal freedom is awaiting.

*Mary.*

Heard'st thou the hunters? Through the thicket and mead,  
Hark, how their bugles ring out!  
Ah, could I vault on my spirited steed!  
Ah, could I join the gay rout!  
Sounds of sweet, bitter-sweet recollection,—  
How glad were ye once to my ear,  
When the rocks of my native Schihallion  
Exultant sent back your loud cheer!

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THERON AND ASPASIO.—*Hervey.*

*Beauty and Utility combined in the Productions of Nature.*

*Theron.* See! Aspasio, how all is calculated to administer the highest delight to mankind. Those trees and hedges, which skirt the extremities of the landscape, stealing away from their real bulk, and lessening by gentle diminutions, appear like elegant pictures in miniature. Those which occupy the nearer situations, are a set of noble images swelling upon the eye, in full proportion, and in a variety of graceful attitudes; both of them ornamenting the several apartments of your common abode, with a mixture of delicacy and grandeur.

The blossoms that array the branches, the flowers that embroider the mead, address and entertain our eyes with every charm of beauty: whereas, to other creatures, they are destitute of all those attractions, which result from a combination of the loveliest colors, and the most alluring forms. Yonder streams, that glide with smooth serenity, along the valleys, glittering to the distant view, like sheets of polished chrystal,



or soothing the attentive ear with the softness of aquatic murmurs, are not less exhilarating to the fancy, than refreshing to the soul through which they pass. The huge, enormous mountain; the steep and dizzy precipice; the pendent horrors of the craggy promontory, wild and awful as they are, furnish an agreeable entertainment to the human mind; and please even while they amaze; whereas, the beasts take no other notice of those majestic deformities, than to avoid the dangers they threaten.

*Aspasio.* How wonderfully do such considerations exalt our idea of the Creator's goodness, his very distinguishing goodness to mankind! And should they not proportionably endear that eternal Benefactor to our hearts. His ever bountiful hand, has, with profuse liberality, scattered blessings among all the ranks of animated existence. But to us he exercises a beneficence of a very superior kind. We are treated with peculiar attention. We are admitted to scenes of delight, which none but ourselves are capable of relishing.

*Theron.* Another remark, though very obvious, is equally important. The destination of all these external things is no less advantageous, than their formation is beautiful. The bloom which engages the eye with its delicate hues, is cherishing the embryo fruit; and forming, within its silken folds, the rudiments of a future desert. Those streams which shine from afar, like fluid silver, are much more valuable in their productions, and beneficial in their services, than they are beautiful in their appearance. They distribute, as they roll along their winding banks, cleanliness to our houses, and fruitfulness to our lands. They nourish, and at their own expense, a never-failing supply of the finest fish. They visit our cities, and attend our wharves, as so many public vehicles ready to set out at all hours.

Those sheep, which give their milk to nourish the busy frisking lambs, are fattening their flesh for our support; and while they fill their own fleeces, are providing for our comfortable clothing. Yonder kine, some of which are browsing upon the tender herb, others, satiated with pasturage, and ruminating under the shady covert, though conscious of no such design, are concocting for our use, one of the softest purest, most salutary of liquors. The bees that fly humming about our seat, and pursue their work on the fragrant blossoms, are collecting balm and sweetness, to compose the richest of syrups; which, though the produce of their toil, is

intended for our good. Nature and her whole family, are our obsequious servants, our ever active laborers. They bring the fruits of their united industry, and pour them into our lap, or deposit them in our store-rooms.

*Aspasio.* Who can ever sufficiently admire this immense benignity? The Supreme Dispenser of events, has commanded delight and profit to walk hand in hand, through his ample creation, making all things so perfectly pleasing, as if beauty were their only end; yet all things so eminently serviceable, as if usefulness had been their sole design. And, as a most winning invitation to our gratitude, he has rendered man the centre, in which all the emanations of his beneficence, diffused through this terrestrial system, finally terminate.

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BURIAL OF OPHELIA.—*Shakespeare.*

TWO CLOWNS.

*1st Clown.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

*2nd Clown.* I tell thee, she is: therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

*1st Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

*2nd Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

*1st Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act has three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

*2nd Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

*1st Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, will he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

*2nd Clown.* But is this law?

*1st Clown.* Ay, marry is 't; crowner's guest law.

*2nd Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she would have been buried out of Christian burial.

*1st Clown.* Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity, that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than other even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

*2nd Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

*1st Clown.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

*2nd Clown.* Why, he had none.

*1st Clown.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scriptures? The Scripture says, "Adam digged;" could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

*2nd Clown.* Go to.

*1st Clown.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

*2nd Clown.* The gallows maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

*1st Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; Argal, the gallows may do well to thee To 't again: come.

*2nd Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

*1st Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

*2nd Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

*1st Clown.* To 't.

*2nd Clown.* Mass, I cannot tell.

*1st Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull donkey will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yanghan, and fetch me a bowl of water.

#### OLD FICKLE AND TRISTRAM FICKLE.—*Allingham.*

*Old Fickle.* What reputation, what honor, what profit can accrue to you from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

*Tristram.* I am clear out of that scrape now, sir.

*Old F.* Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and for the noise of drums, trumpets, and haut-boys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the Tower of Babel.

*Tristram.* You are right, sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle down to the puzzlers of modern date.

*Old F.* How much had I to pay the cooper the other day for barrelling you in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

*Tristram.* You should not have paid anything, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

*Old F.* No jesting, sir; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

*Tristram.* And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

*Old F.* Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to anything but extravagance.

*Tristram.* Yes, sir, one thing more.

*Old F.* What is that, sir?

*Tristram.* Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

*Old F.* Well said, my boy—well said! You make me happy indeed. (*Patting him on the shoulder.*) Now, then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

*Tristram.* To study the law.

*Old F.* The law!

*Tristram.* I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

*Old F.* No!

*Tristram.* Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

*Old F.* Better and better. I am overjoyed. Why, 'tis the very thing I wished. Now I am happy! (*Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.*) See how his mind is engaged!

*Tristram.* Gentlemen of the jury—

*Old F.* Why, Tristram—

*Tristram.* This is a cause—

*Old F.* Oh, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks.

I see something about you now that I can depend on. (*Tristram continues making gestures.*)

*Tristram.* I am for the plaintiff in this cause—

*Old F.* Bravo! bravo!—excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

*Tristram.* 'Tis done, sir.

*Old F.* What, already?

*Tristram.* I ordered twelve square feet of books when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

*Old F.* What, do you mean to read by the foot?

*Tristram.* By the foot, sir: that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

*Old F.* Twelve square feet of learning! Well—

*Tristram.* I have likewise sent for a barber—

*Old F.* A barber! What, is he to teach you to shave close?

*Tristram.* He is to shave one-half of my head, sir.

*Old F.* You will excuse me if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

*Tristram.* Did you never hear of Demosthenes, sir, the Athenian orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

*Old F.* Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up, after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

*Tristram.* I think I see him now, awakening the dormant patriotism of his countrymen—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice, he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, irresistible in its force; the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks; he denounces, and indignation fills the bosom of his hearers; he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin; he threatens the tyrant—they grasp their swords; he calls for vengeance—their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of the orator.

*Old F.* Oh! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench! But, come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happily this determination of yours will further it. You have (*Tristram makes extravagant gestures as if speaking*) often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barber—

*Tristram.* Who is against me in this cause—

*Old F.* He is a most learned lawyer—

*Tristram.* But as I have justice on my side—

*Old F.* Zounds! he does n't hear a word I say! Why, Tristram!

*Tristram.* I beg your pardon, sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

*Old F.* Now, attend—

*Tristram.* As my learned friend observes—. Go on, sir, I am all attention.

*Old F.* Well, my friend the counsellor—

*Tristram.* Say learned friend, if you please, sir. We gentlemen of the bar always—

*Old F.* Well, well—my learned friend—

*Tristram.* A black patch!

*Old F.* Will you listen and be silent?

*Tristram.* I am as mute as a judge.

*Old F.* My friend, I say, has a ward, who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

*Tristram.* This is an action—

*Old F.* Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity—

*Tristram.* Might be plaintiff and defendant.

*Old F.* But now you are grown serious and steady, and have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together: you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows of course.

*Tristram.* A verdict in my favor.

*Old F.* You marry and sit down happy for life.

*Tristram.* In the King's bench.

*Old F.* Bravo! Ha, ha ha! But now run to your study—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call upon the counsellor.

*Tristram.* I remove by *habeas corpus*.

*Old F.* Pray have the goodness to make haste, then. (*Hurrying him off.*)

*Tristram.* Gentlemen of the jury, this is a case. (*Exit.*)

*Old F.* The inimitable boy! He'll be lord chancellor one day or other, I dare be sworn. I am sure he has talents! Oh, how I long to see him at the bar!

THE FOUR WISHES.—*Miss A. Cutter**Charles.*

I ask for power,—that 'neath my sway  
 Nations might tremble and obey;  
 Over the sea to stretch my hand,  
 And sway my sceptre o'er the land;  
 That the proudest monarch should lay down,  
 At will of mine his jewelled crown;  
 That rich and poor should bend the knee,  
 And pay due homage unto me;  
 That the sun's eye should never shine  
 On kingdoms that I called not mine;  
 Thus seated on my lofty throne,  
 The whole wide world my sway should own.

*Mother.*

Thirst not for power! for, rightly used,  
 'T will make some foes; but, if abused,  
 Nations will rise and curses shed—  
 Long, loud, deep curses—on thy head!  
 Thirst not for power! thy life will be  
 A life of splendid misery;  
 And thou wilt be the slave of all,  
 Though at thy feet the world should fall.  
 Thirst not for power! for though to-day  
 Nations thy slightest will obey,  
 Perchance to-morrow thou 'lt lay down,  
 Before the king of death, thy crown!

*Albert.*

I ask for riches—wealth untold;  
 For coffers filled with glittering gold;  
 For pearls which in the ocean shine,  
 As gems that sparkle in the mine;  
 Upon the treasures of each zone  
 I'd lay my hands and call my own.  
 I would each star that decks the sky  
 A diamond at my feet might lie;  
 That every leaf on every tree,  
 Would fall in precious stones for me.  
 Yes, wealth into my coffers pour,  
 Till mortal would not wish for more.

*Mother.*

Oh, ask not gold! 't will melt away,

Like dew drops in the early day ;  
 Oh, ask not gold ! for it will fling  
 A fetter o'er the spirit's wing,  
 And bind it when it fain would rise  
 To seek true riches in the skies.  
 Oh, ask not gold ! for it will prove  
 A snare, and cause thy feet to rove  
 Far from the straight and narrow way,  
 Which leads to realms of endless day !

*Mary.*

I ask for beauty ; for an eye  
 Bright as the stars in yonder sky ;  
 For tresses on the air to fling ;  
 And put to shame the raven's wing,  
 Cheeks where the lily and the rose  
 Are blended in a sweet repose ;  
 For pearly teeth, and coral lip,  
 Tempting the honey-bee to sip ;  
 And for a fairy foot as light  
 As is the young gazelle's in flight.  
 And then a small, white tapering hand,—  
 I'd reign a beauty in the land.

*Mother.*

Sigh not for beauty ! like the flower,  
 That opes its petals for an hour,  
 And droops beneath the noontide ray,  
 So will thy beauty fade away.  
 The brightest eye at last must close,  
 And on the cheek where blooms the rose  
 The hand of death will set his seal,  
 O'er it the canker worm will steal.  
 Those tresses rich and glossy now,  
 Clustering round the snowy brow,  
 Will turn to dust ; yes, beauty's bloom  
 Must wither in the silent tomb.

*Eliza.*

I ask the poet's gift ; the lyre,  
 With skilful hand to sweep each wire ;  
 I'd pour my burning thoughts in song,  
 In lays deep, passionate and strong,  
 Till hearts should thrill at every word,  
 As mine is thrilled at song of bird.  
 Oh ! I would die and leave some trace



That earth has been my dwelling-place;  
Would live in hearts' forevermore,  
When my frail, fitful life is o'er.  
Oh! for the gifted poet's power,  
This is my wish, be this my dower!

*Mother.*

A glorious gift! yet it will be  
A source of sorrow unto thee,  
In this cold, selfish world of ours,  
Where piercing thorns grow 'mid the flowers.  
'T will fill that gentle breast of thine  
With thirst for something too divine;  
And, like a young, caged bird, whose eye  
Looks out upon the free blue sky,  
Thy spirit's wing will long to soar  
To seek some far-off peaceful shore.  
It may not be a happy lot:  
Then, gentle maiden, ask it not.

*All.*

What shall we ask? If power will shed  
So many curses on the head;  
And if the gift of wealth will fling  
A fetter o'er the spirit's wing;  
If beauty blooms but for a day,  
Then like the spring-flower fades away;  
And if the poet's thrilling lyre  
Will waken such a restless fire  
Within the soul and make it pine  
With thirst for something too divine;  
What shall we ask? Fain would we know  
To make us happy here below.

*Mother.*

Oh! ask for things of nobler worth  
Than the poor cankering gifts of earth;  
Ask for the treasures of the mind,  
A heart all generous, true, and kind;  
Ask virtue a green wreath to twine,  
To deck these young, fair brows of thine,—  
A wreath of fadeless buds and flowers,  
Destined to bloom in heaven's own bowers;  
Ask for religion; it will be  
Worth beauty, fame, and power, to thee,  
And, when this fleeting life is o'er,  
'T will give thee life for evermore.

ADDRESS OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR ON PRESENTING THE COLORS OF FRANCE TO THE UNITED STATES, 1796.—*Adet.*

MR. PRESIDENT, I come to acquit myself of a duty very dear to my heart. I come to deposit in your hands, and in the midst of a people justly renowned for their courage and their love of liberty, the symbol of the triumph and the enfranchisement of my nation.

When she broke her chain; when she proclaimed the inprescriptible rights of man; when, in a terrible war she sealed with her blood the covenant made with liberty, her own happiness was not alone the object of her glorious efforts; her views extended also to all free people; she saw their interests blended with her own, and doubly rejoiced in her victories, which, in assuring to her the enjoyment of her rights, became to them new guarantees of their independence.

These sentiments, which animated the French people, from the dawn of their revolution, have acquired new strength, since the foundation of the republic. France, at that time, by the form of its government, assimilated to, or rather identified with free people, saw in them only friends and brothers. Long accustomed to regard the American people as her most faithful allies, she has sought to draw closer the ties already formed in the fields of America, under the auspices of victory over the ruins of tyranny.

The national convention,—the organs of the will of the French,—have more than once expressed their sentiments to the American people; but above all, these burst forth on that august day, when the Minister of the United States presented to the National Representation, the colors of his country, desiring never to lose recollections as dear to Frenchmen as they must be to Americans. The Convention ordered that these colors should be placed in the hall of their sittings. They had experienced sensations too agreeable not to cause them to be partaken of by their allies, and decreed that to them the national colors should be presented.

Mr. President, I do not doubt their expectations will be fulfilled; and I am convinced, that every citizen will receive with a pleasing emotion, this flag, elsewhere the terror of the enemies of liberty; here the certain pledge of friendship; especially when they recollect that it guides to combat, men who have shared their toils, and who were prepared for liberty, by aiding them to acquire their own.

## PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S ANSWER.

BORN, sir, in a land of liberty; having early learned its value; having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it; having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure it a permanent establishment in my own country; my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes are irresistibly excited, whensoever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom. But above all, the events of the French revolution have produced the deepest solicitude, as well as the highest admiration. To call your nation brave, were to pronounce but common praise. *Wonderful People!* ages to come will read with astonishment the history of your brilliant exploits.

I rejoice that the period of your toils and of your immense sacrifices is approaching. I rejoice that the interesting revolutionary movements of so many years have issued in the formation of a constitution designed to give permanency to the great object for which you have contended. I rejoice that liberty, which you have so long embraced with enthusiasm; liberty, of which you have been the invincible defenders, now finds an asylum in the bosom of a regularly organized government; a government, which, being formed to secure the happiness of the French people, corresponds with the ardent wishes of my heart, while it gratifies the pride of every citizen of the United States, by its resemblance of their own. On these glorious events, accept, sir, my sincere congratulations.

In delivering to you these sentiments, I express not my own feelings only, but those of my fellow-citizens, in relation to the commencement, the progress, the issue of the French revolution; and they will cordially join with me in the purest wishes to the Supreme Being, that the citizens of our sister republic, our magnanimous allies, may soon enjoy, in peace, that liberty, which they have purchased at so great a price, and all the happiness which liberty can bestow.

I receive, sir, with lively sensibility, the symbol of the triumphs and of the enfranchisements of your nation, the colors of France, which you have now presented to the United States. The transaction will be announced to Congress; and the colors will be deposited with those archives of the United States, which are at once the evidences and memorials of their freedom and independence. May these be perpetual; and may the friendship of the two republics be commensurate with their existence.

EULOGY ON DR. FRANKLIN, PRONOUNCED IN THE  
NAME OF THE COMMONS OF PARIS, 1790.—*Fauchet*.

A SECOND creation has taken place; the elements of society begin to combine together; the moral universe is now seen issuing from chaos; the genius of Liberty is awakened, and springs up; she sheds her divine light and creative powers upon the two hemispheres. A great nation, astonished at seeing herself free, stretches her arms from one extremity of the earth to the other, and embraces the first nation that became so: the foundations of a new city are created in the two worlds; brother nations hasten to inhabit it. It is the city of mankind!

One of the first founders of this universal city, was the immortal Franklin, the deliverer of America. The second founders, who accelerated this great work, made it worthy of Europe. The legislators of France have rendered the most solemn homage to his memory. They have said, "A friend of humanity is dead; mankind ought to be overwhelmed with sorrow! Nations have hitherto only worn mourning for kings; let us assume it for a man, and let the tears of Frenchmen mingle with those of Americans, in order to do honor to the memory of one of the Fathers of Liberty!"

The city of Paris, which once contained this philosopher within its walls, which was intoxicated with the pleasure of hearing, admiring and loving him; of gathering from his lips the maxims of a moral legislator, and of imbibing from the effusions of his heart a passion for the public welfare, rivals Boston and Philadelphia, his two native cities (for in one he was born as it were, a man, in the other a legislator) in its profound attachment to his merit and his glory.

It has commanded this funeral solemnity, in order to perpetuate the gratitude and the grief of this third country, which, by the courage and activity with which it has profited of his lessons, has shown itself worthy of having him at once for an instructor and a model.

In selecting me for the interpreter of its wishes, it has declared, that it is less to the talents of an orator, than to the patriotism of a citizen, the zeal of a preacher of liberty, and the sensibility of a friend of man, that it hath confided this solemn function. In this point of view, I may speak with firm confidence; for I have the public opinion, and the testimony of my own conscience to second my wishes. Since

nothing else is wanting than freedom, and sensibility, for that species of eloquence which this eulogium requires, I am satisfied; for I already possess them.

My voice shall extend to France, to America, to posterity. I am now to do justice to a great man, the founder of transatlantic freedom; I am to praise him in the name of the mother city of French liberty. I myself also am a man; I am a free-man; I possess the suffrages of my fellow citizens: this is enough; my discourse shall be immortal.

The academies, the philosophical societies, the learned associations which have done themselves honor by inscribing the name of Franklin in their records, can best appreciate the debt due to his genius, for having extended the power of man over nature, and presented new and sublime ideas, in a style simple as truth, and pure as light.

It is not the naturalist and the philosopher that the orator of the Commons of Paris ought to describe; it is the *man* who hath accelerated the progress of social order; it is the *legislator*, who hath prepared the liberty of nations!

Franklin, in his periodical works, which had prodigious circulation on the continent of America, laid the sacred foundations of social morality. He was no less inimitable in the developments of the same morality, when applied to the duties of friendship, general charity, the employment of one's time, the happiness attendant upon good works, the necessary combination of private with public welfare, the propriety and necessity of industry; and to that happy state which puts us at ease with society and with ourselves. The proverbs of "Old Henry," and "Poor Richard," are in the hands of both the learned and the ignorant; they contain the most sublime morality, reduced to popular language and common comprehension; and form the catechism of happiness for all mankind.

Franklin was too great a moralist, and too well acquainted with human affairs, not to perceive that women were the arbiters of manners. He strove to perfect their empire; and accordingly engaged them to adorn the sceptre of virtue with their graces. It is in their power to excite courage; to overthrow vice, by means of their disdain; to kindle civism, and to light up in every heart the holy love of our country.

His daughter, who was opulent and honored with the public esteem, helped to manufacture and make up the clothing for the army, with her own hands; and spread abroad a noble emulation among the female citizens, who became eager to

assist those by means of the needle and the spindle, who were serving the state with their swords and their guns.

With the charm ever attendant upon true wisdom, and the grace ever flowing from true sentiment, this grave philosopher knew how to converse with the other sex; to inspire them with a taste for domestic occupations; to hold out to them the prize attendant upon honor unaccompanied by reproach, and instil the duty of cultivating the first precepts of education, in order to teach them to their children; and thus to acquit the debt due to nature, and fulfil the hope of society. It must be acknowledged that, in his own country, he addressed himself to minds capable of comprehending him.

Immortal females of America! I will tell it to the daughters of France, and they only are fit to applaud you! You have attained the utmost of what your sex is capable; you possess the beauty, the simplicity, the manners at once natural and pure; the primitive graces of the golden age. It was among you that liberty was first to have its origin. But the empire of freedom, which is extended to France, is about to carry your manners along with it, and produce a revolution in morals as well as in politics.

Already our female citizens, (for they have lately become such,) are not any longer occupied with those frivolous ornaments, and vain pleasures, which were nothing more than the amusements of slavery; they have awakened the love of liberty in the bosoms of fathers, of brothers, and of husbands; they have encouraged them to make the most generous sacrifices; their delicate hands have removed the earth, dragged it along, and helped to elevate the immense amphitheatre of the grand confederation. It is no longer the love of voluptuous softness that attracts their regard, it is the sacred fire of patriotism.

The laws which are to reform education, and with it the national manners, are already prepared; they will advance, they will fortify the cause of liberty by means of their happy influence, and become the second saviours of their country!

Franklin did not omit any of the means of being useful to men, or serviceable to society. He spoke to all conditions, to both sexes, to every age. This amiable moralist descended, in his writings, to the most artless details; to the most ingenious familiarities, to the first ideas of a rural, a commercial, and a civil life; to the dialogues of old men and children; full at once of all the verdure and all the maturity of wisdom.

In short, the prudent lessons arising from the exposition of those obscure, happy, easy virtues, which form so many links in the chain of a good man's life, derived immense weight from that reputation for genius which he had acquired, by being one of the first naturalists and greatest philosophers in the universe.

At one and the same time, he governed nature in the heavens and in the hearts of men. Amidst the tempests of the atmosphere, he directed the thunder; amidst the storms of society, he directed the passions. Think, gentlemen, with what attentive docility,—with what religious respect, one must hear the voice of a simple man, who preached up human happiness, when it was recollected that it was the powerful voice of the same man who regulated the lightning.

He electrified the consciences, in order to extract the destructive fire of vice, exactly in the same manner as he electrified the heavens, in order peaceably to invite them from the terrible fire of the elements.

Venerable old man! August philosopher! legislator of the felicity of thy country, prophet of the fraternity of the human race, what extatic happiness embellished the end of thy career! From thy fortunate asylum and in the midst of thy brothers, who enjoyed in tranquillity the fruit of thy virtues, and the success of thy genius, thou hast sung songs of deliverance. The last looks which thou didst cast around thee, beheld America happy; France, on the other side of the ocean, free, and a sure indication of the approaching freedom and happiness of the world.

The United States looking upon themselves as thy children, have bewailed the death of the father of their republic. France, thy family by adoption, has honored thee as the founder of her laws; and the human race has revered thee as the universal patriarch who has formed the alliance of nature with society. Thy remembrance belongs to all ages; thy memory to all nations; thy glory to eternity.

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FROM WASHINGTON'S FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS,  
1789.

FELLOW-CITIZENS of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives:—Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which

the notification was transmitted by your order and received on the 14th day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision as the asylum of my declining years.

- A retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time.

On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust, to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens, a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies.

In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that if, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as inclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me; and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

Such being the impression under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act, my present supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States; a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes; and may enable every instrument employed in its administration, to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sen-



timents not less than my own; nor those of my fellow-citizens at large, less than either.

No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step, by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. And in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves on my mind too powerfully to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none, under the influence of which, the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.

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#### SPEECH

In the House of Representatives of the United States, in answer to the address of the Speaker introducing him to Congress as the Nation's Guest. Dec. 10, 1824.—*La Fayette*.

MR. SPEAKER, and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:—While the people of the United States, and their honorable Representatives in Congress have deigned to make choice of me, one of the American veterans, to signify in his person, their esteem for our joint services, and their attachment to the principles for which we have had the honor to fight and bleed, I am proud and happy to share those extraordinary favors with my dear revolutionary companions—yet, it would be on my part, uncandid and ungrateful not to acknowledge my personal share in those testimonies of kindness, as they excite in my breast emotions which no adequate words could express.

My obligations to the United States, Sir, far exceed any merit I might claim. They date from the time when I had the happiness to be adopted as a young soldier, a favored son of America. They have been continued to me during almost half a century of constant affection and confidence, and now,

Sir, thanks to your most gratifying invitation, I find myself greeted by a series of welcomes, one hour of which would more than compensate for the public exertions and sufferings of a whole life.

The approbation of the American people and their representatives, for my conduct during the vicissitudes of the European Revolution, is the highest reward I could receive. Well may I stand, "firm and erect," when, in their names, and by you, Mr. Speaker, I am declared to have, in every instance, been faithful to those American principles of liberty, equality, and true social order, the devotion to which, as it has been from my earliest youth so shall it continue to be to my latest breath.

You have been pleased, Mr. Speaker, to allude to the peculiar felicity of my situation, when, after so long an absence, I am called to witness the immense improvements, the admirable communications, the prodigious creations of which we find an example in this city, whose name itself is a venerated palladium; in a word, all the grandeur and prosperity of these happy United States, which, at the same time they nobly secure the complete assertion of American Independence, reflect on every part of the world the light of a far superior political civilization.

What better pledge can be given of a persevering national love of liberty, when those blessings are evidently the result of a virtuous resistance to oppression, and the institutions founded on the rights of man and the republican principle of self-government. No, Mr. Speaker, posterity has not begun for me—since in the sons of my companions and friends, I find the same public feelings, and permit me to add, the same feelings in my behalf, which I have had the happiness to experience in their fathers.

Sir, I have been allowed, forty years ago, before a committee of a Congress of thirteen States, to express the fond wishes of an American heart. On this day I have the honor, and enjoy the delight to congratulate the Representatives of the Union, so vastly enlarged, on the realization of those wishes, even beyond every human expectation, and upon the almost infinite prospects we can with certainty anticipate.

Permit me, Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the House of Representatives, to join, to the expression of those sentiments, a tribute of my lively gratitude, affectionate devotion, and profound respect.

OPPRESSION.—*Emmett.*

MY LORDS:—What have I to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide by. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored, (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country,) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be secured from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter—I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is—I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storms by which it is at present buffeted. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur: but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy—for there must be guilt somewhere: whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice:—the man dies, but his memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself of some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined those bands of martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope; I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of

the Most High—which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country, and liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign invader, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it?—No, God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have ever for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its

bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph: for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let no prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

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ON THE FRAME-WORK BILL IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS  
FEBRUARY 27, 1812.—Byron.

Now, though in a free country, it were to be wished that our military should never be too formidable, at least to ourselves. I cannot see the policy of placing them in situations where they can only be made ridiculous. As the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the last. In this instance it has been the first; but providentially as yet only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from the sheath; yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots,—had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also had grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to their avocations, and tranquillity to the country. At present the country suffers from the double infliction of an idle military, and starving population. In what a state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now for the first time the House has been officially apprised of these disturbances! All this has been transacting within one hundred and thirty miles of London, and yet we, “good easy men, have deemed full surely our greatness was a ripening,” and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self-congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragoons and your executioners must be let loose against your fellow-citizens. You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the “*Bellua multorum caput*” is to lop off a

few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labor in your fields, and serve in your houses,—that man your navy and recruit your army,—that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob; but do not forget, that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people. And here I must remark, with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succor of your allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence, or—the parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened, from the rich man's largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardships and hunger, as your charity began abroad, it should end at home. A much less sum, a tithe of the bounty bestowed on Portugal, even if those men (which I cannot admire without injury) could not have been restored to their employments, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our friends have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief; though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey, but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding, the warm water of your maukish police, and the lancets of your military, these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice, and the certain inefficiency of the bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code,

that more must be poured forth to ascend to Heaven and testify against you? How will you carry the bill into effect? Can you commit a whole country to their own prison? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must, to bring this measure into effect) by decimation? place the country under martial law? depopulate and lay waste all around you? and restore Sherwood Forest as acceptable to the crown, in its former condition of a royal chase and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets, be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquility? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of law, where is your evidence? Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices, when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favorite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporizing, would not be without its advantages in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporize and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the bill under all the existing circumstances, without inquiry, without deliberation, would be only to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a bill must be content to inherit the honors of that Athenian law-giver whose edicts were said to be written not in ink, but in blood. But suppose it passed; suppose one of these men, as I have seen them,—meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless with a life which your lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame—suppose this man surrounded by the children for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn forever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer support—suppose this man, and there are ten thousand

such from whom you may select your victims, dragged into court, to be tried for this new offence, by this new law; still there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him; and these are, in my opinion,—twelve butchers for a jury, and a Jefferies for a judge!

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THE GREEK QUESTION.—*Randolph.*

It is with serious concern and alarm, that I have heard doctrines broached in this debate, fraught with consequences more disastrous to the best interests of this people, than any that I have ever heard advanced, during the five and twenty years since I have been honored with a seat on this floor. They imply, to my apprehension, a total and fundamental change of the policy pursued by this government, *ab urbe condita*—from the foundation of the Republic, to the present day. Are we, sir, to go on a crusade, in another hemisphere, for the propagation of two objects as dear and delightful to *my* heart, as to that of any gentleman in this, or any other assembly—Liberty and Religion—and, in the name of these holy words—by this powerful spell, is this nation to be conjured and beguiled out of the highway of heaven—out of its present comparatively happy state, into all the disastrous conflicts arising from the policy of European powers, with all the consequences which flow from them? Liberty and Religion, sir! Things that are yet dear, in spite of all the mischief that has been perpetrated in their name. I believe that nothing similar to this proposition is to be found in modern history, unless in the famous decree of the French National Assembly, which brought combined Europe against them, with its united strength; and after repeated struggles, finally effected the downfall of the French power.

I will respectfully ask the gentleman from Massachusetts, whether, in his very able and masterly argument—and he has said all that could be said on the subject,—and much more than I supposed could have been said by any man in favor of his resolution—whether he, himself, has not furnished an answer to his speech. I had not the happiness myself to hear his speech, but a friend has read it to me—in one of the arguments of that speech, towards the conclusion, I think, the gentleman lays down from Puffendorf, in reference to the



honeyed words and pious professions of the Holy Alliance, that these are all surplusage, because nations are always supposed to be ready to do what justice and the national law require. Well, sir, if this be so, why may not the Greeks presume—why are they not in this principle, bound to presume—that this government is disposed to do all, in reference to them, that they ought to do, without any formal resolutions to that effect? I ask the gentleman from Massachusetts, whether the doctrine of Puffendorf does apply as strongly to the resolution as to the declaration of the allies—that is, if the resolution of the gentleman be indeed that almost nothing he would have us suppose, if there be not something *behind* this nothing, which divides this House, (not *horizontally*, as the gentleman has quaintly said—but *vertically*) into two unequal parties, one the advocate of a splendid system of crusades, the other the friends of peace and harmony; the advocates of a *fireside policy*—for, as long as all is right at the fireside, there cannot be much wrong elsewhere—whether, I repeat, does not the doctrine of Puffendorf apply as well to the words of the resolution, as to the words of the Holy Alliance?

There was another remark that fell from the gentleman from Massachusetts—of which I shall speak, as I always speak of any thing from that gentleman, with all the personal respect that may be consistent with the freedom of discussion. Among other cases forcibly put by the gentleman, why he would embark in this incipient crusade against Mussulmen, he stated this as one—that they hold human beings as property. Aye, sir, and what says the Constitution of the United States on this point?—unless, indeed, that instrument is wholly to be excluded from consideration—unless it is to be regarded as a mere useless parchment, worthy to be burnt, as was once actually proposed. Does not that constitution give its sanction to the act of holding human beings as property? Sir, I am not going to discuss the abstract question of liberty or slavery, or any other abstract question, I go for matters of fact. But I would ask gentlemen in this House, who have the misfortune to reside on the wrong side of a certain mysterious parallel of latitude, to take this question seriously into consideration—whether the government of the United States is prepared to say, that the act of holding human beings as property, is sufficient to place the party so offending, under the ban of its high and mighty displeasure?

Sir, I am afraid, that, along with some most excellent attributes and qualities—the love of liberty, jury trial, the writ of habeas corpus, and all the blessings of free government we have derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, we have got not a little of their John Bull, or rather John Bull-dog spirit—their readiness to fight for any body, and on any occasion. Sir, England has been for centuries the game-cock of Europe. It is impossible to specify the wars in which she has been engaged for contrary purposes; and she will with great pleasure, see us take off her shoulders the labor of preserving the balance of power. We find her fighting, now for the Queen of Hungary—then for her inveterate foe, the King of Prussia—now at war for the restoration of the Bourbons—and now on the eve of war with them for the liberties of Spain.

These lines on the subject, were never more applicable, than they have now become:

“Now Europe’s balanced—neither side prevails,  
For nothing’s left in either of the scales.”

If we pursue the same policy, we must travel the same road, and endure the same burthens, under which England now groans. But, glorious as such a design might be, a President of the United States would, in my apprehension, occupy a prouder place in history, who, when he retires from office, can say to the people who elected him, I leave you without a debt, than if he had fought as many pitched battles as Cæsar, or achieved as many naval victories as Nelson. And what, sir, is debt? In an individual it is slavery. It is slavery of the worst sort, surpassing that of the West India Islands, for it enslaves the mind, as well as it enslaves the body; and the creature who can be abject enough to incur and submit to it, receives, in that condition of his being, perhaps an adequate punishment. Of course, I speak of debt, with the exception of unavoidable misfortune. I speak of debt caused by mismanagement, by unwarrantable generosity, by being generous before being just. I am aware that this sentiment was ridiculed by Sheridan, whose lamentable end was the best commentary upon its truth. No, sir; let us abandon these projects, let us say to those seven millions of Greeks, “We defended ourselves—we were but three millions, against a power, in comparison with which the Turk is but a lamb. Go and do thou likewise.” And so with the governments of South America. If, after having achieved their independence,

they have not valor enough to maintain it, I would not commit the safety and independence of this country in such a cause. I will, in both these, pursue the same line of conduct which I have ever pursued, from the day I took a seat in this House, in 1799, from which, without boasting, I can challenge any gentleman to fix upon me any colorable change of departure.

Let us adhere to the policy laid down by the second as well as the first founder of our republic—by him who was the Camillus as well as the Romulus of the infant state—to the policy of peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; for to entangling alliances we must come, if you once embark in such a policy as this. And with all my British predilections, I suspect I shall, whenever that question shall present itself, resist as strongly an alliance with Great Britain, as with any other power. We are sent here to attend to the preservation of the peace of *this* country, and not to be ready on all occasions, to go to war, whenever any thing like what in common parlance, is termed a turn up, takes place in Europe.

What, sir, is our condition? We are absolutely combating shadows. The gentleman would have us believe his resolution is all but nothing, yet, again, it is to prove omnipotent, and fill the whole globe with its influence. Either it is nothing, or it is something. If it be nothing, let it return to its original nothingness; let us lay it on the table, and have done with it at once; but if it is that something, which it has been on the other hand represented to be, let us beware how we touch it. For my part, I would sooner put the shirt of Nessus on my back than sanction these doctrines—doctrines such as I never heard from my boyhood till now. They go the whole length. If they prevail, there are no longer any Pyrenees; every bulwark and barrier of the Constitution is broken down; it is become *tabula rasa*, a *carte blanche*, for every one to scribble on it what he pleases.

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FOREIGN RELATIONS.—*Josiah Quincy.*

BUT the embargo saves our resources. It may justly be questioned, whether, in this point of view, the embargo is so effectual, as, at first, men are led to inquire. It may be doubted if the seed-wheat of this harvest is not worth more than the

whole crop. I say nothing of the embarrassments of our commerce, of the loss of our seamen, of the sunken value of real estate. But our dead, irredeemable loss by this embargo, during the present year, cannot be stated at less than ten *per centum*, on account of interest and profit of the whole export of our country—that is, on the one hundred and eight millions, ten millions eight hundred thousand dollars.

Nor can our loss upon a million tons of unemployed shipping be stated at less than twenty dollars the ton—twenty millions of dollars. Twenty millions of dollars is a serious outfit for any voyage of salvation; and the profit ought to be very unquestionable, before a wise man would be persuaded to renew, or prolong it. Besides, is it true that the articles the embargo returns, are, in the common acceptance of the term, resources? I suppose, that, by this word, so ostentatiously used on all occasions, it is meant to convey the idea, that the produce thus retained in the country, will be a resource for use, or defence, in case of war, or any other misfortune happening to it. But is this true? Our exports are surplus products—what we raise beyond what we consume. Because we cannot use them, they are surplus. Of course, in this country they have little or no value in use, but only in exchange. Take away the power of exchange, and how can they be called resources? Every year produces sufficient for its own consumption, and a surplus. Suppose an embargo of ten years: will gentlemen seriously contend, that the accumulating surplus of fish, cotton, tobacco, and flour, would be a resource for any national exigencies? We cannot consume it, because the annual product is equal to our annual consumption. Our embargo forbids us to sell it. How, then, is it a resource? Are we stronger or richer for it? The reverse—we are weaker and poorer. Weaker by all the loss of motive to activity, by all the diminution of the industry of the country, which such a deprivation of the power to exchange, produces. And who can be poorer than he, who is obliged to keep what he cannot use, and to labor for that which profiteth not?

It is vain to say, that if the embargo were raised there would be no market. The merchants understand that subject better than you; and the eagerness with which preparations to load were carried on previous to the commencement of this session, speaks, in a language not to be mistaken, their opinion of the foreign markets. But it has been asked in debate, “will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?”

An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain, as a sea-nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty; a handcuffed liberty; a liberty in fetters; a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland.

However, suppose that the payment of this duty is inevitable, which it certainly is not, let me ask—Is embargo independence? Deceive not yourselves. It is palpable submission. Gentlemen exclaim, Great Britain “smites us on one cheek.” And what does the administration? “It turns the other also.” Gentlemen say, Great Britain “is a robber; she takes our cloak.” And what say the administration? “Let her take our coat also.” France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely. Sir, this conduct may be the way to dignity and honor in another world, but it will never secure safety and independence in this.

At every corner of this great city we meet some gentlemen of the majority wringing their hands and exclaiming—“What shall we do? Nothing but embargo will save us. Remove it, and what shall we do?” Sir, it is not for me, an humble and uninfluential individual, at an awful distance from the predominant influences to suggest plans of government. But to my eye, the path of our duty is as distant as the milky way; all studded with living sapphires; glowing with cumulating light. It is the path of active preparation; of dignified energy. It is the path of 1776. It consists not in abandoning our rights, but in supporting them, as they exist, and where they exist—on the ocean, as well as on the land. It consists in taking the nature of things as the measure of the rights of our citizens; not the orders and decrees of imperious foreigners. Give what protection you can. Take no counsel of fear. Your strength will increase with the trial, and prove greater than you are now aware.

But I shall be told, “This may lead to war.” I ask, “Are we now at peace?” Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace. The surest way to prevent war is not to fear it. The idea, that

nothing on earth is so dreadful as war, is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse. Abandonment of essential rights is worse.

Sir, I could not refrain from seeking the first opportunity of spreading before this house the sufferings and exigencies of New England, under this embargo. Some gentlemen may deem it not strictly before us. In my opinion it is necessarily. For, if the idea of the committee be correct, and embargo is resistance, then this resolution sanctions its continuance. If, on the contrary, as I contend, embargo is submission, then this resolution is a pledge of its repeal.

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#### THE DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS.—*Grattan.*

I READ Lord North's proposition; I wish to be satisfied, but I am controlled by a paper; I will not call it a law, it is the 6th of George I. I will ask the gentlemen of the long robe, is this the law? I ask them whether it is not practice? I appeal to the judges of the land whether they are not in a course of declaring that the Parliament of Great Britain, naming Ireland, binds her? I appeal to the magistrates of justice whether they do not from time to time, execute certain acts of the British Parliament? I appeal to the officers of the army, whether they do not fine, and confine, and execute their fellow subjects by virtue of the mutiny act, an act of the British Parliament? And I appeal to this house, whether a country, so circumstanced, is free? Where is the freedom of trade? Where is the security of property? Where is the liberty of the people? I, here, in this declaratory act, see my country proclaimed a slave! I see every man in this house enrolled a slave! I see the judges of the realm, the oracles of the law, borne down by an unauthorized foreign power, by the authority of the British Parliament against law! I see the magistrates prostrate, and I see parliament witness of these infringements and silent, (silent or employed to preach moderation to the people whose liberties it will not restore;) I therefore say, that notwithstanding the import of sugar, betel wood and panella, and the exports of woollens and kerseys, nothing is safe, satisfactory, or honorable, nothing but a declaration of right. What! are you with three millions of men at your back, with charters in one hand, and arms in the other, afraid to say you are

a free people? Are you, the greatest house of commons that ever sat in Ireland, that want but this one act to equal that English house of commons, that passed the petition of right, or that other that passed the declaration of right,—are you afraid to tell that British Parliament you are a free people? Are the cities, and the instructing counties, who have breathed a spirit that would have done honor to old Rome, when Rome did honor to mankind, are they to be free by connivance? Are the military associations, those bodies whose origin, progress, and deportment, have transcended, equalled at least, any thing in modern or ancient story; is the vast line of northern army, are they to be free by connivance? What man will settle among you? Where is the use of the naturalization bill? What man will settle among you? Who will leave a land of liberty, and a settled government, for a kingdom, controlled by the parliament of another country, whose liberty is a thing by stealth, whose trade is a thing by permission, whose judges deny her charters, whose parliament leaves every thing at random: where the chance of freedom depends upon the hope, that the jury shall despise the judge, stating a British act, or a rabble stop the magistrate executing it, rescue your abdicated privileges, and save the constitution by trampling on the government, by anarchy and confusion?

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BURR AND BLANNERHASSETT.—*Wirt.*

I HAVE already, in another branch of this subject, endeavored to show, on the grounds of authority and reason, that a man might be involved in the guilt of treason as a principal, by being *legally*, though not *actually* present; that treason occupied a much wider space than felony; that the scale of proximity between the accessory and the principal must be extended in proportion to the extent of the theatre of the treason; and that, as the prisoner must be considered as legally present, he could not be an accessory, but a principal. If I have succeeded in this, I have in fact proved that his conduct should be deemed accessorial. But an error has taken place from considering the scene of the overt act as the theatre of the treason; from mistaking the overt act for treason itself, and consequently from referring the conduct of the prisoner to the acts on the island. The conduct of Aaron Burr has

been considered in relation to the overt act on Blannerhassett's island only ; whereas it ought to be considered in connection with the grand design, the deep plot of seizing Orleans, separating the Union, and establishing an independent empire in the West, of which the prisoner was to be the chief. It ought to be recollected that these were his objects, and that the whole western country from Beaver to Orleans, was the theatre of his treasonable operations. It is by this first reasoning that you are to consider whether he be a principal or an accessory, and not by limiting your enquiries to the circumscribed and narrow spot on the island where the acts charged happened to be performed. Having shown, I think, on the *ground of law*, that the prisoner cannot be considered as an accessory, let me press the enquiry whether, on the ground of *reason*, he be a principal or an accessory : and remember that his project was to seize New Orleans, separate the Union, and erect an independent empire in the West, of which he was to be the chief. This was the determination of the plot and the conclusion of the drama. Will any man say that Blannerhassett was the principal, and Burr an accessory ? Who will believe that Burr, the author and projector of the plot, who raised the forces, who enlisted the men, and who procured the funds for carrying it into execution, was made a cats-paw of ? Will any man believe that Burr, who is a soldier, bold, ardent, restless and aspiring, the great actor whose brain conceived and whose hand brought the plot into operation, that he should sink down into an accessory, and that Blannerhassett should be elevated into a principal ? He would startle at once at the thought. Aaron Burr, the contriver of the whole conspiracy to every body concerned in it, was as the sun to the planets which surround him. Did he not bind them in their respective orbits, and give them their light, their heat and their motion ? Yet he is to be considered an accessory, and Blannerhassett is to be the principal !

Let us put the case between Burr and Blannerhassett. Let us compare the two men, and settle this question of precedence between them. It may save a good deal of troublesome ceremony hereafter.

Who Aaron Burr is, we have seen, in part, already. I will add, that, beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New York to



New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurements which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honors; to avarice the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses, he presents the object adapted to his taste. His recruiting officers are appointed. Men are engaged through the continent. Civil life is, indeed, quiet upon its surface, but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match, produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and in the autumn of 1806, he goes forth, for the last time, to apply this match. On this occasion he meets with Blannerhassett.

Who is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland; a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic states, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and lo, the forest smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquility and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquility, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced

to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His inspiration has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly, we find her shivering at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone and made to play a subordinate part in this grand

drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while *he*, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr then not shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

Upon the whole, sir, reason declares Aaron Burr the principal in this crime, and confirms herein the sentence of the law; and the gentleman, in saying that his offence is of a derivative and accessorial nature, begs the question, and draws his conclusion from what, instead of being conceded, is denied. It is clear from what has been said, that Burr did not derive his guilt from the men on the island, but imparted his own guilt to them; that he is not an accessory, but a principal; and therefore, that there is nothing in the objection which demands a record of their conviction, before we shall go on with our proof against him.

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A PHILOSOPHER ASKING NERO TO RESTORE HIM TO  
HIS FORMER NARROW CIRCUMSTANCES.—*Seneca.*

MAY it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar, favorably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honor of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labors with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favors. It is well known that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favorites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honors and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers; nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed

your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, sir, though there are some who do not seem to attend to it, that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, some less conspicuous: and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former. "But what!" say my enemies, "shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name nor family, rank with those who can, by the statutes which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti?\*" Shall a philosopher who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase estates and lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country at his own expense, and for his own pleasure?"

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow on my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favors on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, showed—that they could be happy, when, at their own request, divested of them.

\*The fasti or calendars of the ancients had tables of kings, consuls, &c.

CHARACTER OF LORD AVONMORE.—*Curran.*

I AM not ignorant, my lords, that this extraordinary construction has received the sanction of another court, nor of the surprise and dismay with which it smote upon the general heart of the bar. I am aware that I may have the mortification of being told, in another country, of that unhappy decision; and I foresee in what confusion I shall hang down my head when I am told of it. But I cherish too the consolatory hope, that I shall be able to tell them that I had an old and learned friend, whom I would put above all the sweepings of their hall, who was of a different opinion; who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and of Rome; who had fed the youthful vigor of his studious mind with the theoretic knowledge of their wisest philosophers and statesmen; and who had refined the theory into the quick and exquisite sensibility of moral instinct, by contemplating the practice of their most illustrious examples; by dwelling on the sweet-souled piety of Cimon; on the anticipated christianity of Socrates, on the gallant and pathetic patriotism of Epaminondas; on that pure austerity of Fabricius, whom to move from his integrity, would have been more difficult than to have turned the sun from his course. I would add that if he had seemed to hesitate, it was but for a moment; that his hesitation was like the passing cloud, that floats across the morning sun, and hides it from the view, and does so for a moment hide it, by involving the spectator without ever approaching the face of the luminary; and this soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life, from the resemblance of those Attic nights, and those refectations of the gods which we have spent with those admired and respected and beloved companions who have gone before us,—over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed: yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them; I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory; I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings when the innocent enjoyment of social mirth expanded into the nobler warmth of nobler virtue; and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man;—when the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose,—when my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more natural and redundant fountain

of yours. Yes, my lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return, for

“We spent them not in toys, or lust or wine;  
But search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, eloquence, and poesy,  
Arts which I lov'd; for they, my friend, were thine.”

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CHARACTER OF GRATTAN.—*Burtones.*

I FEEL but little any portion of the noble lord's obloquy, which may attach to me or my humble efforts. But I own, I cannot express my indignation at the audacious boldness of the calumny, which would asperse one of the most exalted characters which any nation ever produced, and that in a country which owes its liberties and its greatness to the energy of his exertions, and in the very house which has so often been the theatre of his glorious labors and splendid achievements. I remember that man the theme of universal panegyric—the wonder and the boast of Ireland for his genius and his virtue. His name silenced the skeptic upon the reality of genuine patriotism. To doubt the purity of his motives was a heresy which no tongue dared to utter—envy was lost in admiration, and even they whose crimes he scourged, blended extorted praises with the murmurs of resentment. He covered our then unfledged constitution with the ample wings of his talents—as the eagle covers her young; like her he soared, and like her he could behold the rays, whether of royal favor or of royal anger, with undazzled, unintimidated eye. If, according to Demosthenes, to grow with the growth, and to decay with the decline of our country, be the true criterion of a good citizen, how infinitely did this man, even in the moment of his lowest depression, surpass those upstart patriots who only become visible when their country vanishes.

Sir, there is something most singularly curious, and according to my estimation of things, enviable, in the fate of this great man; his character and his consequence, are as it were, virtually interwoven with the greatness of his country—the one cannot be high, and the other low—the one cannot stand, and the other perish; this was so well understood by those who have so long meditated to put down the constitution of

Ireland, that, feeling that they could not seduce, they have incessantly labored to calumniate her most vigilant sentinel and ablest champion—they appealed to every unguarded prejudice, to every available weakness of a generous but credulous people—they watched every favorable moment of irritation or of terror, to pour in the detested poison of calumny. Sir, it will be found on a retrospect of Ireland since 1782, that her liberties never received a wound, that a correspondent stab was not levelled at his character, and when it was vainly hoped, that his imperishable fame was laid in the dust, the times were deemed ripe for the extinction of our constitution. Sir, those impious labors cannot finally succeed; glory and liberty are not easily effaced—GRATTAN and the constitution will survive the storm.

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ON THE CHARGE OF JACOBINISM.—*Bushe.*

THE weight of the censure which has fallen on us is increased in proportion to the height from which it has descended. It has come from the counsel of a chief judge of the land; from the lips of one of the most illustrious individuals in this country; from a member of the united parliament; from a man whose inimitable advocacy is but secondary to that high character for integrity and talent, which he has established for himself and for our nation—upon whose accents “the listening senate” hangs—with whose renown the entire empire resounds. From such a man, censure is censure indeed. I call then upon him not to stop half-way in the discharge of his duty. If we are tyrannical and oppressive—if we have revived and transcended the worst precedents of the worst days of prerogative—I call upon him in the name of justice—of our ancient friendship, and of our common country—I call upon him by every obligation which can bind man, to impeach us. If he be not our prosecutor, he becomes our accomplice. He is bound to call us to the bar of that senate, where he will be on his legs and we shall be on our knees; and if his accusation be true, our heads are due to justice. The character of the chief baron has been redeemed by me; I have rescued the character of the court of exchequer; I have vindicated my own; one yet remains—the character of Mr. Plunket himself—and, therefore, I call upon him in

support of his high reputation, to bring us to Westminster, where impeachment is constitutional—where he will hold his high place and the lofty post which becomes him. I call upon him to assume the senator and the patriot, and assert his rank in that august assembly. To none has that high station which he holds in it, given more delight than to me. I rejoice in it, as an attached and ardent friend, and as an Irishman, I exult in a man who has exalted the character of our country in the senate as high as another illustrious countryman has raised it in the field. Let him not stop at the charge which he has made in this place—let him follow it up—“non progredi est regredi”—he must either give up with shame this unjust attack upon the servants of the crown, or he must follow up his duty as a member of parliament, and carry us before the bar of the commons. Let him do so—we are not afraid—*there*, at least, the judicial determination shall not be upon the hearing of one party. Let him remember that the charge is illegality, jacobinism, and revolution, and that the crime is disrespect to what he calls the adjudication of the court of exchequer! The very neighborhood of Westminster Hall ought to make him pause. What! state within our precincts, that a court of exchequer in Ireland had made a solemn determination in a case where one party was not present and where the other presided! The very walls of Westminster Hall would utter forth a groan at such an insult to the judicial character—the very monuments would yield up their illustrious dead—and the shades of Mansfield, and of Somers, and of Holt, and of Hale, would start from their tombs to rebuke the atrocious imputation. I must call upon him to go on—but if he should—I tell this Wellington of the senate, that he will do so at the peril of his laurels—I tell him, that they are foredoomed to wither to the root.

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#### THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.—Cass.

HUMAN occupation should be measured by its useful consequences and by its moral tendencies, and by the principles and conduct of those, who are devoted to it, and whose character is formed by its pursuit. Tried by this standard, where shall we find an employment more worthy of honor and regard, than that which drew from Sir William Jones the eloquent



panegyric, that "he who makes two spears of grass grow, where but one grew before, is a public benefactor, far in advance of the noblest chieftains, who, aided by armies and the enginery of war, sack cities, carry conquest onward, only to conquer, and subjugate and desolate kingdoms?" And yet so wayward is human nature, and so unjustly are its honors distributed, that the temple of Mars is thronged with the votaries of fame, while silent are the altars of Ceres, and those, who worship there must find their reward, not in public renown, but in the consciousness of a duty, self-imposed and faithfully performed. But a better day has begun to dawn. Many old things are passing away, and with them is waning that military glory, which has so long led captive the best affections of our nature. The time is coming when the supporter of human life will find his station far higher in the world's estimation, than the destroyer. We are beginning to learn, that the splendor of victory is a fearful pageant, while conquest over the earth, and the multiplication of its products are acceptable sights in the eyes of God and man. He, who puts his hand to the plough, and does not look back upon more brilliant, but less useful employments, will not fail to find his reward in a happy and honorable life. What a perversion of terms, or rather what a perversion of moral sentiment does it exhibit to talk of the dignity of indolence, the dignity of doing nothing, and the unworthiness of useful honest labor! Whatever of this feeling there is among us, and there is some, is exotic, not indigenous; imported whence many other notions, equally unreasonable and injurious, have come, to exercise a baneful influence upon our social system. Labor, when associated with political and personal degradation, carries with it human sympathy, but not human respect. It is not a condition which any right-minded man would seek, except under the pressure of overruling necessity. And this state of things often meets the eye of the traveller in the old world, and once met mine, under striking circumstances in the oldest region of it. I was standing on the banks of the Nile, the Nile of Joseph and of Pharaoh, as well as of Mahomet Ali, in the city of Cairo, upon the point of embarking in a boat to visit the Pyramids, those monuments of human labor and folly, equally useless and indestructible. No crew had been provided, and it requires a numerous one, for the vessels are unwieldy, and the current of that mighty river is rapid and powerful. But the Egyptian police was there, and had been

ordered by the government to render the pilgrims from the far West to the shrines of the East, any assistance that might be necessary for the objects of their voyage. And this duty they fulfilled in their own peculiar way. There was a crowd upon the shore, gazing on the strangers and their preparations. Two turbaned agents seized the ends of a rope and passing rapidly into the assembly, enclosed within it a sufficient number for the purpose, serving this Mahometan writ as coolly and with as little resistance, as would attend the proceedings of a constable in this country, who should summon a man before a justice of the peace, for a debt of five dollars. And this new press-gang, acting upon the English principle, that the government has a right to command the services of its people in its own way, put the crew on board, and we departed for those mighty structures, which go back to the days of Moses. And still more characteristic was the inattention to the subsistence and compensation of these oppressed Fellahs, to their "leeks and their onions," for human manners are unchangeable in the East, and while the task-masters in our own times, as in those of the Patriarchs, say that "not aught of your work shall be diminished," they add now as then, "get your straw where ye can find it." Before our excursion was over, however, we were upon the best terms with our Egyptian friends, who were willing to go with us to the very confines of Abyssinia, had we desired to take so long a journey. So much for the oppression and insecurity of the laboring classes in those seats of primitive civilization! And yet I have heard high men in high places—in the halls of legislation indeed, of this happy country—I have heard them call the Government of the United States the most despotic government on the face of the earth; and these words, I fear, fell sometimes on willing ears; willing to believe this strange paradox, contradicted by the experience of every American, and by the knowledge of the world; by the whole history of its oppression in every period of society, from the creation to the day, when the ungrateful assertion first arrested public attention, as one of those signs of an approaching storm, which is now happily passing away, leaving us a bright and peaceful atmosphere.

A despotic government; an oppressed country; a ruined people! Let him, who thinks so, seek a happier residence elsewhere, and he will return, if return he can, cured of this monomania, for it is nothing better; and thanking Providence for this best refuge for down-trodden humanity. If he does

not, I will confess, that when I looked down from the top of the great Pyramid of Cheops upon the old and fertile valley of the Nile, made fertile by God and not by man, and contemplated what had been done and suffered there, and thanked the Giver of good, that I was born far away, across the Atlantic, in a spirit of gratitude and not of boasting, I knew neither my own oppression at home, nor the freedom and happiness of the people around me, and whose misery I thought I saw at every step of my journey. But all this is the very extravagance of a morbid feeling, or of something worse. And we should be far more likely to preserve our blessings, if we felt and acknowledged them, and thanked God for his mercy, who enabled our fathers to acquire them, than by this eternal system of complaint, of sectional reproach, of attempts to show how much better our condition might be; all which may ascend to Heaven, like the murmurs of the Israelites in the wilderness, and provoke the divine wrath, if they have not done it already, against another "stiff-necked people."

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THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS.—*Daniel Webster.*

I AM in the city in which Washington first took upon himself the administration of the Government. I am near the spot on which all hearts and all hopes were concentrated in 1789.

I bring the whole scene, with all its deepest interests, before me. I see the crowd that fill and throng the streets—I see the ten thousand faces, anxious to look on him to whose wisdom, prudence and patriotism the destinies of the country are committed. I see the august form, I behold the serene face of WASHINGTON; I observe his reverent manner when he rises in the presence of a countless multitude, and, looking up with religious awe to Heaven, solemnly swears before that multitudinous assembly, and before Him that sitteth on the circle of the Heavens, that he will support the constitution of his country—so help him, God!

And I hear the shouts and acclamations that fill the air, I see outpouring tears of joy and hope, I see men clasping each other's hands, and I hear them exclaim, "we have at last a country; we have a Union; and in that Union is strength. We have a government able to keep us together; and we have a Chief Magistrate, an object of confidence, attachment and love to us all."

Citizens of New York, men of this generation, is there any thing which warms your heart more than these recollections? Or can you contemplate the unparalleled growth of your city in population, and all human blessings, without feeling that the spot is hallowed, and the hour consecrated, where and when your career of prosperity and happiness began?

But, gentlemen, my heart would sink within me, and voice and speech would depart from me, if I were compelled to believe, that your fidelity to the Constitution of the country, signal and unquestioned as it is, could ever exceed that of the State whose soil was moistened by the blood of the first martyrs in the cause of liberty, and whose history has been characterised from the beginning by their zealous and uniform support of the principles of WASHINGTON.

Are there young men before me who wish to learn and to imitate the spirit of their ancestors, who wish to live and breathe in that spirit, who desire that every pulsation of their hearts, and every aspiration of their ambition shall be American and nothing but American? Let them master the contents of the immortal papers of the first Congress, and fully imbue themselves with their sentiments.

The great Lord Chatham spoke of this assembly in terms which have caused my heart to thrill, and my eyes to be moistened whenever I recollect them, from my first reading of them to the present hour:

"When your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, and it has been my favorite study, I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-statesmen of the world, that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men; to establish despotism over such a mighty continental *nation*, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be *forced ultimately to retract*; let us retract while we can, not when we must."

This first Congress, for the ability which it manifested, the principles which it proclaimed, and the characters of those who composed it, makes an illustrious chapter in our Ameri-

can history. Its members should be regarded not only individually, but as in a group; they should be viewed as living pictures exhibiting young America, as it then was, and when the seeds of its public destiny were beginning to start into life, well described by our early motto as being full of energy and prospered by Heaven:

“Non sine Dis  
Animosus Infans.”

Some of the members of this Congress have lived to my time, and I have had the honor of seeing and knowing them, and there are those in this assembly, doubtless, who have beheld the stately form of Washington, and looked upon the mild and intelligent face and heard the voice of John Jay.

For myself, I love to travel back in imagination, to place myself in the midst of this assembly, this union of greatness and patriotism, and to contemplate, as if I had witnessed its profound deliberations and its masterly exhibitions, both of the rights and of the wrongs of the country.

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THE MEXICAN WAR.—*Reverdy Johnson.*

YES, sir, our institutions are telling their own story by the blessings they impart to us, and indoctrinating the people every where with the principles of freedom upon which they are founded. Ancient prejudices are yielding to their mighty influence. Heretofore revered, and apparently permanent systems of government, are falling beneath it. Our glorious mother, free as she has ever comparatively been, is getting to be freer. It has blotted out the corruptions of her political franchise. It has broken her religious intolerance. It has greatly elevated the individual character of her subjects. It has immeasurably weakened the power of her nobles, and by weakening in one sense has vastly strengthened the authority of her crown by forcing it to rest for all its power and glory upon the hearts of its people. To Ireland too—impulsive Ireland—the land of genius, of eloquence, and of valor, it is rapidly carrying the blessings of a restored freedom and happiness. In France, all of political liberty which belongs to her, is to be traced to it; and even now, it is to be seen cheering, animating, and guiding the classic land of Italy, making

the very streets of Rome itself to ring with shouts of joy and gratitude for its presence. Sir, such a spirit suffers no inactivity, and needs no incentive. It admits of neither enlargement nor restraint. Upon its own elastic and never-tiring wing, it is now soaring over the civilized world, every where leaving its magic and abiding charm. I say then, try not, seek not to aid it. Bring no physical force to succor it. Such an adjunct would serve only to corrupt and paralyze its efforts. Leave it to itself, and, sooner or later, man will be free. Sir, as to this war, and its influence upon ourselves, there is much to rejoice at and be proud of. The struggle of '76 demonstrated the deeply-seated love of freedom in our sires, and their stern and indomitable purpose to enjoy it or die. The war of 1812, demonstrated the capacity of our institutions to bear such a trial, and nobly was the test borne and the capacity illustrated. The present war has again demonstrated, not only that such mere capacity continues, but that no nation exists endowed with greater military power. Mr. President, the result cannot but redound to our future peace and happiness. It furnishes ample indemnity for all the wrongs and obloquy we have heretofore suffered, and ample security against their recurrence. Such a result has won for us national glory, and that is national power, stronger than thousands of fortresses, and as perpetual as, I hope in God, will be our nation's love of virtue and of freedom.

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#### NON-INTERVENTION.—*Soule.*

WHAT! speak you of isolation? Have you not markets to retain for your present excess of production, and markets to secure for the surplus of your future wealth? Can you rely on the sympathies of princes, kings, or czars, for a continuance of those relations which alone can enable you to retain the advantages which you enjoy on the old continent? Disown not yourself. Be not unmindful that you are a member of the great family of nations. Do not repudiate the relations which that membership implies. The law that binds nations to each other is your law as well as theirs. Let it not be violated with impunity. That law rests on the dictates of public opinion. Will you give up your share in forming it? In vain seek you to remain isolated. The tendencies of your

political organization, your commercial, as well as your social interests, that thirst after the unknown, which you can neither compress nor satisfy, will throw you forcibly into contact with foreign powers. What their policy may induce them to attempt against your commerce, will not cease to be a political aggression, though it should affect only your mercantile interest.

What, Mr. President, speak of isolation when you can ride your floating palaces from continent to continent, in less time than it took your fathers, fifty years ago, to travel from Buffalo to New York—from Boston to Philadelphia!—when every wave of the ocean brings you swift messengers, blown over to these western shores by the same breeze that wafted them away from the eastern hemisphere?—when, low as it beats, you can hear every pulsation of the European heart beneath the iron hands that strive to compress and stifle its languid and agonizing energies?

But it is insisted that an expression of our sympathies is more a matter of sentiment than of right and policy. Ah, sir, I pity the statesman who does not know that public sentiment, which sometimes supplies and sometimes corrects the law, is always its strongest support.

Sir, believe me, it is our interest, and if not our interest, our duty, to keep alive, by good offices among the nations of Europe, that reverence for the institutions of our country, that devout faith in their efficacy, which looks to their promulgation throughout the world as to the great millenium which is to close the long calendar of their wrongs. Let their flame light up the gloom and dispel the darkness that now envelop them. Humbled though they be, despise them not. It was not their choice, but treachery that made them slaves; and if you should ask why is it that they seem to look with approving smiles and contented hearts to the hands that brandish the rod over them forget not those deluded wretches destined to the beasts, for the entertainment of the Roman Emperors, who could not be persuaded that Cæsar was not Rome, and who, upon entering the Coliseum, as they passed his seat, would bow to him in respectful submission, and exclaim: "*Cæsar, morituri te salutant*"—Cæsar, though doomed to die, we salute you.

You commend the policy of the fathers of the republic as if time, that withers the strength of man, did not "throw around him the ruins of his proudest monuments." Have I

not shown how mutable it had been? Let us not calumniate the past by fastening its usurpations upon the future. I revere its teachings, but cannot submit to make them the measure of present wisdom. Speaking of the sages whose names and authority have so often been invoked in this debate, the elder Adams attempts to exculpate the narrowness of their views and policy by this remark: "The present actors on the stage have been too little prepared by their early views, and too much occupied with turbulent scenes, to do more than they have done." And with what ardent fervor and hope, with what enthusiasm, he speaks of the scenes which display themselves to his view in the future of his country! "A prospect into futurity in America is like contemplating the heavens through the telescope of Herschel. Objects stupendous in their magnitude and motions strike us from all quarters and fill us with amazement!"

My reverence for opinions consecrated by the authority of the sages who preceded us will not induce me to disintegrate this republic, and shear from its domain Louisiana, Texas, Florida, the Californias, and New Mexico, because, forsooth, Washington, Adams, and Hamilton may have held that any accession of new territory to the area embraced by the old States was unconstitutional. I could not give a vote for the rechartering of a national bank because its institution had the assent of the same great men. Nor could I shut my ears, on their account, to those whisperings of the future that betoken the rising of new generations impatient to throw themselves on our lap.

Sir, public opinion has already responded to that mighty appeal from the past. It scorns the presumptuous thought, that you can restrain this now grown country within the narrow sphere of action assigned to its nascent energies, and keep it eternally bound up in swaddles. As the infant grows, it will require more substantial nourishment; more active exercise. The lusty appetites of its manhood would ill fare with what might satisfy the soberer demands of a younger age. Attempt not, therefore, to stop it in its onward career! attempt it not! for as well might you command the sun not to break through the fleecy clouds that herald its advent on the horizon, or to shroud itself in gloom and darkness as it ascends the meridian.



## ON THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA INTO THE UNION.

*Seward.*

I HAVE heard somewhat here, and almost for the first time in my life, of divided allegiance—of allegiance to the South and to the Union—of allegiance to States severally and to the Union. Sir, if sympathies with State emulation and pride of achievement could be allowed to raise up another sovereign to divide the allegiance of a citizen of the United States, I might recognise the claims of the State to which, by birth and gratitude, I belong—to the State of Hamilton and Jay, of Schuyler, of the Clintons, and of Fulton—the State which, with less than two hundred miles of natural navigation connected with the ocean, has, by her own enterprise, secured to herself the commerce of the continent, and is steadily advancing to the command of the commerce of the world. But for all this I know only one country and one sovereign—the United States of America and the American People. And such as my allegiance is, is the loyalty of every other citizen of the United States. As I speak, he will speak when his time arrives. He knows no other country, and no other sovereign. He has life, liberty, property, and precious affections, and hopes for himself and for his posterity, treasured up in the ark of the Union. He knows as well and feels as strongly as I do that this Government is his own Government; that he is a part of it; that it was established for him, and that it is maintained by him; that it is the only truly wise, just, free, and equal Government that has ever existed; that no other Government could be so wise, just, free, and equal; and that it is safer and more beneficent than any which time or change could bring into its place.

You may tell me, sir, that although all this may be true, yet the trial of faction has not yet been made. Sir, if the trial of faction has not been made, it has not been because faction has not always existed, and has not always menaced a trial; but because faction could find no fulcrum on which to place the lever to subvert the Union, as it can find no fulcrum now; and in this is my confidence. I would not rashly provoke the trial; but I will not suffer a fear, which I have not, to make me compromise one sentiment, one principle of truth or justice, to avert a danger that all experience teaches me is purely chimerical. Let, then, those who distrust the Union make compromises to save it. I shall not impeach their wisdom, as

I certainly cannot their patriotism ; but indulging no such apprehensions myself, I shall vote for the admission of California directly, without conditions, without qualifications, and without compromise.

For the vindication of that vote I look not to the verdict of the passing hour, disturbed as the public mind now is by conflicting interests and passions, but to that period, happily not far distant, when the vast regions over which we are now legislating shall have received their destined inhabitants.

While looking forward to that day, its countless generations seem to me to be rising up and passing in dim and shadowy review before us ; and a voice comes forth from their serried ranks, saying, "Waste your treasures and your armies if you will ; raze your fortifications to the ground ; sink your navies into the sea ; transmit to us even a dishonored name, if you must ; but the soil you hold in trust for us—give it to us free. You found it free, and conquered it to extend a better and surer freedom over it. Whatever choice you have made for yourselves, let us have no partial freedom ; let us all be free : let the reversion of your broad domain descend to us unincumbered, and free from the calamities and the sorrows of human bondage."

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PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.—*Dr. Monmonier.*

THIS is an age of progress—an age of great mental activity. The publications of the day are constantly startling us with announcements of the most extraordinary inventions and improvements, of new discoveries in the arts and sciences. Many of these improvements and discoveries are so familiar in their nature as to be readily made available in their application to the wants of man. But whilst science is achieving so many victories in cities, forests, mountains and seas, what is the intellect of man accomplishing for the improvement of his social and moral condition ? Does he in this respect, keep pace with his progress in the arts and sciences ? Are we not occasionally startled by the announcement of occurrences, which indicate that human nature is not, as it should be, well and properly disciplined by wisdom, but guided by and yielding to the feelings and impulses of its passions, men become the victims of their own weakness ? The error is not in an

imperfect development of the moral faculties, but in the misapplication of the proper means. It is that misguided and undisciplined sentiment of selfishness and erroneous judgment that indisposes us to train up the child in the way he should go.

To engage, then, in an enterprise, the object of which is to elevate and improve the social, moral, intellectual and physical condition of mankind is truly ennobling. To cultivate all the faculties of the body and mind in a harmonious manner may be termed education.

There is no subject more worthy of deep contemplation, and none that has occupied so large a share of the attention of the brightest intellects of the land as that of education. A sound, thorough education is the corner stone on which we may build an edifice embellished with every solid virtue. With it we may possess all the blessings of civilized life, and the heart be made the birth-place of every virtuous impulse, and every sacred thought. Every system intended for the instruction of youth should embrace such provisions as will develope and bring into operation all the higher qualities of the heart and mind. Under a system of education man advances in the arts and sciences, whilst human ingenuity and invention are taxed to the greatest extent in procuring honors, riches and comforts for society, even causing the very elements to furnish the means of intellectual and social advancement. The same system of education in providing means for increasing the intelligence of the people, should, if rightly ordered, also embody such a degree of efficiency in its workings, and be a system so full of wisdom in its operations as to secure advancement in moral and intellectual culture, creating a virtuous as well as intelligent people.

It is no matter of surprise that the early settlers of this happy and prosperous country, witnessing the good results flowing from the efforts made in the cause of education throughout Europe, early determined to make provision for a system of general instruction. The pilgrim fathers having asserted the great principle of the capability of man for self-government, soon set about adopting measures to demonstrate in a practical manner, the correctness of an announcement which astonished the world. Enveloped in gloom and amid dangers threatened by a mighty kingdom before whose throne princes had been humbled, they were not forgetful that a good system of government could only be sustained by the intelligence and virtue of its people. To accomplish the purposes

of good government a system of education was necessary. Laws were passed for the education of the people in many of the colonies. The efforts commenced thus early have been continued, with more or less energy, until the present time. Our assembling to-day, is to aid in carrying out this great purpose. And now, my friends, the question may be asked, What are your designs? What do you expect to accomplish? The response will be—We desire to instruct the whole mass of the community thoroughly in morality, and increase their intellectual ability. We design to produce a respect for the laws, a love of morality and a reverence for religion. We expect to prevent, to some extent, the necessity of supporting jails and prisons. We wish to teach mankind how to curb and direct their passions. We hope to stimulate their virtuous sentiments into ripeness. We trust that so wholesome a condition of the moral atmosphere will be accomplished, that a man's head may be pillowed in security at night, and that he may be safe from open violence at noon-day. That his property will be secured to him from the unrighteous grasp of the vultures in many shapes that prey upon the community, without the interference of the strong arm of the law. And our desires will be accomplished and our reward received, by making him an intellectual and social being, prepared to fulfil his destiny on earth, and assisting in fitting his immortal mind for the blissful possession and enjoyment of eternity.

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TO HER MOTHER.—*Lizzie Austin*—Aged 13.

ST. CLEMENT'S BAY, Aug. 3.

*Dear Mother:*—It is now four weeks since we left home, and I assure you we all desire to return very much. We have been very happy and have spent our time very pleasantly, and if we could only run home and see you all and then come back to our country sports, it would be delightful. Four weeks is a long time to be away from home, and we are very anxious to see you.

You cannot imagine how much we are disappointed to-day in knowing that we cannot leave for home to-morrow. Our trunk is packed, and we have every thing in readiness, but the wind is blowing a severe gale, and a violent storm is raging. The rain is pouring down in torrents. Mr. Colton says it

will be impossible for us to start. The waves in the Potomac are rolling mountains high, and it would be the very height of imprudence to attempt to reach the steamboat in the small batteaux. We cannot help ourselves. Providence has so ordered it and we must submit.

Ella has been home-sick and somewhat troublesome on that account. She is quite well in health and sends her love. She tells me to say that she is very anxious to get home. She behaves much better than I expected.

Brother William says he longs to be at home. He is endeavoring to get you a barrel of plums as you desired, but is afraid he will not succeed. They are not so plentiful as they were last year. He wishes you to let him know what you think he ought to pay for them. He will do his best, I am sure to get you a barrel.

Sallie is very well, and desires to be remembered affectionately. Give our love to Father and the rest, and kiss little Fanny. Tell Lizzie Turner that she must answer my letter. She must not forget me now that I am away. I shall expect her letter as it will be at least a week before we can have another opportunity of returning. Mr. Colton's family all send love to you.

Your affectionate daughter,

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TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE.—*Augustus Laibe*—Aged 15.

*Dear Charlotte* :—When I left you on Saturday I was in high spirits and had no idea of the regret I should soon experience in the loss of your society, as well as the society of my brother and the rest of my sisters. We looked forward to vacation with so much anxiety, and now that it has arrived and I am far away from you, I wish already that it was over. I was so tired of my mathematical studies, that I anticipated great pleasure in the relief I should have when the term was out. But the term is out, and I had rather be at my mathematics than here. I was busy at my studies, and sometimes perplexed and troubled, but I am really unhappy now. Latin, Greek, Mathematics,—any thing rather than the idle life I must pass here, where there is so little society, and so few persons that I can at all enjoy myself with. This thing of going to the country in the summer, is not what I am pleased with. If I go again, it will be where there's more company—more

young people that I can associate with. Harry Gough would be a very pleasant companion if he only had some sort of an education; but he knows nothing at all, and unless one can stand by the side of him all day in the scorching sun, on the banks of the mill pond while he fishes for gudgeons, there's no doing any thing with him. I shall try to prevail upon his father to send him to school. If he don't learn something soon it will be a dark day to him all his life. He is older than I am and can't do Long Division to save him.

Dear Charlotte, I wish you would ask Father, and write me word, if I am to go back to college in October, or if I am to pursue my studies at home. I am anxious to know, because if I am to go to college I should like to have my old quarters, and must secure them before the class is full, and I should like to work a little at astronomy while I am here. I have brought my text book, as also Xenophon, and can do something while the dog days last, and while the dogs and Harry are at the mill pond.

When I started on Saturday, I think I left my instruments and Virgil on the music stand in the back parlor, please have them put in my room on the shelf with my books. I have a beautiful little rabbit for you, and a mocking-bird, which I will bring with me when I return home. I don't care how fast the days and weeks fly, until my time for recreation is past, for it is poor recreation to me. Give my best love to Father and Mother and all the rest, and believe me your

Truly affectionate brother.

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TO HER MOTHER.—*Sally Davy*—Aged 11.

CHAPTICO, July 29.

*Dear Mother* :—As sister Mary and Alice have taken a ride this morning and gone to Charlotte Hall, I am left somewhat lonely, and shall occupy a part of my time in writing to you. I know it will please you to hear how we got along in our journey, and that we arrived safely. We had a delightful time and were very much pleased to meet our friends. There is to be an exhibition at Charlotte Hall to-morrow, and as Johnson is to be one of the candidates, they have taken his new clothes to him. If there had been room in the carriage, I should like very much to have made one of the party. But I

believe I am quite as well satisfied that I have time to be alone, and to think of home, and to write to you. There is always something to make amends for disappointments. They intend to have a party at night after the exhibition, and I suppose all the boys and girls in the neighborhood will be there. They had a brilliant time last year, and I enjoyed it very much. The school breaks up to-day, and to-morrow they will have the exhibition and then vacation. O! how glad the boys will be! I suppose Johnson will ride the poney every day, as he did last year.

I received your letter yesterday, and was grieved to hear that Grace had been sick. I am glad you did not write until she got better. It would have made me so unhappy. We are preparing for a visit to the Pavilion. I shall not be crowded out of the carriage next time. There is a great deal of company at the Pavilion, and we expect to enjoy ourselves very much. I expect vacation will soon pass, and then I shall have to return to Parker's Philosophy, Hedge's Logic, and the whole list of studies that I was so tired of before the session closed. O that Hedge's Logic! How it bothered me! But I shall try it again when vacation's over. Here comes Kate! I can write no more, so dear mother, good bye.

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TO HIS SISTER.—*Mr. Jones*—Aged 14.

*Dear Sister* :—When I received your letter I was very concerned to hear the death of your friend Mr. Reynolds, which I consider as a piece of affliction common to us both. For although my knowledge of his name or character is of no long date, and though I never had any personal acquaintance with him, yet (as you observe) we ought to regret the loss of every honorable man; and if I had the pleasure of your conversation I would certainly give you any consolatory advice that lay in my power, and make it my business to convince you what a real share I take in your chagrin. And yet, to reason philosophically, I cannot help thinking any grief upon a person's death very superfluous, and inconsistent with sense; for what is the cause of our sorrow? Is it because we hate the person deceased? that were to imply strange contradiction, to express our joy by the common signs of sorrow. If, on the other hand we grieve for one who was dear to us, I should reply

that we should, on the contrary, rejoice at his having left a state so perilous and uncertain as life is. The common strain is, "Tis pity so virtuous a man should die:"—but I assert the contrary; and when I hear the death of a person of merit, I cannot help reflecting, how happy he must be who now takes the reward of his excellencies without the possibility of falling away from them, and losing the virtue which he professed; on whose character death has fixed a kind of seal, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy; for death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as either good or bad. On the contrary, in life nothing is certain; whilst any one is liable to alteration, we may possibly be forced to retract our esteem for him, and some time or other he may appear to us as under a different light than what he does at present; for the life of no man can be pronounced either happy or miserable, virtuous or abandoned, before the conclusion of it. It was upon this reflection that Solon, being asked by Cresus, a monarch of immense riches, Who was the happiest man? answered, After your death I shall be able to determine.

You may expect a letter from me every day in the week till I come home; for Mrs. Biscoe has desired it, and has given me some franks. When you see her, you may tell her that her little boy sends his duty to her, and Mr. Biscoe his love to his sister, and desires to be remembered to Miss Cleeve: he also sends his compliments to my mamma and you. Upon my word, I never thought our bleak air would have so good an effect upon him. His complexion is now ruddy, which before was sallow and pale, and he is indeed much grown: but I now speak of trifles, I mean in comparison of his learning; and indeed he takes that with wonderful acuteness; besides, his excessive high spirits increase mine, and give me comfort, since, after Parnell's departure, he is almost the only company I keep. As for news, the only article I know is, that Mrs. Par is dead and buried. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner are well: the latter thanks you for bringing the letter from your old acquaintance, and the former has made me an elegant present. I am now very much taken up with study; am to speak Antony's speech in Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar* (which play I will read to you when I come to town), and am this week to make a declamation. I add no more than the sincere well wishes of your faithful friend, &c.



TO HIS MOTHER.—*Henry Kirke White.*

LONDON, December 24th, 1805.

*My dear Mother* :—You will, no doubt, have been surprised at not having heard from me for so long a time, and you will be no less so to find, that I am writing this at my aunt's in this far-famed city. I have been so much taken up with our college examinations of late, that I could not find time to write, even to you; and I am now come to town, in order to give myself some relaxation. For I had read so much at Cambridge, that my health was rather affected, and I was advised to give myself the respite of a week or a fortnight, in order to recover strength. I arrived in town on Saturday night, and should have written yesterday in order to remove any uneasiness you might feel on my account, but there is no post on Sunday.

I have now to communicate some agreeable intelligence to you. Last week being the close of the Michaelmas term, and our college examination, our tutor, who is a very great man, sent for me, and told me he was sorry to hear I had been ill: he understood I was low spirited, and wished to know whether I frightened myself about college expenses. I told him, that they did contribute some little to harass me, because I was as yet uncertain what the bills of my first year would amount to. His answer was to this purpose; "Mr. White, I beg you will not trouble yourself on this subject: your emoluments will be very great, very great indeed, and I will take care your expenses are not very burthensome. Leave that to me." He advised me to go to my friends, and amuse myself with a total cessation from reading. After our college examination (which lasted six days) was over, he sent for me again, and repeated what he had said before about the expenses of the college; and he added, that, if I went on as I had begun, and made myself a good scholar, I might rely on being provided for by the college; for, if *the country should be full*, and they could not elect me a fellow, they would recommend me to another college, where they would be glad to receive a clever man from their hands; or, at all events, they could *always* get a young man a situation as a private tutor in a nobleman's family, or could put him in some handsome way of preferment. "We make it a rule, (he said,) of providing for a clever man, whose fortune is small; and you may therefore rest assured, Mr. White, that, after you have taken your degree, you will be provided with a genteel competency *by the college*." He

begged I would be under no apprehensions on these accounts: he shook hands with me very affectionately, and wished me a speedy recovery. These attentions, from a man like the tutor of St. John's, are very marked; and Mr. Catton is well known for doing more than he says. I am sure, after these assurances from a principal of so respectable a society as St. John's, I have nothing more to fear; and I hope you will never repine on my account again. According to every appearance, my lot in life is certain.

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TO HIS FATHER.—*Burns.*

IRVINE, Dec. 27, 1781.

*Honored Sir* :—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New Year's Day; but work comes so hard upon us, that I do not choose to be absent on that account, as well as for some other little reasons which I shall tell you at meeting. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder; and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past events, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast, produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are alightened, I glimmer a little into futurity, but my principal, and indeed, my only pleasurable employment is, looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late. Present my dutiful respects to my mother, and my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Muir; and with wishing you a merry New Year's Day, I shall conclude. I am, honored sir, your dutiful son.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.—*Collingwood.*

OCEAN, AT MALTA, Feb. 5, 1809.

I RECEIVED your letter, my dearest child, and it made me very happy to find that you and dear Mary were well, and taking pains with your education. The greatest pleasure I have amidst my toils and troubles, is in the expectation which I entertain of finding you improved in knowledge, and that the understanding which it has pleased God to give you both, has been cultivated with care and assiduity. Your future happiness and respectability in the world depend on the diligence with which you apply to the attainment of knowledge at this period of your life; and I hope that no negligence of your own will be a bar to your progress. When I write to you, my beloved child, so much interested am I that you should be amiable, and worthy of the friendship and esteem of good and wise people, that I cannot forbear to second and enforce the instruction which you receive, by admonition of my own, pointing out to you the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner, to all people, on all occasions. It does not follow that you are to coincide and agree in opinion with every ill-judging person; but, after showing them your reason for dissenting from their opinion, your argument and opposition to it should not be tinged by any thing offensive. Never forget for one moment that you are a gentlewoman; and all your words, and all your actions, should mark you gentle. I never knew your mother,—your dear, your good mother,—say a harsh or a hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; my sensibility is touched sometimes with a trifle, and my expression of it sudden as gunpowder; but, my darling, it is a misfortune, which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me much pain. It has, indeed, given me more trouble to subdue this natural impetuosity, than any thing I ever undertook. I believe that you are both mild; but if ever you feel in your little breasts that you inherit a particle of your father's infirmity, restrain it, and quit the subject that has caused it, until your serenity be recovered. So much for mind and manners; next for accomplishments.

No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it; and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art; unless you aim at perfection, you will

never attain it; but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do any thing with indifference. Whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavor to do it as perfectly as it is possible. When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner that you are capable of. If, in a familiar epistle, you should be playful and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence, examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your brains, and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense and impertinence, are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines, and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant; it argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great ignorance towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology, for having scrawled a sheet of paper, of bad pens, for you should mend them; or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can more properly be devoted. I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her hand-writing. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others, and the scribblers flatter themselves with a vain hope, that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense. I am very anxious to come to England, for I have lately been unwell. The greatest happiness which I expect there, is to find that my dear girls have been assiduous in their learning.

May God Almighty bless you, my beloved little Sarah, and sweet Mary too.

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TO SWIFT.—Gay.

December 1, 1731.

You used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't send to me now and then, the post-

office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you.

You may keep as far from us as you please; you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes showing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favor; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits; and, as I don't want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done, is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving. I really think I am covetous enough for any one who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself; for I don't pretend that I am equally saving with Selkirk. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me, you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end, drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end to it; but the law still goes on, and 'tis probable I shall sometime or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book.

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TO BOSWELL.—*Johnson.*

LONDON, Dec. 8, 1763.

*Dear Sir:*—You are not to think yourself forgotten, or criminally neglected, that you have had yet no letter from me. I love to see my friends, to hear from them, to talk to them, and to talk of them; but it is not without a considerable effort of resolution that I prevail upon myself to write.

I would not, however, gratify my own indolence by the omission of any important duty, or any office of real kindness.

To tell you that I am, or am not well, that I have, or have not been in the country, that I drank your health in the room in which we sat last together, and that your acquaintances continue to speak of you with their former kindness, topics with which those letters are commonly filled which are written only for the sake of writing, I seldom shall think worth communicating; but if I can have it in my power to calm any harassing disquiet, to excite any virtuous desire, to rectify any important opinion, or fortify any generous resolution, you need not doubt but I shall at least wish to prefer the pleasure of gratifying a friend much less esteemed than yourself before the gloomy calm of idle vacancy. Whether I shall easily arrive at an exact punctuality of correspondence, I cannot tell. I shall at present expect that you will receive this in return for two which I have had from you. The first, indeed, gave me an account so hopeless of the state of your mind, that it hardly admitted or deserved an answer; by the second I was much better pleased, and the pleasure will still be increased by such a narrative of the progress of your studies, as may evince the continuance of an equal and rational application of your mind to some useful inquiry.

There lurks, perhaps, in every human heart a desire of distinction, which inclines every man first to hope, and then to believe, that nature has given him something peculiar to himself. This vanity makes one mind nurse aversions, and another actuate desires, till they rise by art much above their original state of power; and as affection in time improves to habit, they at last tyrannize over him who at first encouraged them only for show. Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who, while he was chill was harmless; but, when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison. You know a gentleman, who, when he first set his foot in the gay world, as he prepared himself to whirl in the vortex of pleasure, imagined a total indifference and universal negligence to be the most agreeable concomitants of youth, and the strongest indication of an airy temper and a quick apprehension. - Vacant to every object, and sensible of every impulse, he thought that all appearance of diligence would deduct something from the reputation of genius; and hoped that he should appear to attain, amidst all the ease of carelessness, and the tumult of diversion, that knowledge and those accomplishments, which

mortals of the common fabric obtain only by a more abstraction and solitary drudgery. He tried this scheme of life awhile, was made weary of it by his sense and his virtue; he then wished to return to his studies, and, finding long habits of idleness and pleasure harder to be cured than he expected, still willing to retain his claim to some extraordinary prerogative, resolved the common consequences of irregularity into an unalterable decree of destiny, and concluded that nature had originally formed him incapable of rational employment.

Let all such fancies, illusive and destructive, be banished henceforward from your thoughts for ever.

Resolve, and keep your resolution; choose, and pursue your choice. If you spend this day in study, you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow; not that you are to expect that you shall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not very easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted; but let no accidental surprise or deviation, whether short or long, dispose you to despondency. Consider these failings as incident to all mankind. Begin again where you left off, and endeavor to avoid the inducements that prevailed over you before.

This, my dear Boswell, is advice which, perhaps, has been often given you, and given you without effect. But this advice, if you will not take from others, you must take from your own reflections, if you purpose to do the duties of the station to which the bounty of Providence has called you.

Let me have a long letter from you as soon as you can. I hope you continue your journal, and enrich it with many observations upon the country in which you reside. It will be a favor if you can get me any books in the Frisick language, and can inquire how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant.

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TO HIS COUSIN.—*Cooper.*

OLNEY, Feb. 9, 1786.

*My dearest Cousin:*—I have been impatient to tell you that I am impatient to see you again. Mrs. Unwin partakes with me in all my feelings upon this subject, and longs also to see

you. I should have told you so by the last post, but have been so completely occupied by this tormenting specimen, that it was impossible to do it. I sent the General a letter on Monday, that would distress and alarm him; I sent him another yesterday that will, I hope, quiet him again. Johnson has apologised very civilly for the multitude of his friend's strictures, and his friend has promised to confine himself in future, to a comparison of me with the original, so that, (I doubt not,) we shall jog on merrily together. And now, my dear, let me tell you once more, that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both. I shall see you again. I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects,—the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse and its banks,—every thing that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn! mention it not for your life! We have never had so many visitors, but we could easily accommodate them all, though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son, all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May, or beginning of June; because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats; and there you shall sit, with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle, every day. Sooner than the time I mention the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. *Imprimis*, As soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges Puss at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the left hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same author; it was once a dove-cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table, which I also made. But a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament; and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand, at the further end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlor, into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin, unless we



should meet her before, and where we shall be as happy as the day is long. Order yourself, my cousin, to the Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about casks and urns, and have asked him, whether he is sure it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a cask, and that it will never be any thing better than a cask to eternity. So, if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too.

Adieu! my dearest, dearest cousin.

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TO MARIE.—*Last Letter of L. E. L.*

CAPE COAST CASTLE, October 15, 1838.

*My dearest Marie* :—I cannot but write to you a brief account how I enact the part of a feminine Robinson Crusoe. I must say, in itself, the place is infinitely superior to all I ever dreamed of. The castle is a fine building,—the rooms excellent. I do not suffer from heat; insects there are few or none, and I am in excellent health. The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute; from seven in the morning till seven, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are over, for it is very awkward to be the only lady. Still, the great kindness with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, make me feel it as little as possible. Last week we had a visit from Captain Castle, of the Pylades. His story is very melancholy. He was married, six months before he left England, to one of the beautiful Miss Hills, Sir John Hill's daughter, and she died just as he received orders to return home. We also had a visit from Colonel Bosch, the Dutch governor, a most gentleman-like man. I have not yet felt the want of society the least: I do not wish to form new friends, and never does a day pass without thinking most affectionately of my old ones. On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks; one wave comes up after another, and is forever dashed in pieces, like human hopes, that can only swell to be disappointed; as we advance, up springs the shining froth of love or hope, "a moment white then gone for

ever." The land view, with its cocoa and palm-trees, is very striking; it is like a scene in the *Arabian Nights*. Of a night, the beauty is very remarkable: the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favor. I have only once been out of the fort by day-light, and then was delighted. The salt-lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon light. The chance of sending this letter is a very sudden one, or I should have ventured to write to General Fagen, to whom I beg the very kindest regards. Dearest, do not forget me. Pray write to me, "Mrs. George Maclean, Cape Coast Castle; care of Messrs. Forster and Smith, 5, New City Chambers, Bishopsgate-street." Write about yourself; nothing else half so much interests

Your affectionate

L. E. L.

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TO MRS. WIRT.—*Wm. Wirt.*

WILLIAMSBURG, July 13, 1806.

I HAVE had an application made to me yesterday, which embarrasses me not a little, and I wish your advice upon it. I dare say you have heard me say that I hoped no one would undertake the defence of Swinney, but that he would be left to the fate which he seemed so justly to merit. Judge Nelson, himself, has changed a good deal, the course of my opinions on this subject, by stating that there was a difference in the opinion of the faculty in Richmond as to the cause of Mr. Wythe's death, and that the eminent McClung, amongst others, had pronounced that his death was caused simply by bile and not by poison. I had concluded that his innocence was possible, and, therefore, that it would not be so horrible a thing to defend him as, at first, I had thought it. But I had scarcely made up my mind on this subject, little supposing that any application would be made to me. Yesterday, however, a Major A. M., a very respectable gentleman, and an uncle to Swinney on the mother's side, came down in the stage from Richmond, and made that application in a manner which affected me very sensibly. He stated the distress and distraction of his sister, the mother of Swinney; said it was the wish

of the young man to be defended by me, and that if I would undertake it, it would give peace to his relations. What shall I do? If there is no moral or professional impropriety in it, I know that it might be done in a manner which would avert the displeasure of every one from me, and give me a splendid *debut* in the metropolis. Judge Nelson says I ought not to hesitate a moment to do it; that no one can justly censure me for it; and, for his own part, he thinks it highly proper that the young man should be defended. Being himself a relation of Judge Wythe's, and having the most delicate sense of propriety, I am disposed to confide very much in his opinion. But I told Major M., I would take time to consider of it, and give him an answer, at the farthest, in a month. I beg you, my dear B., to consider this subject, and collect, if you can conveniently in conversation, the opinions of your parents and Cabell, and let me hear the result. My conduct through life is more important to you and your children than even to myself; for to my own heart I mean to stand justified by doing nothing that I think wrong. But, for your sakes, I wish to do nothing that the *world* shall think wrong. I would not have you or them subject to one reproach hereafter because of me.

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TO LAURA H. WIRT.—*Wm. Wirt.*

RICHMOND, September 13, 1811.

*My Dear Laura*:—I would have answered your letter sooner, but that my courts and my clients hardly leave me time to write to your dear mother, to whom, of all earthly creatures, you and I owe our first duties. But I have not loved you the less for not writing to you: on the contrary, I have been thinking of you with the greatest affection, and praying for you on my bended knees, night and morning, humbly begging God that he would bless you with health and happiness, and make you an ornament to your sex, and a blessing to your parents. But we must not be like the man who prayed to Hercules to help his wagon out of the mud, and was too lazy to try to help himself:—no, we must be thoughtful; try our best to learn our books, and to be good; and then if we call upon our Father in heaven, he will help us. I am glad your Latin grammar is becoming easier to you.

It will be more and more so, the more you give your whole mind to it. God has been very kind in blessing you with a sound understanding; and it would be sinful in you to neglect such a great blessing, and suffer your mind to go to ruin, instead of improving it by study, and making it beautiful, as well as useful, to yourself and others. It would be almost as bad as it would be for Uncle Cabell to be so lazy himself, and to suffer his laborers to be so lazy, as to let his rich low grounds run up all in weeds, instead of corn, and so have no bread to give his family, and let them all starve and die. Now your mind is as rich as Uncle Cabell's low grounds; and all that your mother and father ask of you, is, that you will not be so idle as to let it run to weeds; but that you will be industrious and studious, and so your mind will bring a fine crop of fruits and flowers.

Suppose there was a nest full of beautiful young birds, so young that they could not fly and help themselves, and they were opening their little mouths, and crying for something to eat and drink, and their parents would not bring them anything, but were to let them cry on from morning till night, till they starved and died, would not they be very wicked parents? Now, your mind is this nest full of beautiful little singing birds; much more beautiful and melodious than any canary birds in the world; and there sits fancy, and reason, and memory, and judgment,—all with their little heads thrust forward out of the nest, and crying as hard as they can for something to eat and drink. Will you not love your father and mother for trying to feed them with books and learning, the only kind of meat and drink they love, and without which those sweet little songsters must, in a few years, hang their heads and die? Nay, will you not do your very best to help your father and mother to feed them, that they may grow up, get a full suit of fine glossy feathers, and cheer the house with their songs? And, moreover, would it not be very wrong to feed *some* of them only, and let the rest starve? You are very fond when you get a new story-book, of running through it as fast as you can, just for the sake of knowing what happened to this one, and that one in doing this, you are only feeding one of the four birds I have mentioned,—that is *fancy*, which, to be sure, is the loudest singer among them, and will please you most while you are young. But, while you are thus feeding and stuffing fancy,—reason, memory and judgment are starving; and yet, by-and-bye, you will think their notes much

softer and sweeter than those of fancy, although not so loud, and wild and varied. Therefore, you ought to feed those other birds, too: they eat a great deal slower than fancy; they require the grains to be powdered in a mortar before they can get any food from them; that is when you read a pretty story, you must not gallop over it as fast as you can, just to learn what happened; but you must stop every now and then, and consider why one of the persons of whom you read is so much beloved, and another so much hated. This sort of consideration pounds the grains in a mortar, and feeds reason and judgment. Then you must determine that you will not forget that story, but that you will try to remember every part of it, that you may shape your own conduct by it,—doing those good actions which the story has told you will make people love you, and avoiding those evil ones which you find will make them hate you. This is feeding memory and judgment both at once. Memory, too, is remarkably fond of a *tit-bit* of Latin grammar; and, though the food is hard to come at, yet the sweet little bird must not starve. The rest of them could do nothing without her; for if she was to die, they would never sing again,—at least not sweetly.

Your affectionate father.

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TO THE COUNTESS OF ———.—*Lady M. W. Montague.*

PRAGUE, November 17, O. S. 1716.

I HOPE my dear sister wants no new proof of my sincere affection for her; but I am sure if you do, I could not give you a stronger than writing at this time, after three days, or more properly speaking, three nights and days hard post travelling. The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not sometimes find a place to set it up in; and I rather choose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stores, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian King, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some

remains of its ancient splendor, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those people of quality, who cannot easily bear the expense of Vienna, choose to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions, those of court excepted, at very moderate prices; all things here being in abundance, especially the best wild-fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there—after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original. It is not easy to demonstrate what extraordinary figures they make.

I will not forget to write to you again from Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity, than to indulge my own repose.

I am, &c.

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TO HER FATHER, THE DUKE OF MECKLENBURG STRE-  
LITZ.—*Louisa, Queen of Prussia.*

MEMEL, June 17, 1807.

WITH the deepest emotion and tears of the tenderest gratitude, I have read your letter of April last. How can I thank you best and kindest of fathers, for all the proofs I have received of your love, your favor, your indescribable goodness to me? What a consolation, what a support are they to me in my afflictions. The object of such love cannot be utterly unhappy.

Another enormous calamity has overtaken us, and we are now on the point of leaving the kingdom. You may think what is my state,—what are my feelings. Yet in the name of God I conjure you, do not misunderstand your daughter! Believe not that my pusillanimous sorrow bows down my head. There are two main sources of courage that raise me above all that fate can do: the first is the thought that we are not the sport of a blind chance, but that we abide in God's hand, and under the guidance of his providence; the second, that we fall with honor. The king has proved,—to the whole world he has proved,—that he prefers honor to a shameful submission. Prussia will not wear the chains of a voluntary

slavery. Nor is there a single point on which the king could have acted otherwise, without being false to his own character, and a traitor to his people. What strength the consciousness of this gives, he alone can know through whose whole being the feeling of honor flows like life-blood.

But to the point.

By the disastrous battle of Friedland, Königsberg has fallen into the hands of the French. The enemy presses hard upon us, and if this danger approaches but a little nearer, I shall be compelled to leave Memel with my children. The king will rejoin the emperor. I go, as soon as the peril becomes imminent, to Riga:—God will help me to endure the moment when I must pass the frontier of Prussia. There shall I stand in need of strength; but I look up to Heaven, whence come both good and evil, and my fast faith is that it sends us not more than we can bear! Once more, best of fathers, we fall with honor, respected by other nations, and we shall never cease to have friends, because we deserve them. How tranquillizing this thought is, it is impossible to say. I bear all with a calmness and composure which only a peaceful conscience and pure intentions can give.

Be assured, therefore, dearest father, that we can never be completely unhappy, and that many who are loaded with crowns and successes are not so cheerful as we. God send every virtuous man peace in his own breast, and he will ever find cause of rejoicing. Yet one thing more for your consolation,—nothing will ever be done on our side, that is not consistent with the strictest honor, and with fidelity to the common cause. Think not of the possibility of any pitiful concessions for our own peculiar interest. This will be a comfort to you, I know, and to all who belong to me.

I am ever your true, dutiful, and most loving daughter, and God be thanked, I can say, since your gracious kindness permits me,  
Your friend.

TO TERENTIA, TO MY DEAREST TULLIA, AND TO MY SON.—*Cicero.*

BRUNDISIUM, April 30, A. U., 695.

If you do not hear from me so frequently as you might, it is because I can neither write to you nor read your letters,

without falling into greater grief than I am able to support: for though I am at all times indeed completely miserable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular sensibility upon those tender occasions.

Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! Our days would then have been, if not wholly unacquainted with sorrow, yet by no means thus wretched. However, if any hopes are still reserved to us of recovering some part at least of what we have lost, I shall not think that I have made altogether so imprudent a choice. But if our present fate is unalterably fixed—ah! my dearest Terentia, if we are utterly and forever abandoned by those gods whom you have so religiously adored, and by those men whom I have so faithfully served, let me see you as soon as possible, that I may have the satisfaction of breathing out my last departing sigh in your arms.

I have spent about a fortnight in this place, with my friend Marcus Flaccus. This worthy man did not scruple to exercise the rights of friendship and hospitality towards me, notwithstanding the severe penalties of that iniquitous law against those who should venture to give me reception. May I one day have it in my power to make him a return to those generous services, which I shall ever most gratefully remember!

I am just going to embark and purpose to pass through Macedonia in my way to Cyzicum. And now my Terentia, thus ruined and wretched as I am, can I entreat you under all that weight of pain and sorrow with which, I too well know, you are oppressed, can I entreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile? But must I then live without you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition; unless your presence at Rome may be a means of forwarding my return: if any hope of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none; come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible: for never can I think myself completely ruined, whilst I shall enjoy my Terentia's company. But how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A question which you yourself must consider; for, as to my own part, I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measures that may injure her conjugal repose, or affect her in the good opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of folding him forever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.



I am under the utmost solicitude, as I know not whether you have been able to preserve any part of your estate, or, what I sadly fear, are cruelly robbed of your whole fortune. I hope Piso will always continue what you represent him to be, entirely ours. As to the manumission of the slaves, I think you have no occasion to be uneasy. For regard to your own, you only promised them their liberty as they should deserve it: but excepting Orpheus, there are none of them that have any great claim to this favor. As to mine, I told them, if my estate should be forfeited, I would give them their freedom, provided I could obtain the confirmation of that grant; but if I preserved my estate, that they should all of them, excepting only a few whom I particularly named, remain in their present condition. But this is a matter of little consequence.

With regard to the advice you give me, of keeping up my spirits, in the belief that I shall again be restored to my country; I only wish that I may have reason to encourage so desirable an expectation. In the meantime, I am greatly miserable in the uncertainty when I shall hear from you, or what hand you will find to convey your letters. I would have waited for them at this place; but the master of the ship on which I am going to embark could not be prevailed upon to lose the present opportunity of sailing.

For the rest, let me conjure you in my turn, to bear up under the pressure of our afflictions with as much resolution as possible. Remember that my days have all been honorable; and that I now suffer, not for my crimes, but for my virtues. No, my Terentia, nothing can justly be imputed to me, but that I survived the loss of my dignities. However, if it was more agreeable to our children that I should thus live, let that reflection teach us to submit to our misfortunes with cheerfulness; insupportable as upon all other considerations they would undoubtedly be. But, alas! whilst I am endeavoring to keep up your spirits, I am utterly unable to preserve my own.

I have sent back the faithful Philetærus; as the weakness of his eyes made him incapable of rendering me any service. Nothing can equal the good offices I receive from Sallustius. Pescennius likewise has given me strong marks of his affection: and I hope he will not fail in his respect also to you. Sicca promised to attend me in my exile; but he changed his mind, and has left me at this place.

I entreat you to take all possible care of your health; and be assured, your misfortunes more sensibly affect me than my own. Adieu, my Terentia, thou most faithful and best of wives! Adieu. And thou, my dearest daughter, together with that other consolation of my life, my dear son, I bid you all most tenderly farewell.

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TO A SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY BY AN OLD WOMAN.

*Justus Moser.*

You do your husband injustice, dear child, if you think he loves you less than formerly. He is a man of an ardent, active temper, who loves labor and exertion, and finds his pleasure in them; and as long as his love for you furnished him with labor and exertion he was completely absorbed in it. But this has of course, ceased; your reciprocal position,—but by no means his love, as you imagine,—has changed.

A love which seeks to conquer, and a love which has conquered, are two totally different passions. The one puts on the stretch all the virtues of the hero; it excites in him fear, hope, desire; it leads from triumph to triumph, and makes him think every foot of ground that he gains, a kingdom. Hence it keeps alive and fosters all the active powers of the man who abandons himself to it. The happy husband cannot appear like the lover; he has not like him to fear, to hope and to desire; he has no longer that charming toil, with all its triumphs, which he had before; nor can that which he has already won be again a conquest.

You have only, my dear child, to attend to this most natural and inevitable difference, and you will see in the whole conduct of your husband, who now finds more pleasure in business than in your smiles, nothing to offend you. You wish,—do you not?—that he would still sit with you alone on the mossy bank in front of the grotto, as he used to do, look in your blue eyes, and kneel to kiss your pretty hand. You wish that he would paint to you in livelier colors than ever those delights of love which lovers know how to describe with so much art and passion; that he would carry your imagination from one rapture to another. My wishes, at least, for the first year after I married my husband, went to nothing short of this. But it will not do;—the best husband is also the most useful and active member of society; and when love no

longer demands toil and trouble,—when every triumph is a mere repetition of the last,—when success has lost something of its value along with its novelty,—the taste for activity no longer finds its appropriate food, and turns to fresh objects of pursuit. The necessity for occupation and for progress is of the very essence of our souls; and if our husbands are guided by reason in the choice of occupation, we ought not to pout because they do not sit with us so often as formerly by the silver brook or under the beech tree. At first I too found it hard to endure the change. But my husband talked to me about it with perfect frankness and sincerity. “The joy with which you receive me,” said he, “does not conceal your vexation, and your saddened eye tries in vain to assume a cheerful look; I see what you want,—that I would sit as I used to do on the mossy bank, hang on all your steps, and live on your breath; but this is impossible. I would bring you down from the top of a church steeple on a rope ladder, at the peril of my life, if I could obtain you in no other way; but now, as I have you fast in my arms, as all dangers are past and all obstacles overcome, my passion can no longer find satisfaction in that way. What was once sacrificed to my self-love, ceases to be a sacrifice. The spirit of invention, discovery, and conquest, inherent in man, demands a new career. Before I obtained you I used all the virtues I possessed as steps to reach you; but now, as I have you, I place you at the top of them, and you are the highest step from which I now hope to ascend higher.”

Little as I relished the notion of the church tower, or the honor of serving as the highest step under my husband's feet, time and reflection on the course of human affairs convinced me that the thing could not be otherwise. I therefore turned my active mind, which would perhaps in time have been tired of the mossy bank, to the domestic business which now became within my department; and when we had both been busy and bustling in our usual ways, and could tell each other in the evening what we had been doing, he in the fields, and I in the house or garden, we were often more happy, and more contented than the most loving couple in the world.

And, what is best of all, this pleasure has not left us after thirty years of marriage. We talk with as much animation as ever of our domestic affairs; I learned to know all my husband's tastes, and I relate to him what ever I think likely to please him, out of journals, whether political or literary; I

recommend books to him, and lay them before him. As to his accounts, I understand them as well as he, and make them easier to him by having mine of all the yearly outlay which passes through my hands, ready and in order; if necessary, I can send in a statement to the treasury chamber and my hand makes as good a figure in our cash book as his; we are accustomed to the same order; we know the spirit of all our affairs and duties, and we have one aim and one will in all our undertakings.

This would never have been the case if we had played the part of tender lovers after marriage, as well as before, and had exhausted our energies in asseverations of mutual love. We should perhaps have regarded each other with ennui, and have soon found the grotto too damp, the evening air too cool, the noon-tide too hot, the morning fatiguing. We should have longed for visitors, who, when they came would not have been amused, and would have impatiently awaited the hour of departure, or, if we went to them, would have wished us away. Spoiled by effeminate trifling, we should have wanted to continue to trifle, and to share in pleasures we could not enjoy; or have been compelled to find refuge at the card-table,—the last place at which the old can figure with the young.

Do you wish not to fall into this state, my dear child? Follow my example, and do not torment your excellent husband with unreasonable exactions. Don't think, however, that I have entirely renounced the pleasure of seeing mine at my feet. Opportunities for this present themselves far more frequently to those who do not seek, but seem to avoid them, than to those who allow themselves to be found on the mossy bank at all times, and as often as it pleases their lord and master.

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TO HIS PUPIL.—Weber.

*My dear Emilius*:—I am anxious before we part to speak with you once more, and to repeat to you in writing what I have such countless times sought to impress upon your heart still more urgently and distinctly by word of mouth. That you were my pupil, sufficed to inspire me with a feeling of duty as to your character and conduct generally; for I cannot separate the Art from the Man, who should learn to reverence the whole of an existence dedicated to her.

You know how I despise that so-called geniality which regards the life of an artist as a letter of license for every extravagance, for every offence against morality and against what is most venerable in civil society. There is no question but that the rejection of all restraint excites the fancy, or that the intentional and necessary abandonment of the mind to every gay dream but too easily comes to infect the whole of practical life. It is but too sweet to float along unresistingly with the stream. But here the true strength of the man must be proved; it must be seen whether he rules the spirits, and only permits them to display their power and activity within the circle he prescribes to them, or whether he is possessed by them, and whirled about in the frenzied mazes of an Indian fakeer.

The first and most potent spell by which to elevate their promptings into pure aspirations, is persevering industry. How foolish is it to imagine that the earnest study of means cripples the genius! It is only from a mastery of them that free creative power can emanate; it is only when familiar with all the paths which have already been trodden, and moving with ease in them, that the mind can discover new ones.

For more than two years I gave you instruction. All the experience that heaven has permitted me to acquire I have laid bare before you, with that joy with which one spares a friend the labor one has gone through one's self. Can I now part from you with the tranquillizing assurance that you have thoroughly possessed yourself of all this? Can I say, here stands one who has learnt his business, and who can answer all the demands that the world and circumstances may make upon his productive genius? Can I feel secure that the ground-work is firm?

Dear Emilius, you have so much acuteness, so much ambition, so much talent,—you will sin against God, your parents, art, yourself and me, if you give yourself up longer to this dreamy intoxication; if you do not learn to live for the world and in the world with steadfast perseverance in good, and with that order which alone gives warrant of soul truly devoted to honor. Your uncertainty, your disregard of every promise and every engagement, is become proverbial among all your acquaintances. It is the grace and glory of a man to be the slave of his word. Delude not yourself with the notion that you may be untrue and uncertain in trifles, and in important things the contrary. Trifles make up existence, and give the

observer the measure by which to try us, and the fearful power of habit, after a time, suffers not the best will to ripen into action.

My dear Emilius, whatever pain the repetition of all this may give you, it gives me much more. You are become a part of myself,—you are so near to me: and must I again say *such things* to you?

But I commit you to Him who leads us to all good. In every life there are critical turns which determine the color of all the remainder. Let this be such an one. Impose on yourself wants which may call out on your art; place your honor in being independent, and you will feel yourself richly indemnified and rewarded for every privation.

I embrace you from my heart, and give you my sincerest good wishes as companions of your way. May you give the lie to all my fears, and hereafter be able to reach out your hand to me from above.

Heaven's best blessing be upon you. Your faithful teacher and friend.

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TO THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS.—*George Washington.*

NEW YORK, September 2, 1776.

*Sir*:—As my intelligence of late has been rather unfavorable, and would be received with anxiety and concern, peculiarly happy should I esteem myself, were it in my power at this time to transmit such information to Congress, as would be more pleasing and agreeable to their wishes:—but, unfortunately for me,—unfortunately for them,—it is not.

Our situation is truly distressing. The check our detachment sustained on the twenty-seventh ultimo has dispirited too great a proportion of our troops, and filled their minds with apprehension and despair. The militia, instead of calling forth their utmost efforts to a brave and manly opposition, in order to repair our losses, are dismayed, intractable, and impatient to return. Great numbers of them have gone off,—in some instances, almost by whole regiments, by half ones, and by companies at a time. This circumstance, of itself, independent of others, when fronted by a well appointed enemy, superior in number to our whole collected force, would be sufficiently disagreeable: but, when their example has infected another

part of the army,—when their want of discipline, and refusal of almost every kind of restraint and government, have produced a like conduct but too common to the whole, and an entire disregard of that order and subordination necessary to the well-doing of an army, and which had been inculcated before, as well as the nature of our military establishment would admit of, our condition is still more alarming: and, with the deepest concern, I am obliged to confess my want of confidence in the generality of the troops.

All these circumstances fully confirm the opinion I ever entertained, and which I more than once in my letters took the liberty of mentioning to Congress, that no dependence could be put in a militia or other troops than those enlisted and embodied for a longer period than our regulations heretofore have prescribed. I am persuaded, and as fully convinced as I am of any one fact that has happened, that our liberties must of necessity be greatly hazarded, if not entirely lost, if their defence is left to any but a permanent standing army,—I mean one to exist during the war. Nor would the expense, incident to the support of such a body of troops as would be competent to almost every exigency, far exceed that which is daily incurred by calling in succor, and new enlistments, which, when effected, are not attended with any good consequences. Men who have been free, and subject to no control, cannot be reduced to order in an instant: and the privileges and exemptions they claim and will have, influence the conduct of others; and the aid derived from them is nearly counterbalanced by the disorder, irregularity and confusion they occasion.

I cannot find that the bounty of ten dollars is likely to produce the desired effect. When men can get double that sum to engage for a month or two in the militia, and that militia frequently called out, it is hardly to be expected. The addition of land might have a considerable influence on a permanent enlistment.

Our number of men, at present fit for duty, is under twenty thousand: they were so by the last returns and best accounts I could get after the engagement on Long Island; since which numbers have deserted. I have ordered General Mercer to send the men intended for the flying camp to this place, about a thousand in number, and to try with the militia, if practicable, to make a diversion upon Staten Island.

Till of late I had no doubt in my own mind, of defending this place: nor should I have yet, if the men would do their

duty: but this I despair of. It is painful, and extremely grating to me, to give such unfavorable accounts; but it would be criminal to conceal the truth at so critical a juncture. Every power I possess shall be exerted to serve the cause; and my first wish is, that, whatever may be the event, Congress will do me the justice to think so.

If we should be obliged to abandon the town, ought it to stand as winter quarters for the enemy? They would derive great conveniences from it, on the one hand, and much property would be destroyed, on the other. It is an important question, but will admit of but little time for deliberation. At present I dare say the enemy mean to preserve it if they can. If Congress, therefore, should resolve upon the destruction of it, the resolution should be a profound secret, as the knowledge of it will make a capital change in their plans.

I have the honor to be, &c.

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TO GEN. WASHINGTON.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

PASSY, March 5, 1780.

*Sir* :—I have received but lately the letter your excellency did me the honor of writing to me in recommendation of the Marquis de la Fayette. His modesty detained it long in his hands. We became acquainted, however, from the time of his arrival at Paris; and his zeal for the honor of our country, his activity in our affairs here, and his firm attachment to our cause, and to you, impressed me with the same regard and esteem for him that your excellency's letter would have done had it been immediately delivered to me.

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see your excellency in Europe, and to accompany you if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and cotemporaries are ever endeavoring to cast over living merit. Here you would know and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington: for a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect as a thousand years. The feeble voice of those grovelling passions cannot extend so far either



in time or distance. At present I enjoy that pleasure for you: as I frequently hear the old generals of this martial country, who study the maps of America, and mark upon them all your operations, speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct; and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age.

I must soon quit the scene, but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the war is over; like a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discolored, and which, in that weak state, by a thunder gust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet, the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigor, and delights the eye not of its owner only, but of every observing traveller.

The best wishes that can be formed for your health, honor, and happiness, ever attend you, from yours, &c.

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In reply to a communication containing the resolutions of Congress appointing a committee of one member from each State, to take leave of him previous to his return to France, after the Revolution.—*La Fayette*.

Sir :—While it pleases the United States in Congress, so kindly to receive me, I want words to express the feelings of a heart which delights in their present situation, and the bestowed marks of their esteem.

Since I joined the standard of liberty, to this wished-for hour of my personal congratulations, I have seen such glorious deeds performed, and virtues displayed, by the sons of America, that, in the instant of my first concern for them, I had anticipated but a part of the love and regard which devote me to this rising empire.

During our revolution, sir, I obtained an unlimited, indulgent confidence, which I am equally happy and proud to acknowledge; it dates with the time, when, an unexperienced youth, I could only claim my respected friend's paternal adoption. It has been most benevolently continued throughout every circumstance of the cabinet and field; and, in personal friendships I have often found a support against public

difficulties. While, on this solemn occasion, I mention my obligations to Congress, to the States, to the people at large, permit me also to remember the dear military companions, to whose services their country is so much indebted.

Having felt both for the timely aid of my country, and for the part she, with a beloved king, acted in the cause of mankind, I enjoy an alliance so well rivetted by mutual affection, by interest, and even local situation. Recollection insures it. Futurity does but enlarge the prospect; and the private intercourse, will, every day, increase, which independent and advantageous trade cherishes, in proportion as it is well understood.

In unbounded wishes to America, sir, I am happy to observe the prevailing disposition of the people to strengthen the confederation, preserve public faith, regulate trade, and, in a proper guard over continental magazines and frontier posts, in a general system of militia, in foreseeing attention to the navy, to ensure every kind of safety. *May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and a sanctuary for the rights of mankind!* and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity, which will illustrate the blessings of their government, and for ages to come, rejoice the departed souls of its founders.

However unwilling to trespass on your time, I must yet present you with grateful thanks for the late favors of Congress, and never can they oblige me so much as when they put it in my power, in every part of the world, to the latest day of my life, to gratify the attachment which will ever rank me among the most zealous and respectful servants of the United States.

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TO DR. BROCKENBOROUGH.—*John Randolph.*

ROANOAKE, July 4, 1815.

It was to me a subject of deep regret that I was obliged to leave town before Mr. Mead's arrival. I promised myself much comfort and improvement from his conversation. My dear sir, there is, or there is not, another and a better world. If there is, as we all believe, what is it but madness to be absorbed in the cares of a clay-built hovel, held at will, unmind-

ful of the rich inheritance of an imperishable palace, of which we are immortal heirs? We acknowledge these things with our lips, but not with our hearts; we lack faith.

We would serve God provided we may serve mammon at the same time. For my part, could I be brought to believe that this life must be the end of my being, I should be disposed to get rid of it as an incumbrance. If what is to come be any thing like what is passed, it would be wise to abandon the hulk to the underwriters, the worms. I am more and more convinced that, with a few exceptions, this world of ours is a vast mad-house. The only men I ever knew well, ever approached closely, whom I did not discover to be unhappy, are sincere believers of the gospel, and conform their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts. There are only three of them. [Meade, Hogue, Key?] And yet, ambition, and avarice, and pleasure, as it is called, have their temples crowded with votaries, whose own experience has proved to them the insufficiency and emptiness of their pursuits, and who obstinately turn away from the only waters that can slake their dying thirst and heal their diseases.

One word on the subject of your own state of mind. I am well acquainted with it—too well. Like you, I have not reached that lively faith which some more favored persons enjoy. But I am persuaded that it can, and will be attained by all who are conscious of the depravity of our nature, of their own manifold departures from the laws of God, and sins against their own conscience; and who are sincerely desirous to accept of pardon on the terms held out in the gospel. Without puzzling ourselves, therefore, with subtle disquisitions, let us ask, are we conscious of the necessity of pardon? are we willing to submit to the terms offered to us—to consider christianity as a scheme imperfectly understood, planned by infinite wisdom, and canvassed by finite comprehensions—to ask of our Heavenly Father that faith and that strength which by our own unassisted efforts we can never attain? To me it would be a stronger objection to christianity did it contain nothing which baffled my comprehension, than its most difficult doctrines. What professor ever delivered a lecture that his scholars were not at a loss to comprehend some parts of it? But that is no objection to the doctrine. But the teacher here is God! I may deceive myself, but I hope that I have made some progress, so small indeed, that I may be ashamed of it, in this necessary work, even since I saw

you. I am not the disciple of any sectarian, but I feel the necessity of a changed nature; of a new life; of an altered heart. I feel my stubborn and rebellious nature to be softened, and that it is essential to my comfort here, as well as to my future welfare, to cultivate and cherish feelings of good will towards all mankind; to strive against envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. I think I have succeeded in forgiving all my enemies. There is not a human being that I would hurt if it were in my power; not even Bonaparte.

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TO HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.—*Junius*.

*My Lord*.—You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps, an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

You are indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank; a splendid fortune; and a name glorious till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first, you derived a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority;—the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honorable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope, which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honor, was

open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the richest peer of England; the noble independence, which he might have maintained in parliament, and the real interest and respect which he might have acquired, not only in parliament, but through the whole kingdom; compare these glorious distinctions with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation; and though you may not regret the virtues which create respect, you may see, with anguish, how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford; imagine what he might be in this country, then reflect one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself, or his dependants, as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in parliament, he would be heard by the most profligate minister, with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as to their protector, and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous heartfelt consolation, in the sympathizing tears and blessings of his country.

Your grace may probably discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence either in opposing or de-

fending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to the favorite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an interview with the favorite, and of offering to recover, at any price, the honor of his friendship. Though deceived perhaps in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from the most profligate of mankind. His own honor would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to the humiliating, dishonest necessity of engaging in the interest and intrigues of his dependants, of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt of the constitution, as openly to avow, in a court of justice, the purchase and sale of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the state, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation. He would never have been insulted with virtues which he had labored to extinguish, nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat, which has made him ridiculous and contemptible, even to the few by whom he was not detested. I reverence the afflictions of a good man,—his sorrows are sacred. But how can we take part in the distresses of a man whom we can neither love nor esteem; or feel for a calamity of which he himself is insensible? Where was the father's heart, when he could look for, or find an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son, in consultations and bargains for a place at court, and even in the misery of balloting at the India House!

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TO HEINSE.—*Jacobi.*

*Dear Friend* :—WHAT I most wish to tell you of, my kind-hearted Heinse, and can least find words to describe, is the infinite felicity I felt at being once again in my own Pempelfort. When I drove into the court-yard, it was as if the gates of paradise opened to me. In a moment I saw Betty, and behind her Frank, Max, and Clara, flying towards me. The two

eldest, whom I brought home with me, threw open the carriage-doors on each side and sprang out to meet their mother. There was such a rush and confusion of kisses and embraces, as if we were all blind. In the midst of it, however, I could hear my children exclaiming to each other between their kisses, Do you know me? Do you? and you? Yes, you are such-an-one, and you such-an-one. My name is Clara,—I am Max. Meanwhile my brother and sister had joined us; and now the whole troop proceeded to greet the old grand-father, who was deeply moved and knew not how to support the joy.

My delight increased every hour. For eleven weeks I had had neither peace nor rest; I had been,—pardon my impudent comparison,—like Orpheus torn in pieces by the Bacchanals. I had longed for freedom and quiet with the most intense, passionate longing. Here I find both,—find them, surrounded by every charm. My distracted, exhausted mind is already, as if by a miracle, collected, refreshed, strengthened. Yes, my dearest friend, it was just as if I stood on the spot whither all the departed powers of my life had fled, and they thronged around me in a celestial dance. My cheerful dwelling, which admits every ray of sunshine,—my favorite garden, crowded by the care of the sturdy Louis with all the late-blooming plants of the four quarters of the globe,—all, all, enchants me, and the longer I am here the more I am delighted. I have been incessantly reviewing my possessions, and I could not measure. The whole world was mine. Even the sun and moon in the high heavens shine with so peculiar a lustre on my own dear home, that it always seems to me as if it belonged to it,—as if they were mine,—like the ground,—like the trees I planted,—and as if the rest of mankind borrowed light of me. Dear friend, and thus has it been with me every day since my return; and thus is it again to-day. Even when my flowers are withered and my trees stripped of their leaves,—when a gloomy mist clouds air and earth and robs me of half the already shortened day,—even then I am joyous and cheerful: I see in all these only the quick-revolving year, and the approaching spring which returns to me every time in increased beauty,—yes, in increased beauty, dear Heinse; you shall see it, if you will but come, and you shall find my heart warmer more frank, more open, stronger, better. O! what a shout of joy, if I could but once more clasp you to it.

## TO GOETHE.—Zelter.

VIENNA, July 20, 1810.

I ARRIVED here last Saturday, after a voyage down the Danube from Regensburg which lasted six days. The Danube, especially from Lintz hither, is so rapid that the boat could make the voyage in three days at most, so that we lay to and rested at night. A common passage-boat is detained for days by the custom-house annoyances. From Lintz downwards we made thirty miles (German) in two half-days; but I liked it all the better, as it gave me an opportunity of looking about and enjoying the view at my leisure. If you have careful sailors, the multitude of whirlpools (among which the Saurussel is the most magnificent) make the voyage a treat which I enjoyed like an imperial banquet.

The build of such a passage-boat is so ludicrously slight that, even before you know the danger, you go on board and look at it to see how the joke is to end. It is all of deal cut with axe and saw, like a sort of model; without iron, cordage, canvass, tar, pitch, anchor, or anything that is generally thought necessary to work a vessel. There is a single cable for mooring;—mast and sail are out of the question, since the tub imitates the progress of the Israelites into the promised land. The seams are stuffed with moss and regularly sewed together with wire. It is about a hundred tons burthen, a hundred and twenty feet long and sixteen or seventeen broad, and is quite water-tight. Our company consisted of an Irish doctor, a German engraver, who held extraordinary discourses on art, and was bearded about the mouth and chin after the fashion of the middle ages; an apothecary, a butcher, a sword-cutler, a Capuchin monk, women, children, travelling handicraftsmen and your humble servant. The artisans, who were to pay little or nothing for their passage, bound themselves to stand to the helm two hours at a time in turns, but they were rather lazy about it. In the cool of the morning and evening I gave them a hand, which made matters go on better, and at last even the women and girls took a share in this hard labor. A tailor had a dispensation, in consideration of sewing on the buttons to our coats and breeches and mending our linings and pockets; some of the girls washed our stockings and pocket handkerchiefs.

This motly company was so gay and joyous that the six days flew like six hours. The boatman had on board some



of the best Bavarian beer; meat and bread and wine we could lay in fresh every morning; and in short we might have gone on in this way to Peterwardin and wanted for nothing. For my own particular part I was little tormented with custom-house plagues.

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TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.—*Byron.*

HEMSTEAD ABBEY, October 11, 1815.

*Dear Sir* :—I have returned from Lanes, and ascertained that my property there may be made very valuable; but various circumstances very much circumscribe my exertions at present. I shall be in town on business in the beginning of November, and perhaps at Cambridge before the end of this month: but of my movements you shall be regularly apprized. Your objections I have in part done away by alterations, which I hope will suffice; and I have sent two or three additional stanzas for both "*Fyttes*." I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but "*I have almost forgot the taste of grief*," and "*supped full of horrors*" till I have become callous; nor have I tear left for an event which five years ago, would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience, in my youth, the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families: I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed, very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility. Instead of tiring yourself with *my* concerns, I should be glad to hear *your* plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society. Now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where *you* would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends, to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, &c. &c., which bring people together. My mother had a house some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name

of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from me; and, though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to you, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses, too, would be such as best suit your inclinations; more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as queer or bustling as you liked, and certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be *picturesque*.

Pray is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction. You mention having consulted some friends on the MSS. Is not this contrary to our usual way? Instruct Mr. Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work "Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage!!!" as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my *sanity* on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily. Must I write more notes? Are there not enough? Cawthorn must be kept back with the "Hints." I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse's quarto. Good evening.

Yours ever.

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TO M. DE MONTMORIN.—*Mirabeau*.

I RECEIVED with gratitude the commission you wished me to perform upon the remonstrances of the parliaments and the reply of his majesty: it is a natural and imperious opportunity for explaining myself upon the work you have desired from me.

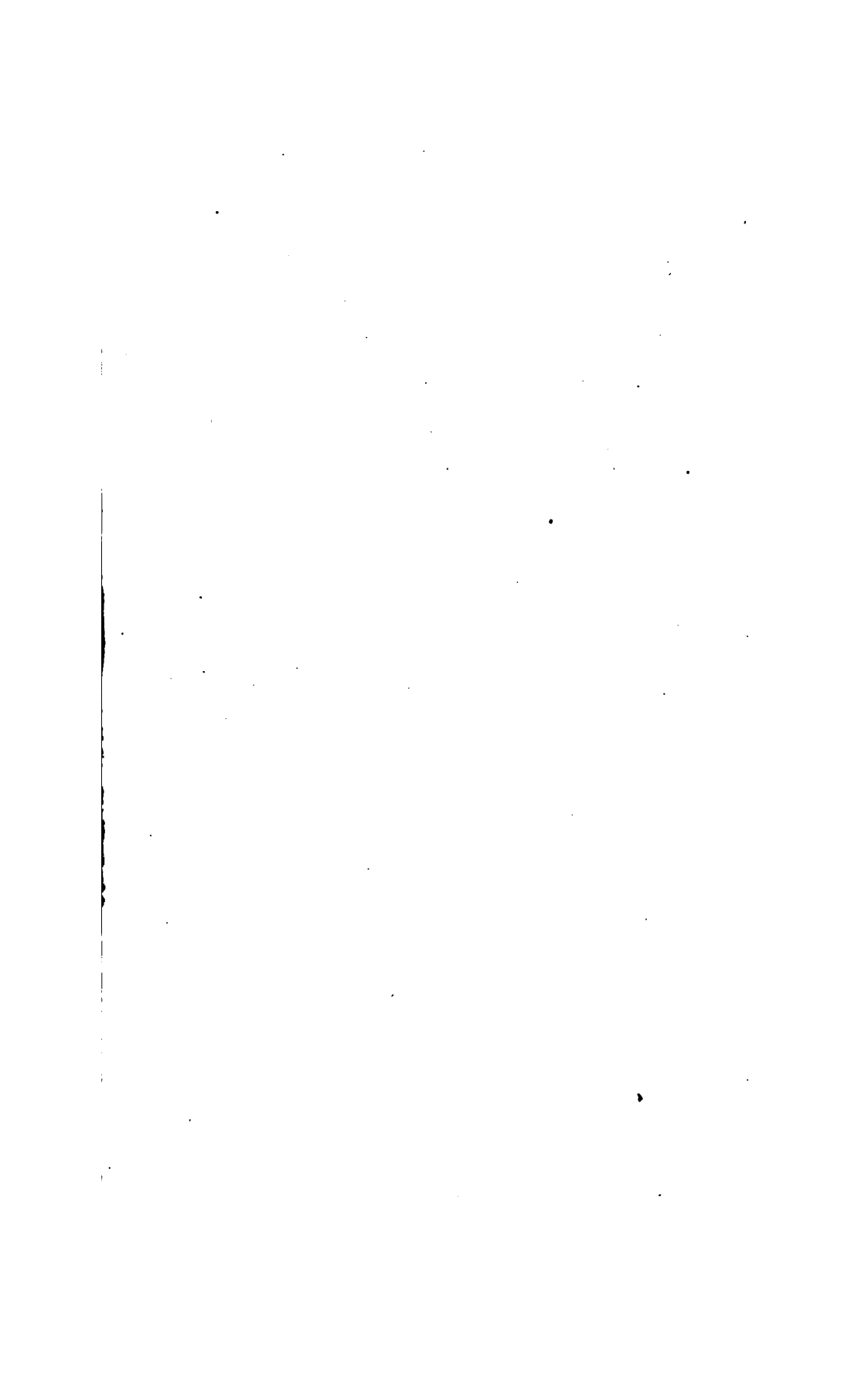
And, to show you the first difficulty which presents itself; such a writing—believe me, Monsieur le Compte, I have thought upon it—such a writing should not, by its nature, be either composed or published with precipitation. The principles to consider are so delicate, one is so little prepared, and it should have only the solid basis of facts. Again, the inquiry into facts demands time; their acquirement necessitates it, and the time would not be sufficient in the term you have indicated to me. Certainly a mediocre writing, and above all a mediocre writing from me, would not serve your views; the public affairs would gain nothing, and I should lose every thing.

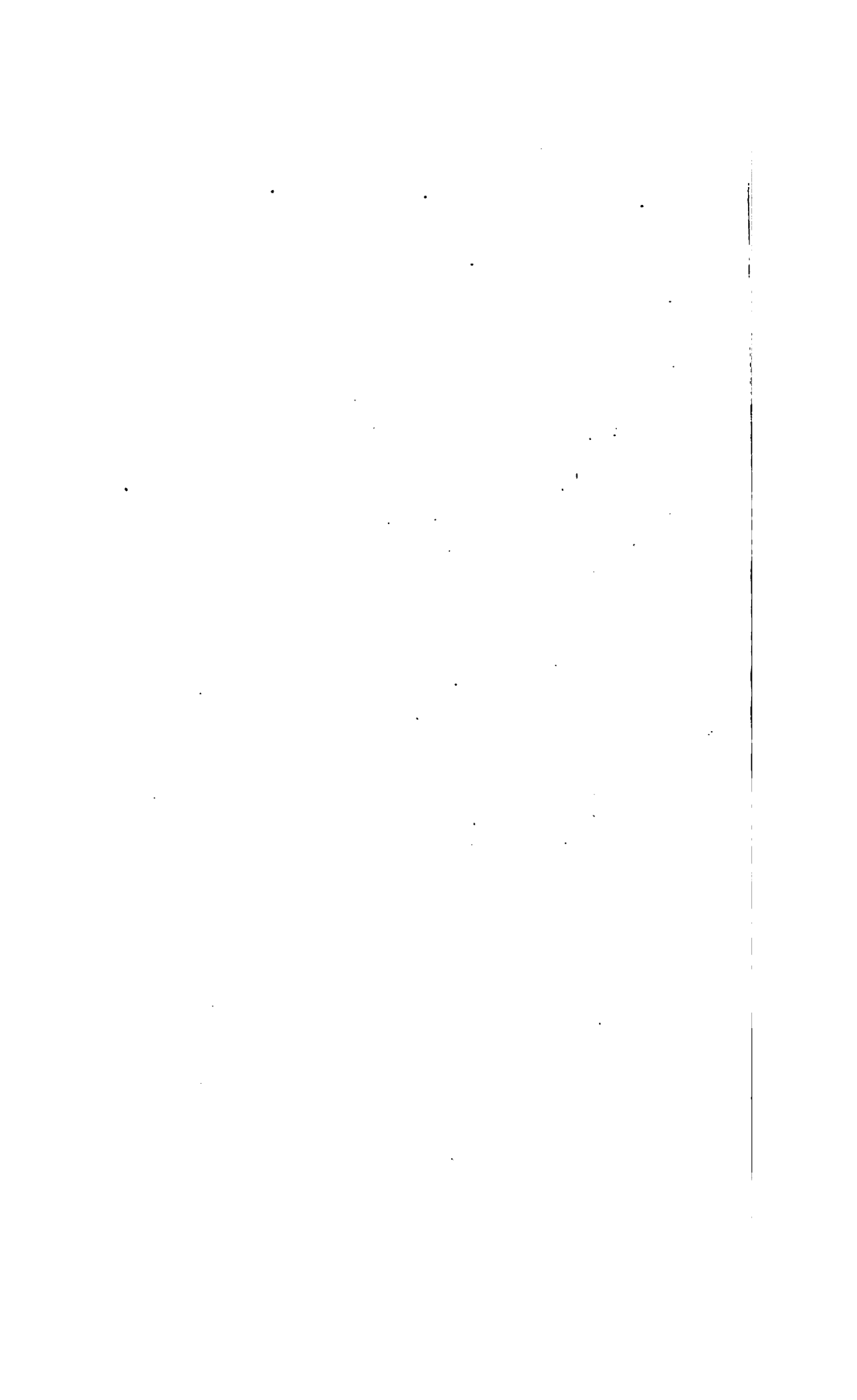
In reality, calculating as nothing the personal danger I

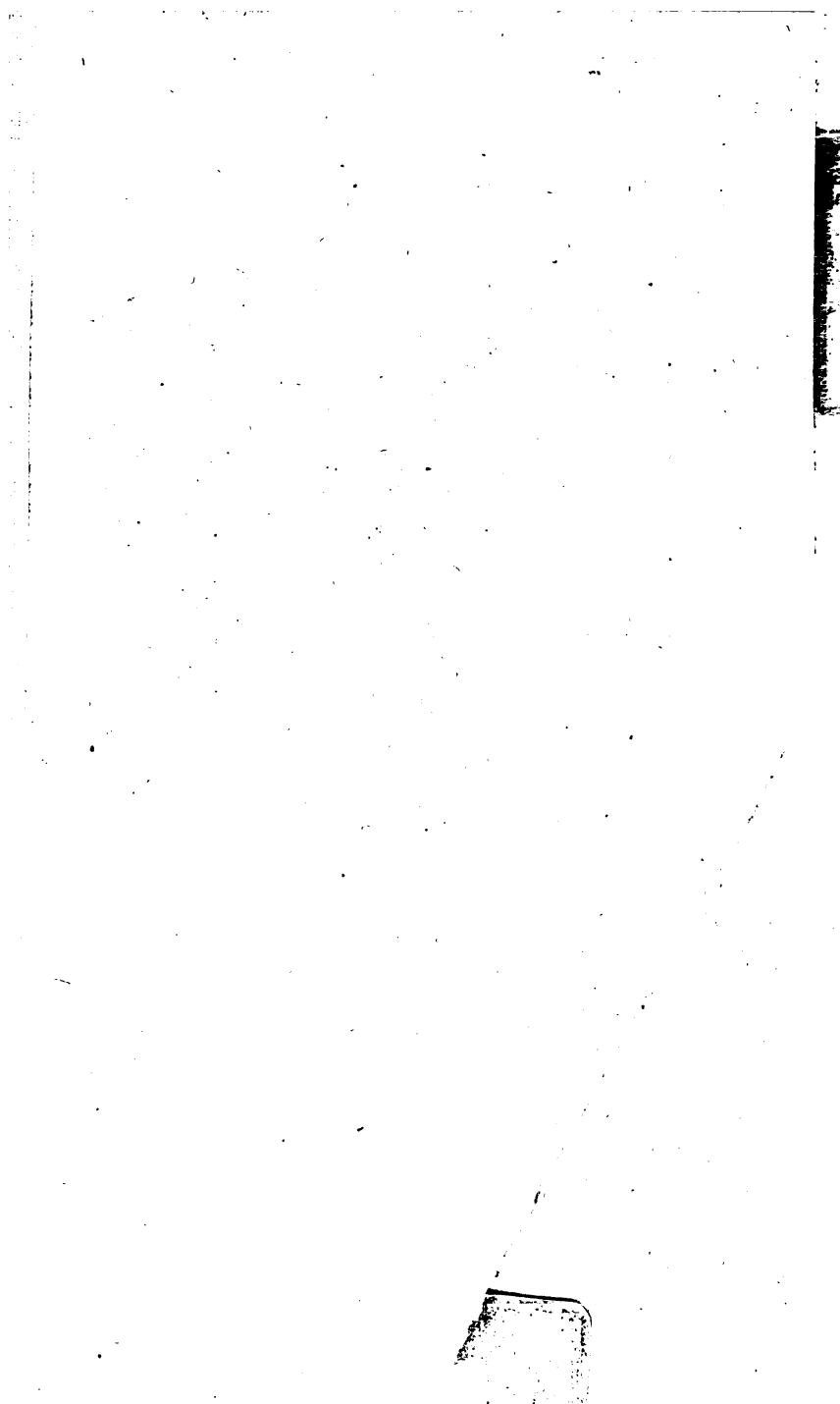
should run, in drawing upon me the implacable hatred of the bodies who are not yet overturned, and who will devour a great number of enemies before they are so; or, rather, and to be brief, with whom it will not for a long time yet be so, if they be attacked without our having the nation as our auxiliaries,—is this the time to denounce to France an aristocracy of magistrates, save from a place where a king has not disdained to denounce them himself? At this period, can we usefully serve government by wearing its livery? Is this the moment to do battle for authority? save from that place where one has no fear of their putting into the mouth of the king a speech with which France yet rings, and the substance of which is, in good logic, *that the sole will of the monarch makes the law*. Can we think that they who admit such principles speak in good faith, and are preparing the States General? I have had the honor to say to you, M. le Comte, and I have repeated it to the keeper of the seals, *I will never wage war with the parliament, save in presence of the whole nation*. There, and there alone, ought they, can they be reduced to their character of simple ministers of justice. But if, in place of the rights which they have usurped from us, we do not see a constitution sanctioned by our consent being born; which, with virtuous people would be to efface the last vestige of our dying liberties: if the will of a single man ought, henceforth, to make the law in the monarchy, what need have *we* to mingle ourselves in disputes that arise between the monarch and the mandataries of his will? What have we to lose by that war? Nay, rather, why should we not encourage the resistance of the only body which has preserved the means of coming to terms with that terrible will? Do not compromise a zealous servant, *who will count for nothing his dangers on the day when it will be necessary to devote himself to the country—but who, for the price of all the crowns, would not prostitute himself to an equivocal cause*, where the end is uncertain, the principal doubtful, and the journey bodeful and gloomy. Ah! should I not lose the little celebrity of which you would gain the influence, *if I renounced that inflexible independence* which has alone given me success; which could alone render me useful to my country—to my king? The day when, under the inspiration of my conscience, and strong in my conviction, a pure citizen, a faithful subject, a virgin writer, I shall cast myself into the *melee*, I shall be able to say—*Listen to a man who has never varied in his principles, nor deserted the public cause !V*

H'g -

H M.







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